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APRIL 11, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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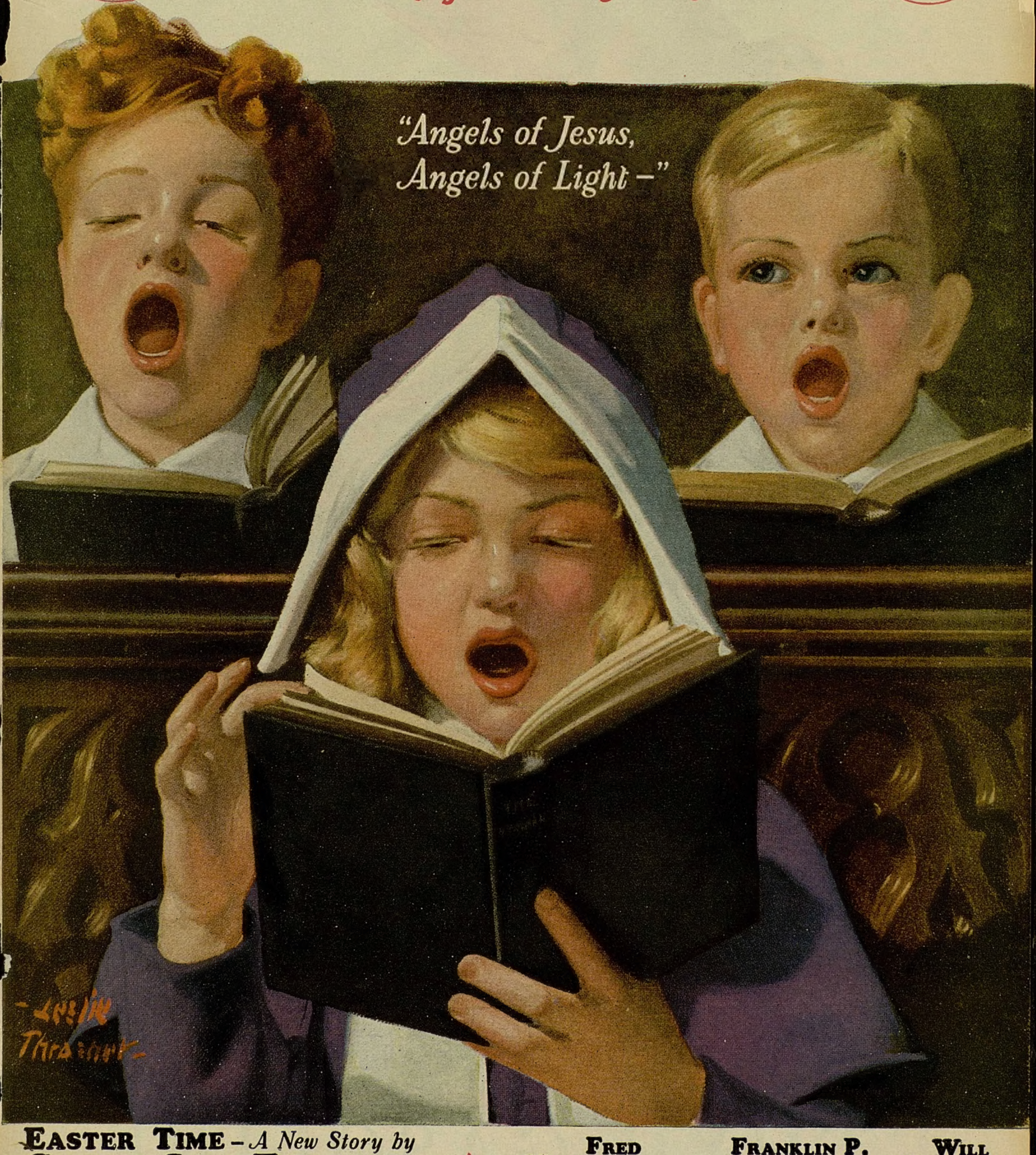
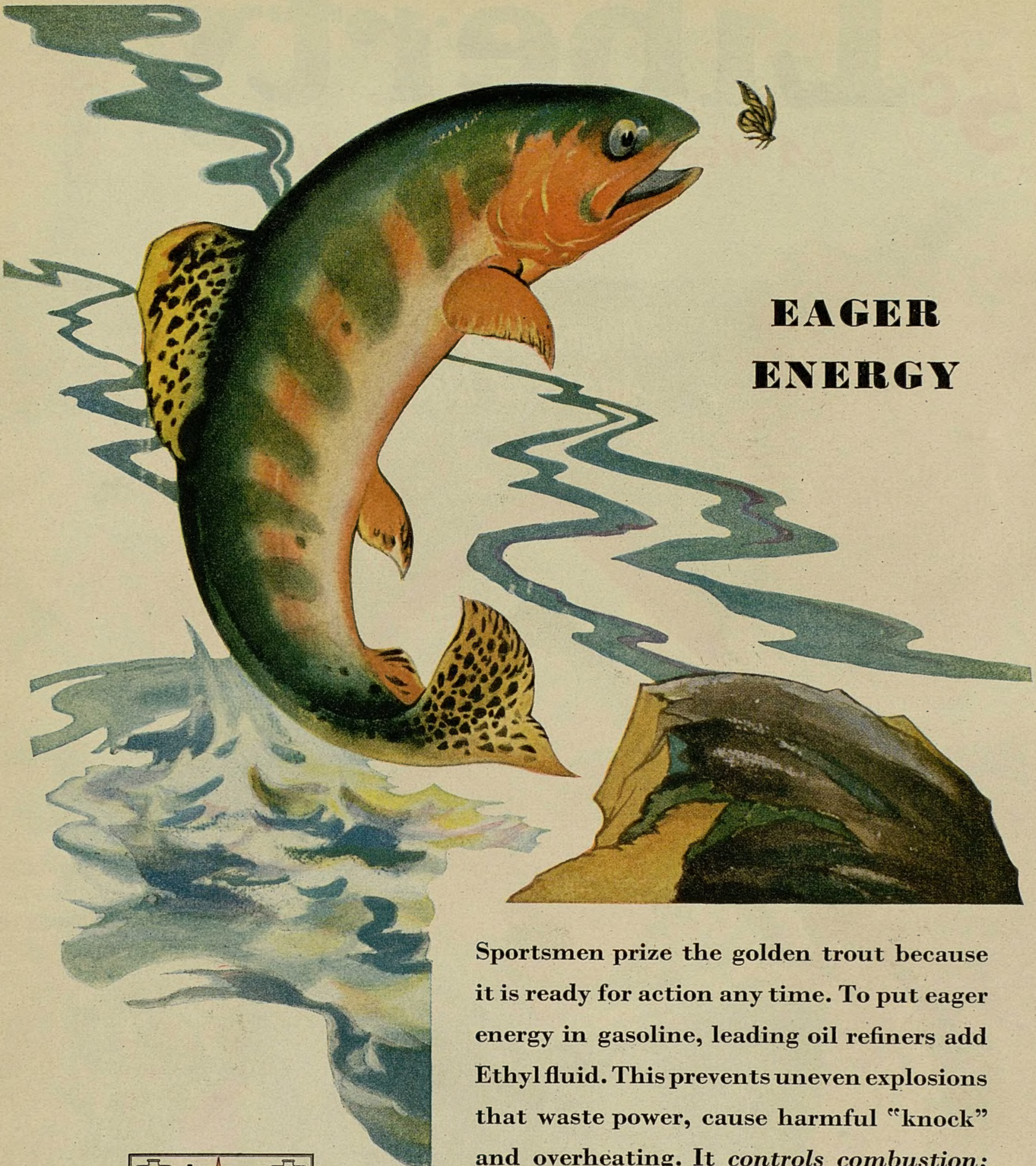


*"Angels of Jesus,
Angels of Light—"*

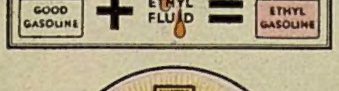
EASTER TIME – *A New Story by*
COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

Also **FRED KEATING** ~ **FRANKLIN P. ADAMS** ~ **WILL IRWIN**



EAGER ENERGY

Sportsmen prize the golden trout because it is ready for action any time. To put eager energy in gasoline, leading oil refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents uneven explosions that waste power, cause harmful "knock" and overheating. It *controls combustion;* developing power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. Nearly every filling station now has an Ethyl pump. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



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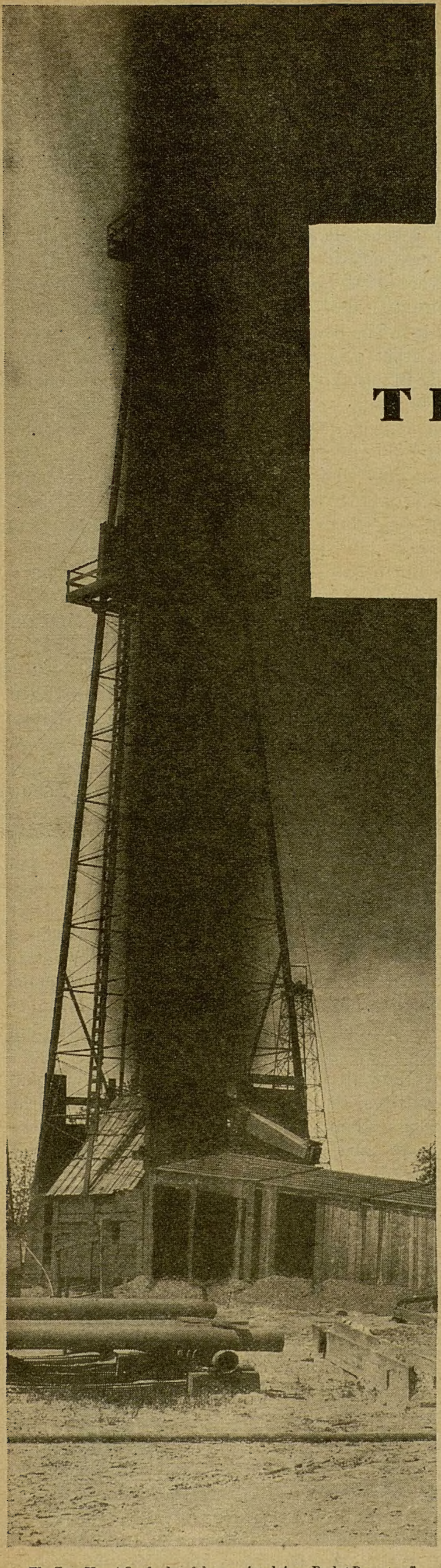
ETHYL GASOLINE



The Zero Hour! On the dot of the appointed time, Pocket Ben sets off the powerful charge of nitroglycerine, "shooting" another oil well.

The watches used in our Zero Hour Electric Bombs must be accurate and dependable despite unusually rough treatment. After testing many makes of watches, we found none so completely satisfactory for our purposes as Pocket Ben. Yours very truly,

ZERO HOUR TORPEDO COMPANY

W. J. Cheley

PRESIDENT

WJC: DL

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... whose unfailing accuracy governs the firing of these Zero Hour Bombs

IN the oil fields of the Argentine, in far away Burma and Mesopotamia, as well as in the big fields of his own country, Pocket Ben is intrusted with the lives of thousands of men. For upon his unfailing accuracy and dependability rest the firing of powerful nitroglycerine bombs used in "shooting" oil wells.

Pocket Ben, made by the makers of the famous Big Ben, was selected for this job by the Zero Hour Torpedo Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma. When the "shooting" of an oil well is about to take place, Pocket Ben is enclosed in a bomb and lowered deep into the earth—his hands set to explode the nitroglycerine charge on the dot of the zero hour! Pocket Ben must not fail! Should the explosion occur before or after the time set for it, loss of life or irreparable damage may result.

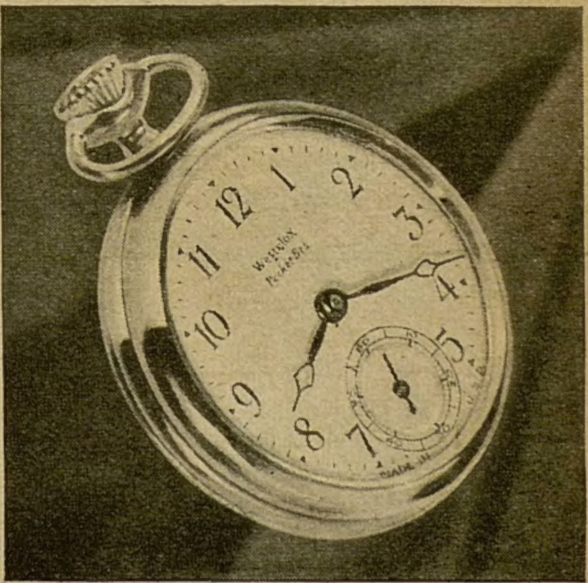
Rarely, perhaps, is accuracy and faithfulness quite so important in a watch—but it is these fine traits which have won for Pocket Ben so many thousands of friends. You'll find this attractive watch everywhere—in business offices or homes, out on fishing trips or hunting jaunts—always on the job, on the dot.

POCKET BEN

$1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Accurate, faithful, sturdy, yet no other low-priced watch is smaller or thinner than Pocket Ben. He comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He is fully guaranteed, and a member of that famous Westclox family which includes Big Ben. The Western Clock Company, La Salle, Illinois.



Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . ALARMS . . . AUTO CLOCKS

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

STUDENT DRINKERS

A number of new acts have been added recently to the Prohibition Follies of 1931.

At the University of Minnesota Farm School seventeen students were suspended for drinking and bootlegging. Later fifteen were reinstated but two expelled because they were bootleggers. At the University of Michigan five fraternity houses were padlocked. These weren't selling liquor, as is required when cafés are padlocked. The sleuths ransacked the students' belongings and found a few pints for private consumption and padlocked the houses.

At the University of Oregon five students were "suspended indefinitely" for having been at a drinking party. Three of them were men, and their names were announced, presumably to disgrace them. The names of two girls were not given. Why, we don't know. Is there a double standard in drinking? If so, do boys receive the heavier punishment? Does that mean it's worse for boys to drink than girls? If not, what does it mean?

At the same time the colleges have been speaking their minds in one way and another. Down in Lexington, Kentucky, a student who had been acting as informer for dry agents was dropped by his fraternity, which didn't like having a tattletale around. He explained he'd been a student bootlegger and reformed and became a student dry agent. The other students didn't consider the change a reform.

The Yale News reported a member of the faculty as having advocated beer-and-ale taverns in New Haven to keep students in town week-ends, the New York speakeasies having lured them away by being superior to anything New Haven has to offer.

And President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth declared: "They shouldn't raid college fraternities unless they are going to raid country clubs and other clubs on the outside. The two stand in exactly the same position, and I notice whenever I enter a club that a man who really wants a drink invariably gets it."

He is the only college president who has had the nerve to say it. Of course President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia has acted in accordance with this theory, but he hasn't put it into words.

Recently at an Anti-Saloon League convention in Florida a prohibition worker said: "You would be astounded to hear the school students laugh at prohibition. By next election, six million boys and girls who could not vote at the last election will be eligible to vote. We are going to lose this law through our boys and girls. They hold it in the balance."

That is true. It is also true that the boys and girls just coming to majority are not going to be hoodwinked into believing that, whatever may be the evils of prohibition, it at least has brought prosperity. It didn't bring it in 1930.

A young lady who has just reached her eighteenth birthday told this writer she had recently spent a week-end at Harvard, where a party was given by students of the medical and law schools—presumably more serious-minded young people than undergraduates. Asked if there were any drinking, she said, "Lots of it."

What we don't understand in all this is why so many authorities, college and otherwise, discriminate against students as such.

Many, perhaps most, young people are drinking at parties nowadays—particularly in the more civilized sections of the country. If they are bank clerks or stenographers they don't lose their jobs because they went to a gin party Saturday night, provided they show up on time Monday morning.

But if collegians have a Saturday night party and the faculty catches them, which happens about one per cent of one per cent of the time, they are "suspended indefinitely," even though they appear at their classes bright and early on Monday. What stupid nonsense!

It seems to us that, particularly in the western state colleges, where legislators can take a hand, students are regarded like inmates of a home for semi-imbeciles. They are not treated as adults or even semi-adults, but as infants.

It shows how little the prohibitionists know about students' natures, or about human nature in general. Every time a student is fired for drinking there'll be a dozen more to take drinks, and more of them. And there are already plenty of student bootleggers. In the old days college boys used to try to help out their poorer friends—athletes especially—by employing them as tutors or waiters. Employing them as bootleggers is just a new and logical development.

The next step will undoubtedly be student hijackers. That's no joke. Wait and see.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

PERFUME—"YOUR SIGNATURE UPON AN UNFORGETTABLE HOUR"

L'Origan
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COTY

Perfume—the touch which accents the precious, priceless 'you' that should be more memorable than your frock, more heart-haunting than your face. The 'you' that is compounded of all women, whose mood varies as frocks and occasions vary—for this versatile 'you' Coty creates these incomparable classics of the perfume world: Emeraude . . . L'Origan.

Coty

EMERAUDE—the jewel fragrance in cut-crystal flacon, with richly tasselled box $7.25

L'ORIGAN—the supreme perfume of the world—in new "Obelisque" crystal flacon $5.00

Each precious odeur is also obtainable in a "Purse Size" at One Dollar.

New discovery! Pepsodent Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

"*THIS phenomenal discovery opens a new era in the fight against germs — also the social evil of bad breath.*"

That is the emphatic statement of the eminent university professor whose discovery led to Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash. His opinion is confirmed by several of America's leading bacteriological laboratories, who have made extensive tests. Likewise, by independent scientists who have examined critically science's latest contribution.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

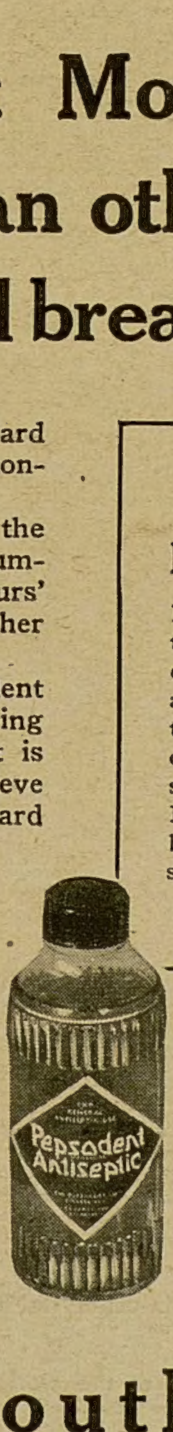
"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record — we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.



Consult your Dentist, Physician

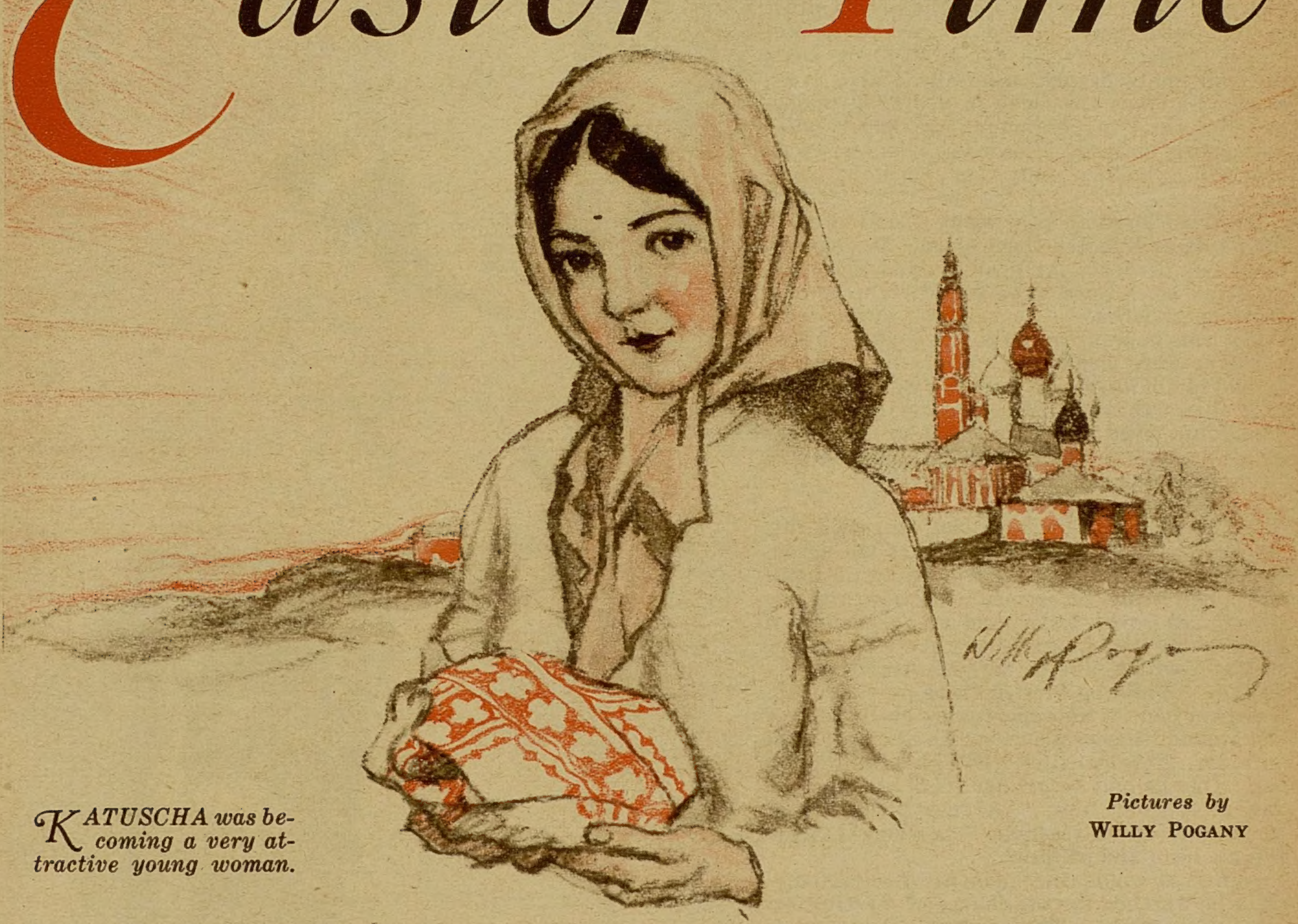
In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested, either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective. COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Easter Time



KATUSCHA was becoming a very attractive young woman.

Pictures by
WILLY POGANY

A Story of YOUNG LOVE

For the First Time Published in English

By

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

who is generally considered the greatest novelist that ever lived. This is authentic Tolstoy. The Russian manuscript from which it was translated bears the date December 26, 1889, and it is evidently the story from which Tolstoy's famous novel "Resurrection" was developed ten years later. Professor William Lyon Phelps used to say that Tolstoy's "War and Peace" was the greatest novel ever written and his "Anna Karenina" the greatest novel of love ever written. To which may be added "Resurrection" as the greatest novel of pity. The three are an incomparable trilogy.

TRANSLATED BY MANTON MONROE MARBLE

(Reading time: 26 min. 35 sec.)

IT happened in the springtime, at the beginning of spring—on Good Friday, to be exact. Maria Ivanovna Juschkin and her sister, Katerina Ivanovna, two elderly maiden ladies who were living on their estate in the neighborhood of a county seat, were joyfully surprised by the unexpected arrival of their nephew, Valerian.

Valerian, who had just joined the light infantry battalion of the Royal Bodyguard Regiment, was the only son of Pavel Ivanovitch Juschkin, who had died, a widower, two years before. He was twenty-five years old. Four years before, he had finished his studies at the university. Since that time he had been enjoying life, in all its attractive aspects, as an independent, rich young man of the upper classes, especially so since the death of his father, when he had taken over the family estates. His pleasures were after the fashion of Moscow rather than of St. Petersburg. His diversions were not so much the balls of the world of elegance, the French ladies, and actresses, but rather horses, hunting, sleighing, and gypsies—especially gypsies, whom he liked above all others, and whose music he preferred to all other.

Not only his aunts loved Valerian; everybody he met loved him. First of all, people loved him on account of his beauty; he was extraordinarily handsome, and his beauty was not coarse or trivial, but rather of a delicate, refined type. People loved him also because of his directness. He knew no vacillation whatever: what he liked, he liked, and what he didn't like, he didn't like. At any rate, if he didn't like something, he merely withdrew himself from those who didn't agree with him, and he never criticized anyone or anything. He was one of those persons who become enthusiastic about a thing in such whole-souled fashion that the very egoism of their enthusiasm involuntarily persuades others. So Valerian was beloved by everybody, and his aunts, particularly

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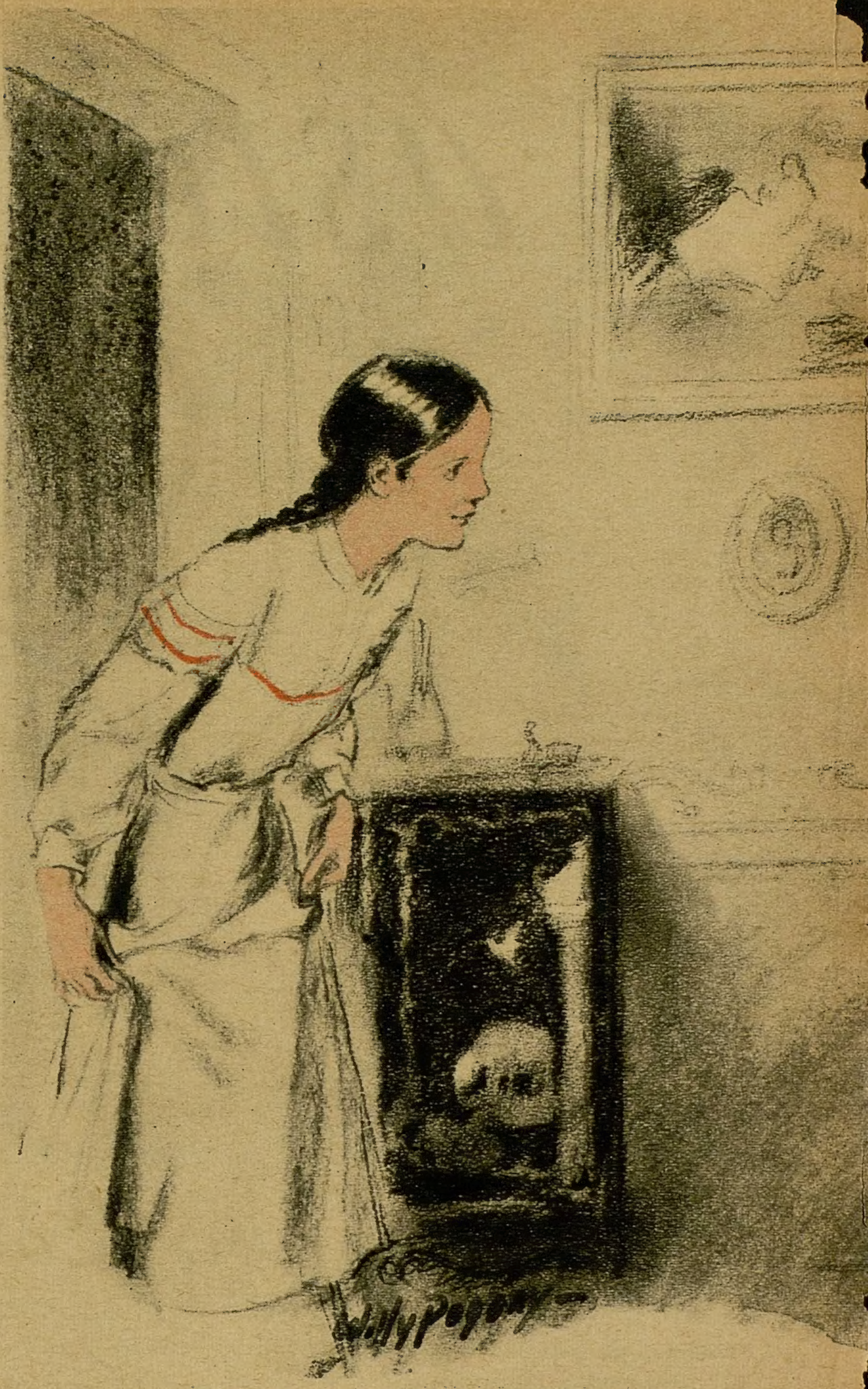
EASTER TIME
Continued from page seven



When she caught sight of Valerian, she blushed and curtsied to him.

Maria Ivanovna, the elder, were his, heart and soul.

Maria Ivanovna knew this; and although his own properties were very much neglected, and although he was to inherit her own and her sister's rather rich estates, still she felt in her good heart that the thought of his prospective inheritance played no part with Valerian. Indeed, he was irked by it, for he loved the two aunts deeply, especially Maria Ivanovna. She was the elder in years, in understanding, and in character; she had a quiet and gentle nature. Katerina Ivanovna was, properly speaking, only her constant companion.

Valerian loved to pass away the time with his aunts and visited them often. In the first place, his property lay near by, and, secondly, good fox holes were to be found right here in their neighborhood. So he came to see them every time he went riding to the hounds. These sojourns were wonderful. Everything was to be had in abundance, everything was beautiful, as is always the case with elderly maiden ladies. The aunts loved and petted him so much that he always felt contented without knowing why in this atmosphere of family life.

LAST autumn Valerian's visit was still further enhanced by the fact that the seventeen-year-old Katuscha, Maria Ivanovna's half ward, half protégée, seemed to have greatly matured, had grown taller, and was becoming, if not a raving beauty, still a very attractive young woman—with a unique sort of attractiveness, in fact. While he tarried there on that visit, Valerian had let no opportunity go by unused to hug and kiss her whenever he met her in the corridor. " A dear little girl! " he said to himself after he had kissed her there and she had run away from him. " A dear little girl, so pure, so fresh—a rosebud! " he thought, shaking his head and smiling.

At first he would come upon her unexpectedly; later he watched for the chance of meeting her somewhere alone. To be sure, it was easy to run into her. She had the position of housemaid to the aunts, and was always going about in the house, always neatly dressed, always good humored, always red-cheeked—yes, very red-cheeked—with her aprons and her little pink dress. The little pink dress especially stood out in his memory. So she had looked when he spent some time last fall at the aunts' and had kissed her some three times.

Now as he was approaching the aunts' house, arrayed in his new uniform of the Guards Regiment, he thought with much pleasure of the prospect of seeing Katuscha—of how her black eyes would blaze at him, of how he would surprise her in the dark corridor. " She was such a dear little girl! If only she hasn't grown spoiled, or ugly! "

The aunts were just the same as always; it seemed, perhaps, that they were more overjoyed than usual when they received Valerian. But, still, it couldn't be otherwise. In the first place, if Valerian had had a fault, it was his only one: that he had been without an occupation and wasn't in the military; now, however, he was in the service, and, in point of fact, he was serving in the most aristocratic battalion in the army. They were overjoyed, in the second place, because now he would have to go to war, where he might be wounded or killed outright. However dreadful it was to think about these possibilities, still it was right, it was necessary so; this was what his father had done in the year 1812. In the third place, when he came into the room in his uniform with its braid trimmings and his high boots, he was so handsome that it was impossible not to fall in love with him.

The meeting was a joyous, happy one; but luck would have it that Katuscha was doing the washing in the kitchen when he arrived. Valerian kissed the aunts, told them about himself, and felt in a very happy mood, although he missed something. He wanted to inquire: " Where is Katuscha? Has anything happened to her? Has someone perhaps driven her away from here? There are so many skirt chasers, in fact, who run after girls. That would be too bad, indeed. . . ." But he felt awkward, and off and on he looked toward the door.

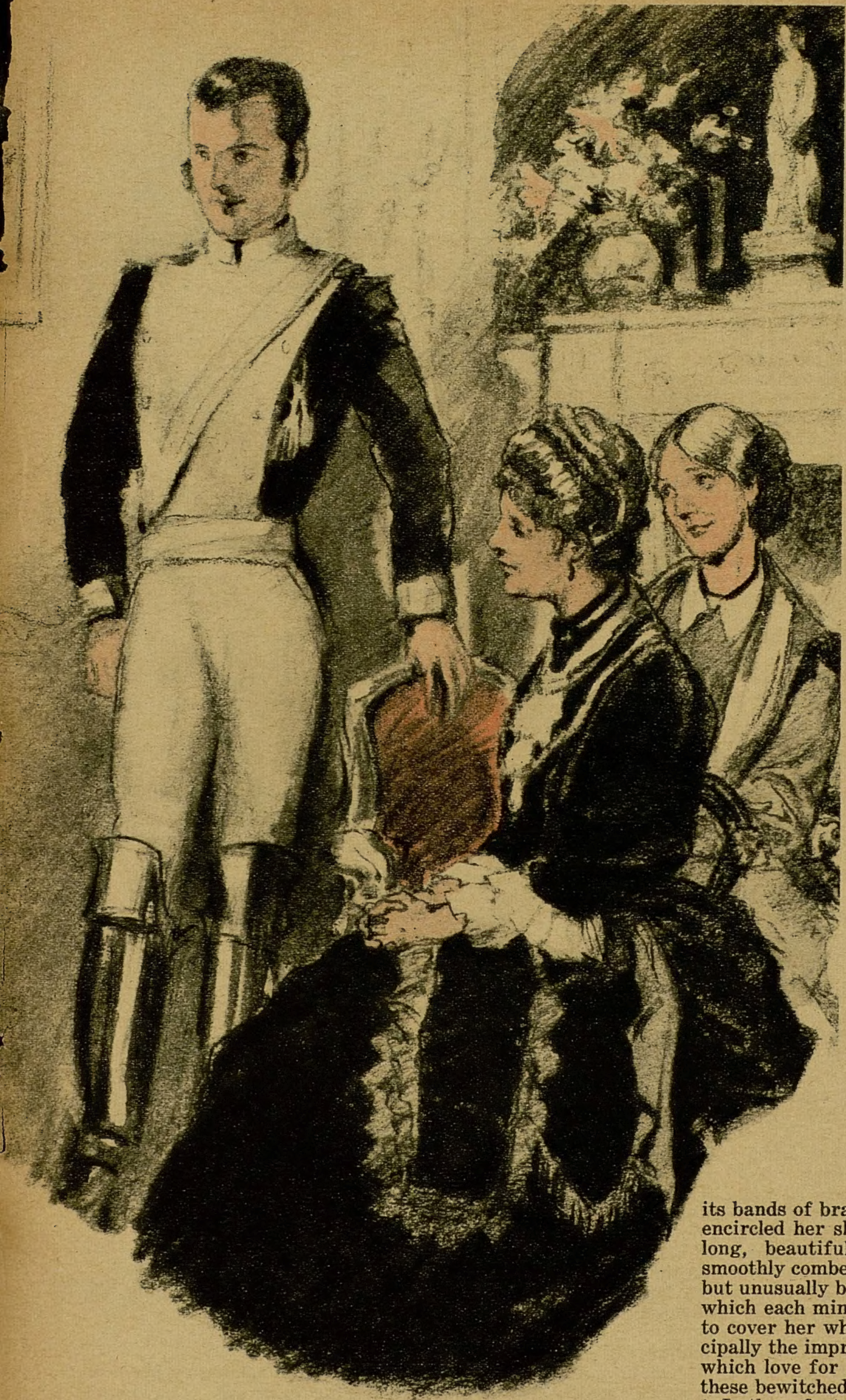
" Katuscha! " called Maria Ivanovna.

" Aha, she is here! " he thought. " That's fine! "

NOW you could hear the faint squeaking of her little shoes, and her light, youthful tread. Katuscha came in, in the little pink dress as always, which in the interim had been much washed and was somewhat faded, and with her white apron. " No, she hasn't grown ugly! Not only has she not grown ugly, but she is still prettier, still more red-cheeked, still fresher! " When she caught sight of Valerian, she blushed and curtsied to him.

" Bring the coffee," said the aunt.

" At once. I'm already preparing it."



Nothing particular was happening, so it seemed; nor the next day, when Katuscha brought him wonderfully aromatic coffee and a crisply baked bun on a wonderfully clean tray covered with a wonderfully clean napkin; nor later, when Katerina Ivanovna ordered her to put everything on the table and bring some hot cream quickly. Nor did anything happen later when she brought liqueurs to the table, and coming up to him at Katerina Ivanovna's indication, asked in her gentle, deep voice: "Liqueurs, sir?" Nothing happened. Still every time that their eyes met, they suppressed their smiles and blushed, whereupon they became always more and more embarrassed.

Nothing seemed to be happening; but still something was happening, that they should feel so much drawn to each other, that they could not suppress their thoughts of one another during that first night. Seemingly they had fallen in love with each other, were each longing for the other, and were not yet conscious of it.

It never occurred to Valerian that he was handsome and that women might fall in love with him. He wasn't accustomed to thinking much about that, but his attitude toward women was just as though he were sure they couldn't help but love him. Katuscha didn't dare let herself think that she was pleasing to him and that she herself loved him. His beauty excited her so that she forced herself not to think about him.

BUT the next day when they met in the corridor, he started to kiss her as before. She warded him off, tears came into her eyes, and in a pleading, troubled voice she said, "Please don't! Please don't!" so that he himself felt that he shouldn't do it, that there was something between them much deeper than the necessity for kissing each other in the corridor indicated.

Valerian had intended to spend just the one day with his aunts, but it so came about that he remained there five days, thereby acquiescing with their wish that he spend Easter with them. And in those five days there happened to him and Katuscha what had to happen, what Valerian neither really desired nor even expected. After it had happened, he realized that it couldn't have been otherwise; he wasn't particularly pleased about it, but, on the other hand, he wasn't so very much concerned either.

From that first day, Valerian felt that he was in love with Katuscha. The little pink dress with its bands of braid, and the neat white apron which encircled her slender, hardly developed waist; her long, beautiful hands; her brown hair quite smoothly combed back into a thick braid; her small but unusually black and sparkling eyes; the flushes which each minute used to spread from the cheeks to cover her whole face—not only these, but principally the impress of purity and innocence, behind which love for him was ready to break forth—all these bewitched him ever more and more.

In these first two days this pretty maiden seemed to him the only woman he could love, and he loved her on this day with his whole soul. He knew that he had to go away soon, that there was no actual necessity for his remaining even one day with his aunts, nor two days, nor three, nor yet a week, and that it could lead to nothing. He just didn't think about it, and so stayed on with them because he couldn't go away.

On Easter the aunts were having a Mass said at home and didn't go to the church. Katuscha, however, went

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EASTER TIME
Continued from page nine

with the old servant, Matriena Pavlovna, who was taking the Easter cake to be blessed by the priest. Valerian, too, had intended to stay at home, but when he noticed that Katuscha had gone, he decided unexpectedly to go to church likewise.

Maria Ivanovna began to protest: "Why didn't you say so? Then we could have had the big sleigh harnessed."

"Now don't give yourself any trouble, little auntie. Whether by sleigh or by carriage, it's all the same in this weather. Please don't give it a thought. I'll make out with that cab driver, Parfenij. I think I'll ride to church."

Which is what he did. He arrived at the beginning of the early Mass. Hardly had he made his way to the altar when the priest appeared with the three candles and intoned, "Christ is risen!" Everything was so solemn and so beautiful, but most beautiful of all seemed to him the smoothly combed little head of Katuscha, with its pink kerchief. She had on a little white dress with a blue sash. Valerian marveled the whole time that these other people didn't seem to understand that she stood out apart from all the rest, that she was more beautiful and more attractive.

She didn't look around at him, but still she had espied him. He felt it when he came near her as he was going up to the altar. He had nothing in particular to say to her, but still he found something and remarked as he passed by:

"My aunts said they would come to the table only after the later Mass."

Young blood suffused the whole dear face and the black eyes glanced at Valerian as though they were laughing and rejoicing.

"Yes, sir," was all she said.

When the early Mass was over, all those present, after having greeted the priest with the Easter kiss, began to exchange kisses with one another.* Valerian, in his uniform and with his newly varnished boots treading heavily upon the flagstones, passed by Katuscha; in this intermission between the first and the second Mass, he also moved toward the priest, and the peasants made way for him and bowed to him. On he went, and whether it was because he had not slept the night before, or because it was a feast day, or because he loved Katuscha, he felt particularly excited and happy. Some recognized him. Others asked, "Who is that?"

WHEN he came out of the church, he noticed Katuscha and Matriena Pavlovna there behind the beggars to whom he had given some money. They were standing on the steps and wrapping up the Easter cake. Presently the sun came out and shone dazzlingly on puddles and snow. The peasants were sitting here and there on the graves in the churchyard.

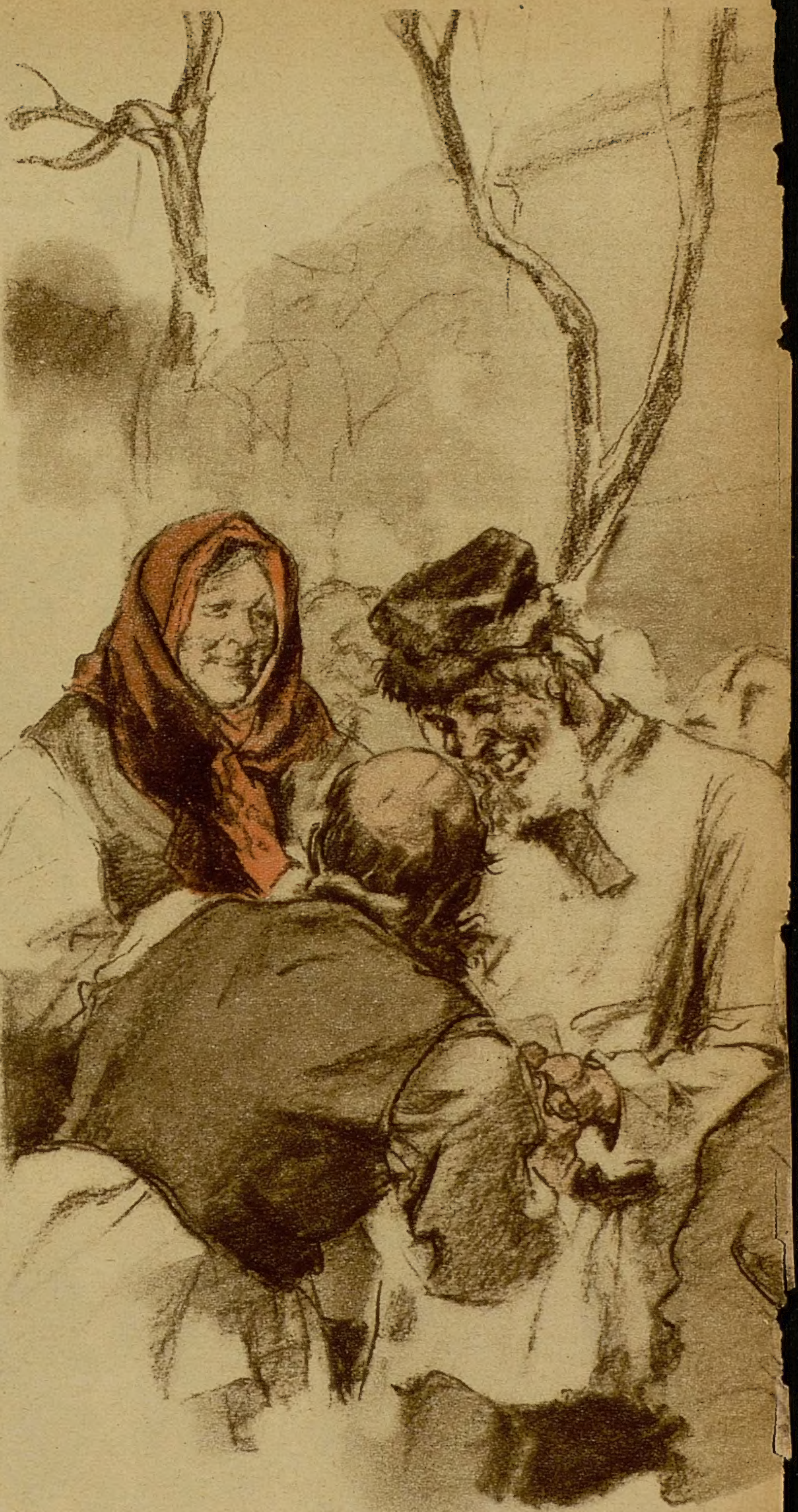
An old man, Maria Ivanovna's baker, greeted Valerian and kissed him three times on the cheek; his old wife did likewise, and each gave him an egg as well. Then a young peasant came up also, who seemed to feel himself very much flattered by being privileged to kiss on the cheek a young officer, the possessor of an estate. "Christ is risen!" he said, and coming so close to Valerian that the latter caught the smell of peasant clothes and tar, he kissed him thrice on the mouth with his fleshy red lips.

Valerian exchanged kisses with this peasant and accepted an egg dyed in a dark color from him, at the same moment looking at Katuscha and meeting her glance. She blushed again and began to say something to Matriena Pavlovna.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" thought Valerian, and went over to her.

"Christ is risen! Matriena Pavlovna," he said.

"Verily, He is risen!" answered Matriena Pavlovna, wiping her mouth with her handkerchief.



"Is everything attended to?"

After a moment's hesitation, Valerian, blushing, approached Katuscha.

"Christ is risen! Katuscha," he said.

"Verily, He is risen!" she replied.

She was standing quite near him, holding up her head and regarding him with shining black eyes. They kissed each other twice, and then it seemed to him as though she didn't want to go on.

"But why?" he queried.

She blushed and kissed him the third time.

"Aren't you two going to the priest?" Valerian asked.

"No, Valerian Pavlovitch; we'll wait here," she said, deeply and joyously inhaling the fresh air and gazing directly at him with the beautiful loving eyes of young maidenhood.

There is often one moment, one single occasion with respect to a beloved one, in the recollection of which he

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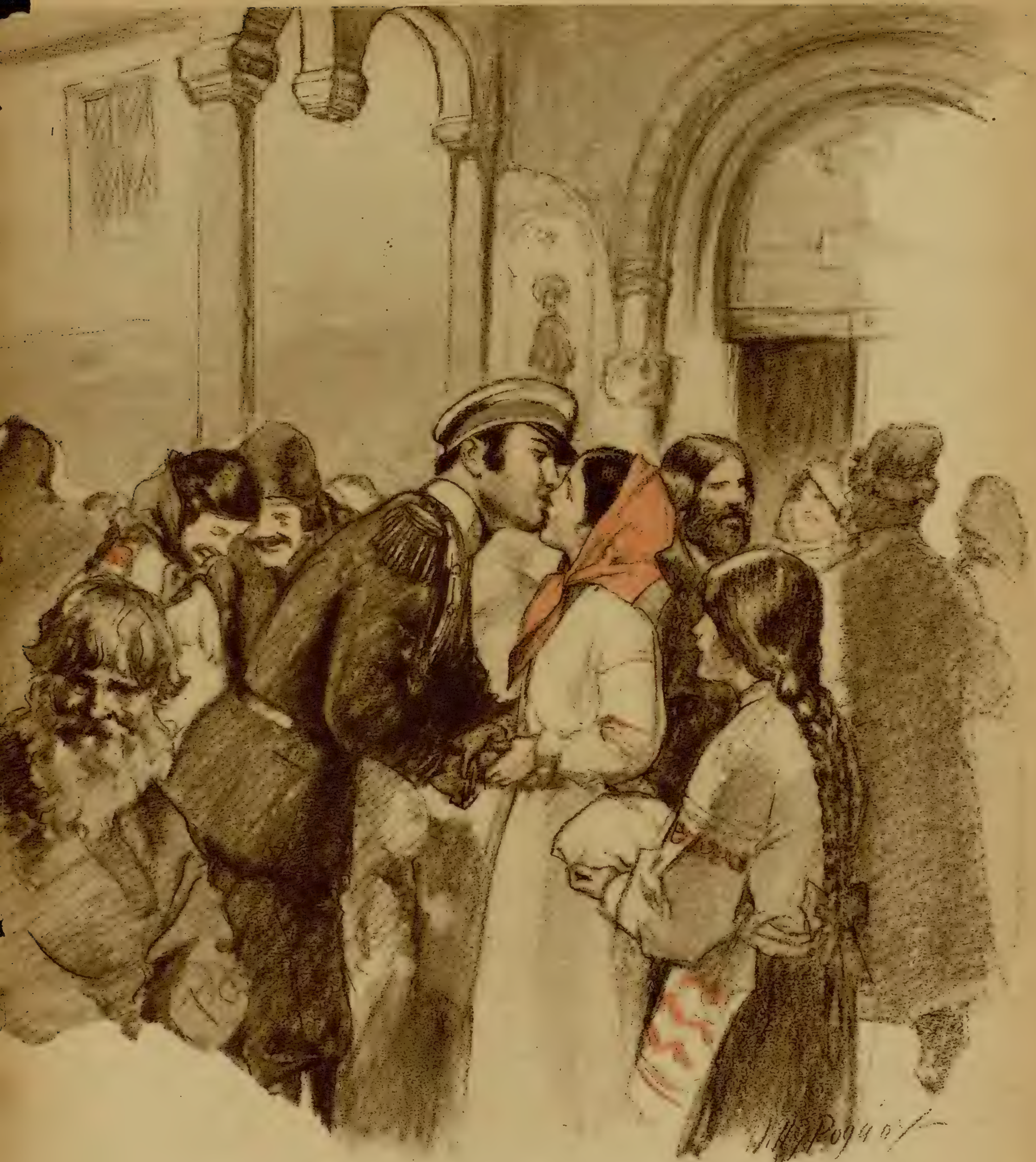
*NOTE: According to the universal Russian custom observed at Easter time, the greeting "Christ is risen!" must be acknowledged with the traditional response and the exchange of three kisses, the recipient then accepting the proffer of an egg dyed in colors. This was obligatory, regardless of conditions of sex, rank, or previous acquaintance.



They kissed each other twice, and then it seemed to him as though she didn't want to go on.

or she stands out ever so clearer and dearer. Such a moment was this for Valerian. If indeed in later years he ever thought about Katuscha, the image of this moment overshadowed that of any other encounter. A little brown head, smoothly combed; a little white dress with its border, which so girlishly enveloped her slender figure, and those gentle eyes and red cheeks, and then those two chief characteristics so embodied in her person, maidenhood and love; love not only for him, but also for everybody and everything—love and good will.

Valerian remained for the later Mass and rode back home just as he had come. That evening he met Katuscha in the corridor and they remained there standing. She burst into a loud laugh and made as if to run away, but he put his arms about her and pursed up his lips. She didn't wait for his kiss; she kissed him and fled. That evening everybody went to bed early, and Valerian didn't see Katuscha again.

It so happened the next day that the guests who came to visit the aunts had to be lodged in Valerian's room, and Katuscha went to put it in order. While she was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EASTER TIME
Continued from page eleven

there alone, he also came in. They smiled at each other. He drew near to her, feeling that something was about to happen. That something turned out to be an embrace: he caught her to him and their lips met in a kiss.

"Nothing more?" he asked himself. Love was demanding something more, and he sensed the demand and drew her closer to him. A new, uncommonly strong feeling took possession of him, and he had the impression that she, too, had been seized with that feeling. He recognized what sort of a feeling it was. Without releasing her from his embrace, he was drawing her down onto a chair, but he heard someone coming along the corridor, and said hastily:

"I'm coming to you this evening. You'll be alone, won't you?"

"No, no, no, never, never!" she repeated, but with her lips only.

Maria Ivanovna entered the room. When she noticed the young people, her face darkened, and she dispatched Katuscha.

"I'll get the room ready myself," she said.

Valerian saw from Maria Ivanovna's expression that she felt he wasn't doing right, and he, himself, knew it too. But a sensation, a new sensation which unfolded itself out of the earlier impulse of love, was stronger than he. He wasn't overly disturbed by this sensation. He knew what people do to satisfy it, and he didn't consider as bad what happens in such matters; so he gave his thoughts over to the contemplation of it and his whole being was pervaded with a warm glow. The entire day long he was as if in the clouds. It seemed to him as though something momentous were happening to him and that he were no longer master of himself.

The whole day and the whole evening he besought the possibility of meeting Katuscha alone, but it was obvious that Katuscha avoided him just as much indeed as Maria Ivanovna saw to it that Katuscha was never out of her sight.

Night came on and everything went to bed. Valerian knew that Matriena Pavlovna was now in the aunts' bedroom and Katuscha alone in the servants' hall. He went out into the courtyard. It was warm and the air was filled with a white mist, like a cloud. Striding through the puddles in the snow, he went quickly around the house and stood at the window of the servants' hall. Katuscha was sitting by the table and thoughtfully, motionlessly staring in front of her; then she smiled to herself and moved her little head, with an expression of self-reproach, as though reminding herself of something.

Valerian stood and watched her through the window. Sounds from the river which flowed along about a hundred paces from the house, made themselves noticeable as he listened involuntarily. Over there in the fog on the river a fermentation was taking place, quietly, uninterruptedly.

THERE was a heaving, now something cracked asunder, then something was piling itself up, then a sharp sound was heard—the ice had broken up! And he stood and stood by the window and gazed at Katuscha, and a novel feeling of compassion crept into his heart now while he watched her thoughtful face as it was set quivering from some tormenting internal goings-on.

He began to pity the girl, but this feeling of pity made him uneasy. In order to deaden this feeling with another stronger sensation, that of passionate desire, he knocked on the window. Katuscha started convulsively, jumped up from her chair with an expression of fright, and pressed her face against the windowpane. This expression of fright remained there, yes, even after she had recognized him; but she smiled at him after he had smiled at her—she smiled as though she knew she would be unable to withstand his desires.

With his hand he beckoned to her, he called her. She shook her head refusingly: No, no, she would not come out to him. He started to entreat her, but Maria Ivanovna came into the room just then and Valerian disappeared from the window. For quite some time he walked about in the fog, listening to the sounds from the river and wavering between going back into the house or to her window. He approached it. She was sitting there alone at the table, sunk in her thoughts, looking at the window. He tapped lightly, she came out quickly, there was an embrace, then kisses again, and again the conscious intensification of his passion, which crowded out the earlier, purer emotion and trampled it down. They were standing over by the corner of the house where it was drier underfoot. He heeded not the passage of time, and feeling as though he would never have enough of her, he hugged her more and more impetuously.

Maria Ivanovna came to the door and called her. He fled away, and Katuscha went into the house.

DURING the night he went quietly along to her door, next to Maria Ivanovna's. He could hear the latter reading her evening prayers, and walked very carefully and stealthily, lest the floor boards creak. He began to whisper through Katuscha's door. She had not yet gone to sleep, and, springing up, she begged him to go away.

"What do you want? What are you thinking of? Your aunts will hear!" whispered her lips, while her eyes, which he could see through the half-open door, were saying to him: "My dear one, my lover, you know I belong to you, of course!" And this alone is what Valerian understood, and he pleaded with her to open the door.

She did so. He knew, he was fully conscious, that he intended no good for her, but he knew also that everybody does likewise and that it would have to happen so. He picked her up in his arms as she stood there in her coarse, yet clean, peasant nightgown, with her arms bare, and carried her along. She sensed the contact with his tense muscles, strong as iron, and felt that she could not struggle against him.

"No, no! Let me go!" she begged him, and yet she pressed closer to him. . . .

Yes, it was shameful and wicked and sordid. Whither fled away that purity as of the spring snows which he had sensed in her? . . .

For five days Valerian remained at his aunts' estate and then took his departure. He left in the evening. The train on the Nicholas Railroad would leave the station, which was about fifteen versts distant from the estate, at about four o'clock in the morning. He had been with Katuscha the whole of the previous night, but during the day he had not seen her alone at all, and he didn't bid her good-by. He was even relieved that he couldn't speak to her alone. What should he say to her? He dare not stay any longer; they couldn't live together anyway; it was time they separated.

Valerian departed after supper. The going was bad, there were deep puddles in the woods, and a strong, cold wind was blowing as well. Truly, it was regular April weather: everything would get well thawed out and half dry, and then suddenly the cold would set in again.

Riding along in the carriage, he couldn't help thinking about Katuscha—no longer amorously as before, but still with a pleasant sensation. He didn't dwell at all upon what would happen to her; he felt no constraint to drive away the thoughts of her. As is the way with youth, he wasn't in the slightest bit uneasy about her; he wasn't really thinking about her; rather, he was thinking about himself. He knew that it always happens so, and he was entirely undisturbed about it. So his thoughts went along: about the war in which he was due to take part, about his comrades, and then again about her and the pleasant times he had spent with her. In due time he arrived at the station, bought a first-class ticket, ran into an old friend, and started a conversation with him.

All during this time the aunts were talking about him, and were so occupied with the happy recollection of him that they never once thought about the war. In the middle of the conversation, with that particular interestedness which elderly spinster ladies always have for affairs of the heart, Katerina Ivanovna intimated that perhaps something had happened between Valerian and Katuscha.

"I heard something last night," she said. "I wouldn't say positively, but it seemed so to me."

Maria Ivanovna rejoined that it couldn't have been otherwise but that Katuscha should have quite naturally fallen in love with such a handsome young fellow, especially if he had taken a fancy to her, too; but that Valerian wouldn't have done anything that wasn't all right. And then, thoughtfully, she added:

"But, after all, why shouldn't he? It's perfectly natural for a young man. It would have been unpardonable on her part, though. Katuscha had better bethink herself how she owes everything to us."

Serfdom had not yet been abolished, and the two old ladies but reflected the views still current at that time. They couldn't conceive at all that Katuscha, the illegitimate child of a servant maid, who had been taken into the household, who had been brought up, loved, and pampered by the old ladies, could ever for a moment forget the sense of gratitude for all she had to thank the old spinsters for; that she could ever forget it and let herself be led astray by anything, even by love for Valerian.

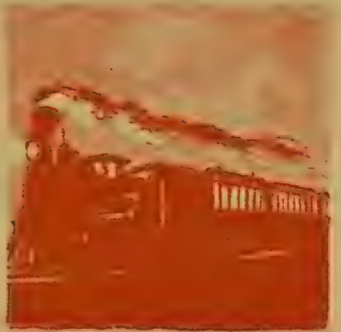
Indeed, what she should be thinking was that only through her services to her employers could she ever thank them. She was not to allow herself liberties, and she was not to indulge in "feelings"!

When Katuscha came up that evening to help her prepare for bed, Maria Ivanovna eyed her narrowly, and noticing the shadows underneath the eyes, drew her eyebrows together, pursed the lips of her toothless mouth, which made her expression very dismal—Valerian was never favored with such an expression—and said:

"Watch out, Katuscha, and don't forget what you have to thank my sister and me for. You have no one besides us. You'd best be careful."

Katuscha was silent, but she understood. She understood also that it was too late for this advice; too late, as well, to follow this advice.

Presently, after the two ladies had undressed and Katuscha had gone to her room and began to take off her own clothes to get ready for bed, a sudden wave of recollection flooded her. She remembered that she had lost everything which not only her ladies but God Himself had commanded her to cherish; that she had lost what would never come back to her again. But at the same time she remembered him, his eyes, his smile, and presently she forgot to be disturbed about what she had lost. But he—where was he? She recalled him vividly, and realized that he had gone away, that she would never see him again, and then she became terrified. Her thoughts dwelt upon him while mechanically her hands laid aside her clothes. She went up to the bed with its patchwork spread and blue-covered pillow, intending as usual to pray to the icon of St. Nicholas, the Man of Miracles, with which Katerina Ivanovna had blessed her.



SUDDENLY a shiver went over her. She remembered his caresses. "How can I pray to God, such as I am? I can't . . . and I can't sleep either . . ."

She crept into bed and pulled the covers over her head, but couldn't get to sleep. She lay thus with her head under the covers, recalling to herself over and over again his words and his gestures. After she had lived these scenes over again repeatedly, she finally took it in that he was no longer near by, that he would never come again, that she would never see him again at all. She called to mind how he had taken leave of her in the presence of his aunts as of a stranger, as of a servant girl, in fact.

"No, no, how could that be?" she cried out suddenly. "What's he done to me? How can I live without him? What's he done to me? My dear one, my lover, why did you leave me?"

She sprang out of bed and sat in a chair for a long time, as though she were waiting for something to happen which would explain everything to her. She sat thus and listened to the noises of the night. It was close in her little room. Through the wall from the next room she heard the clock ticking, the stirring of the dog, and the loud snoring of the good-natured housekeeper, Domentjevna, who slept with the dog.

Suddenly it sounded as though someone pushed a door and the planks creaked. Her heart stopped beating: it was he! But no, it couldn't be he, he was no longer here! It was Susette. The little dog barked and wanted to go out. Katuscha was glad that she could get outside the house.

She put a shawl around her shoulders, drew on her galoshes over her bare feet, and instead of just letting Susette out at the door, went herself with her out into the courtyard. Susette barked and ran about over the melting snow, while Katuscha remained standing by the door, standing still and listening.

FROM all directions the sounds of the night were audible. Louder than all else came the wind soughing through the naked birch boughs—it came from behind the house and barely touched her.

Susette's little paws went crunching over the snow. From somewhere came the murmuring of the brook, the dripping of snow from the roofs, and from there down below, from the river, distinct sounds as though a quiet, yet intense, struggle were taking place.

Suddenly there came a train whistle from a distance. The station was fifteen versts away, but the train, the very train by which he was traveling, would be coming past here, close at hand—here through the woods which began directly behind the garden. "Yes, he—he was traveling by this train. He is on it, and doesn't know that I am standing here.

"Come here, come in here!" she called to Susette, and let her into the house, while she, herself, remained standing, standing there and listening as the train came rolling along.

The wind freshened, and up from the fog over the river came a sharp crackling.

"It's all over, it's all over!" she whispered. "There he goes, he—he— Oh, if I could only see him!"

She ran through the garden and passed through the gate—there where the snow was lying in crystals, half melted, where the low-growing woodlands began—yes, where the train would have to pass. The wind drove her along before it and cut through her thin garments, but she never noticed the cold.

Hardly had she reached the slope when the train appeared in the distance with its shining eyes. The engine whistled—it seemed to Katuscha as though that were meant for her. Immediately the wind caught up the smoke and the sound of the whistle and flung them to one side. The locomotive came on first, then a coach, all dark, then one after the other many lighted windows sped past. You couldn't distinguish anything, but she knew that he was there. Avidly she scanned the swiftly passing shadows of passengers and trainmen, but could make out nothing.

Now the last coach went by with the conductor on the platform—and there, where just now cars with glowing windows were flying past, are only leafless young saplings, all wind-blown, just as before, and snow, and dampness, and darkness, and the same sounds from the river.

For still some minutes she could hear the rolling of the train as she watched the lights disappearing in the distance; there was a smell of smoke, and then everything became still.

"But why? Oh, why?" she cried out, and threw her hands over her head in unwonted gesture, as though she would herself image forth her woe. Weeping, she hurried back to the house, breasting the wind which seized the sound of her voice and bore it hither and thither, out into the gloom.

THE END

They Call It MAGIC

Why One Becomes a Prestidigitator—and How

(Reading time: 22 min. 8 sec.)

As told to HELEN HOERLE

By FRED KEATING

MAGIC! The lure of the supernatural never has been questioned. How much more fascinating than "trick," "legerdemain," "illusion," that word is!

It is really not magic. Everyone who attends a magical performance knows that. Yet each likes to think it is something more than a technical exhibition. The dictionary says (and I looked it up to be sure) that magic "is the pretended art of influencing a course of events by occult control of nature or of spirits. Witchcraft, involving inexplicable or remarkable influence, producing surprising results."

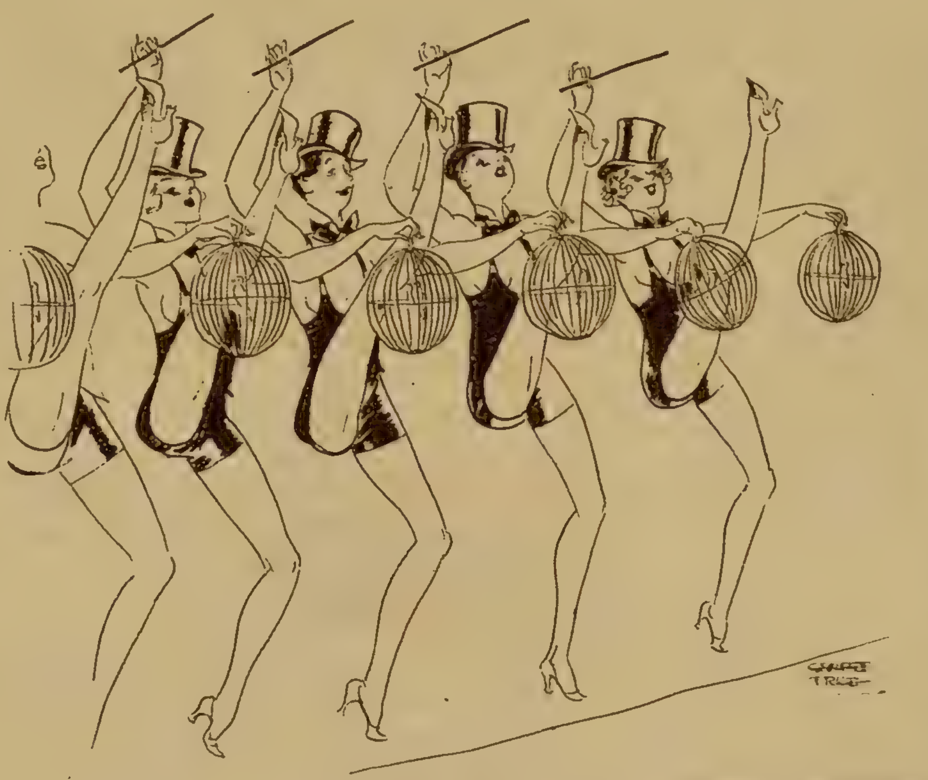
When I saw my first magic show I believed all of that and more. Never will I forget the thrill, the nerve-tingling exhilaration, the supreme mystery of it. It was at the Eden Musée, that since demolished place of horrors on West Twenty-third Street. My mother had promised many times to take me and finally did. In the Christmas holidays, about twenty years ago, I slunk past the wax policeman on guard at the door, not believing he was false.

I was a fat, nervous, highly imaginative, sensitive boy, and the Eden Musée was not the place to take me. The Chamber of Horrors, which I insisted on seeing, finished me. Sobbing, heart beating loudly, I was dragged from the gruesome place. I have completely forgotten what criminals were then on view, what morbid crimes were reenacted in wax, for my terror was so great everything was blotted from my mind. It was a shaking mass of pudgy childhood that a kindly guard endeavored to soothe. Such scenes were common enough to him, few children being able to stand the reality of the figures. He suggested to mother that perhaps the Magic Show, which was a special holiday offering, might cheer me.

It was impossible to take me through the street in the condition I was in. So we found seats in the darkened auditorium where the Great De Kolta was performing.

I do not suppose that many children get as much kick out of their first magic show as I did. There was something in me which responded immediately to the quick-fingered, glib-tongued man on the stage. Something raced within me when he produced bunnies from an empty hat, coins from shrieking children's ears, and caused a bird and a cage to disappear into the air. I did not scream with delight or clap my hands with joy. I sat, sobs still struggling to escape through my clenched teeth, hands perspiring, eyes popping, and did not miss a single movement of that dexterous, soothing presence. In my heart I knew that one day I would be a magician, that I too would stand on a platform and perform marvelous tricks as De Kolta did.

Even at eight years I realized it was trickery, that it was not as wonderful as it seemed to be, but my childish brain responded to what I knew instinctively to be an art, an art in which fingers and brain form a close and inalienable partnership as in probably no other profession.



Picture by Garrett Price

A musical show advertised that the entire chorus would perform the Keating Bird Trick. They used prop birds.

FROM that minute magic filled my mind, my eyes, my soul. My grandmother was a devout spiritualist, there had always been conversation about the supernatural at home. I had listened and believed. I read Ibsen's Ghosts as soon as I was old enough to read because I thought it concerned the spirit world. Imagine my disappointment when it was not about ghosts at all!

The life of my mother and grandmother became unbearable after that fearful day at the Eden Musée. I saved my pennies and bought the cheap books on magic purchasable along Sixth Avenue at the many shops selling magical equipment. I haunted the motion-picture theaters where The Mysteries of Myra were being shown. I ate, slept, dreamed, lived magic!

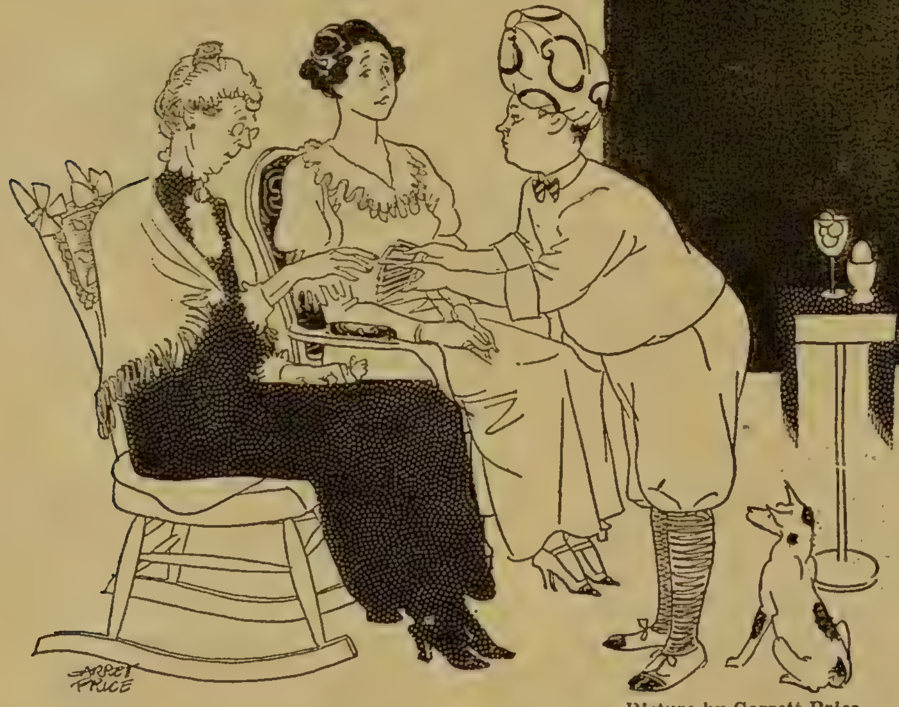
At a Christmas party, Stanwood Menken, disguised as the white-bearded, red-coated Santa Claus, gave me a box

Nickolas Muray photo

Fred Keating, who tells about himself in these pages, doing a shadow trick in vaudeville.

of primary magic equipment. I soared on wings, and reached unknown heights of happiness. Now I was a magician.

School was a place of misery to me. I was not popular. I was too fat to take part in athletics. Magic opened a new realm, and I honestly believe that the reason I worked so hard to perfect myself was that I might shine before my schoolmates in something at which they could not complete. However that may be, it is a record that all well known magicians of this and other days have begun doing tricks when children, and that the urge has even compelled them to forsake other important and lucrative professions. Few people know that Howard Thurston is a doctor of divinity, Charles Carter was an attorney, and Nate Leipsic, one of the greatest sleight-of-hand artists, abandoned a profitable optical business in Detroit to go into vaudeville and do six shows a day for $62.50 a week. Frederick Eugene Powell, the dean of American magic, was a professor of mathematics at a boys' prep school; Dr. James William Elliott, the greatest card manipulator of all, was a physician; and Herr Hofzinzer gave up law for magic. Robert Houdin, the founder of modern magic, who invented more tricks than anyone else, was a famous man, at one time a French emissary to Algiers.



Picture by Garrett Price

Mother and grandmother were forced into service as an unwilling audience for my primitive attempts.

Mother and grandmother constantly were forced into service as an unwilling audience for my primitive attempts at magic. I concocted weird costumes, and at various stages I was a Chinese magician, a Hindu conjurer, an East Indian sorcerer.

I had some sense of showmanship even in those early days, inherited, I presume. My mother's family was Spanish. Before her marriage she was Camilla Serrano, a noted singer. My father was Irish, an attorney who had been a newspaper man and was probably one of the finest actors ever to plead a case in court. He wanted me to be a newspaper man and my lack of interest in school was a continual worry to him. My earliest recollection is that of being backstage at the old Majestic Theater on Columbus Circle, New York, where my uncle, Vincent Serrano, was playing in On Parole with Charlotte Walker. I distinctly remember watching her beading her eyelashes. I was brought up in a theatrical, literary, decidedly artistic atmosphere. However, I never wanted, as many children do, to be an actor. I resented even at that early age being told what to do. That is why, I suppose, it is so difficult for me to learn lines when I appear as a master of ceremonies. I prefer to build and improvise my own chatter.

My grandmother, Mary Jane Serrano, was an author and lecturer. Social figures and prominent artists gathered constantly in our home. Mother's chief concern was to keep from everyone the fact that her son was disgracing the family by his interest in magic.

EVANGELINE ADAMS predicted in my horoscope that I would earn my living by my hands and wits. When I showed a little talent for drawing and caricature, mother decided I was to be a cartoonist. The social distinction between a cartoonist and a magician was indeed a mystery to me, but very definite to my family.

Hands play an important rôle in a magician's success. Every muscle must be developed. His hands are as valuable as a pianist's or violinist's. I had been taught the piano and violin and without doubt this early training helped give my hands flexibility and strength. To increase their flexibility and dexterity I kept them moving constantly. Today I am seldom without a pack of cards in my hands or a couple of coins in my pockets. All around my apartment are opened decks of cards, a few

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coins here and there, and no matter where I am, I work with them. For years there were four or five hours of practice daily, for, in spite of what is said to the contrary, the hand is not faster than the eye.

Yet sleight of hand did not interest me until I met Nate Leipsic. I played hooky from school to attend the matinée, and hung suspended on the edge of my seat, watching the miraculous hands of the master. When the act was over I asked for Leipsic at the stage door, sending in my card. "You're Professor—er—Keating?" Leipsic asked, glancing at the card in his hand, which read: "Professor Frederic Serrano Keating, Conjuring King, World's Greatest Magician and Illusionist, Professor of Legerdemain, Sleight of Hand Expert. Special arrangements for Charity, 218 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City."

"Yes," I replied, and saw no humor in the statement, "I'm Professor Keating."

My self-assurance and the extravagances of my card evidently appealed to Leipsic, but it took six months of pestering before Leipsic was convinced of my sincerity and accepted me as his pupil in sleight of hand. Leipsic never accepted a penny from me for instruction, and I am the only pupil he ever has had.

The more interested I became in magic, the more I neglected my studies and the greater became my family's panic. It was about this time that my skull was X-rayed and I was put under the observation of a psychiatrist. My mother was firmly convinced that I was unbalanced. Nothing else could account for my actions.

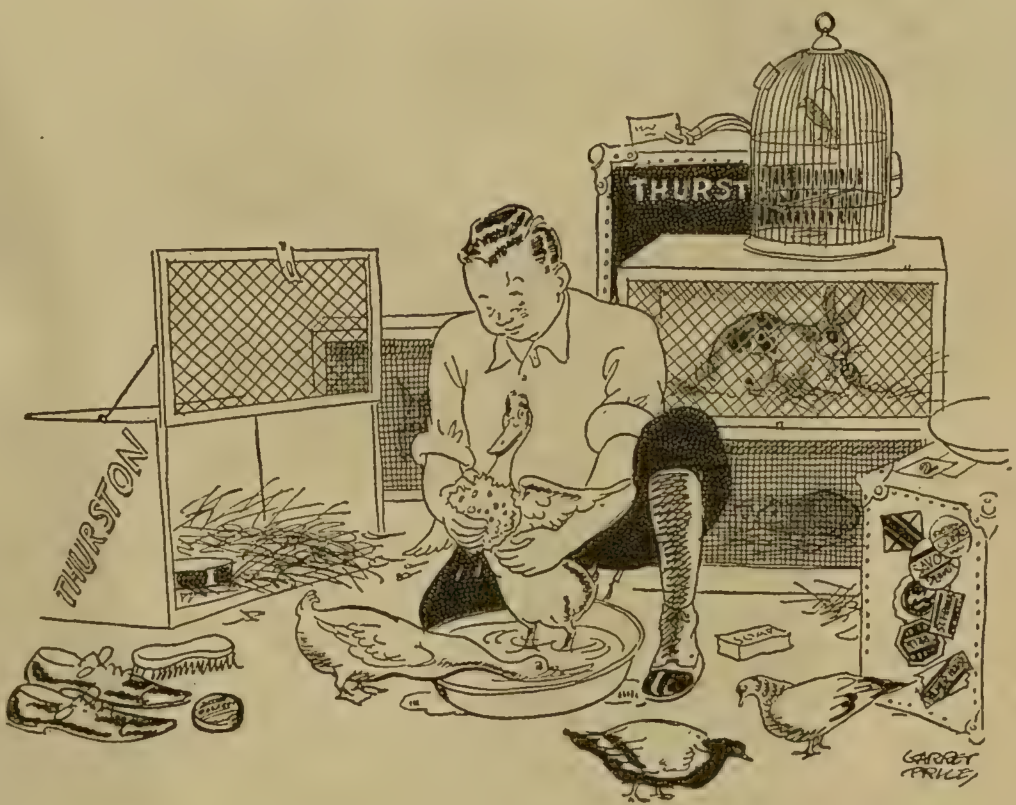
PERHAPS even then I could have been won away from magic, although I doubt it, if something had not happened which made me more determined than ever to pursue my own career.

It came about in this way: I was able to secure a ticket to the annual dinner of the American Society of Magicians, an honor which filled me with unbelievable joy. But I stayed away from school one day to attend a magic performance and for punishment mother declared that I should not go to the dinner. Of course I went, stealing out of the house, and had the most gloriously exciting five hours that I had ever lived through.

It was midnight when I returned and sneaked into my room, to find every scrap of my magical equipment battered and broken beyond repair on the floor, my pictures of magicians collected for years torn irreparably, and the programs of my own performances destroyed. Mother was determined to punish me for disobedience, to cure me of my obsession. Those in authority never seem to learn that prohibition has never accomplished its purpose. Instead of curing me, the wanton destruction only strengthened my determination.

I ran away from school and joined Thurston. I begged him to let me stay with his show. Believing that the surest way to cure me, if I was to be cured, was to give me a thorough dose of the magic I was so eager for, he consented. He made me write home telling my family I was safe. He determined that things were to be as difficult as possible for me, so he gave me only a dollar a day for food and seventy-five cents a night for lodging. Not a very munificent wage but it satisfied me. I was actually on the stage, actually with a magic show. I washed ducks, polished Thurston's shoes, and did any and all menial jobs that were required. But Thurston would inquire whether I was eating enough, and he would see that I had proper clothes. Every so often he would ask if I had been practicing any tricks, have me perform for him, and correct or approve what I did.

Thanksgiving Day was approaching. It was nearly three months since I had run away from home. Thurston wrote mother, inviting her to have a holiday dinner with him, Mrs. Thurston, and me in Trenton, New Jersey, where we were playing that week. That dinner was a red-letter one. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston were charming, as always, and mother was finally convinced that magic was not as low a profession in the social scale as she had previously believed.



Picture by Garrett Price

I washed ducks, polished Thurston's shoes, and did any and all menial jobs that were required.

"I ONLY took the boy on to get rid of him," Thurston assured her. "I never thought he would stick. He has better stuff in him than I believed. If he wants to be a magician nothing or no one can stop him."

At fifteen I made my professional début, and that event was attended with tragedy. In those days my magic bell was a finger bowl, filched from the glass cabinet, with a hole bored in it. The clapper was a bent hatpin, the head being the hammer. It hung on a stand. To make it reply magically to the questions asked it, there was a black thread stretched across the platform, which my assistant manipulated from the wings. I had been performing a number of production tricks, pulling paper streamers from the air, and the stage was covered with long streamers. As the thread was raised from the floor to pull the clapper, up came the streamers with it, dangling like a curtain.

A tragedy like that can happen to a professional magician as well as an amateur. Not long ago, when Ruth Selwyn's 9:15 Revue was playing in Boston, two near tragedies occurred.

It was the opening night. The stage was set for a trunk trick which I perform with my assistant, the Great Alexander. A cabinet, six feet square, is moved on the stage, with a sliding curtain in front. A standard trunk is placed on a square of carpet, to show that no traps are used, and then I take off my coat and ask someone in the audience to lend me one. My hands are then taped or handcuffed behind me and I am placed in a black bag, which is tied and sealed. The trunk is opened, I am placed in it, the trunk is locked and roped five times, and then Alexander pulls the curtains. Three seconds later, in my shirt sleeves, I pull the curtains back, revealing the trunk still roped, locked, and apparently untouched. That fatal evening I turned to the table where the trunk key should have been, so I could open it and release the Great Alexander, who was now handcuffed in the black bag and secured in the trunk. The key was not there. In the excitement Alexander had placed it in his pocket after locking me in. It required quick thinking to persuade the audience it was not being hoaxed. Luckily, there was another key in our dressing room and three minutes later Alexander was released, with the borrowed coat on, as per specifications, but nearly in a state of collapse.

How was the transposition accomplished? Sorry! I cannot oblige you. That is something magicians do not do. Although no two magicians do the same trick in the same way the basic principles are the same. Exposing one exposes all.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Clean inside-well outside!
they look it
and
so can You!
★

© 1931 Stanco Inc.

"PLAYED him for three mortal hours and twelve minutes, I did, and when he eased up alongside close enough to be gaffed, doggone if I didn't think I was hooked on to the granddaddy of all fishes!"

So goes the Captain's story, and the size of the fish isn't half as important as the fun he had catching it. Health! Living every minute—fishing or working—with joy and pep and enthusiasm!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

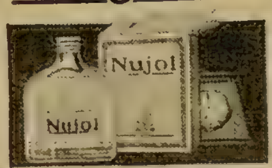
The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time? Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

Probably you know many people who owe their health and their happiness—yes, and their success—to keeping well the natural Nujol way. Why don't you try it? Begin this very day!

Nujol



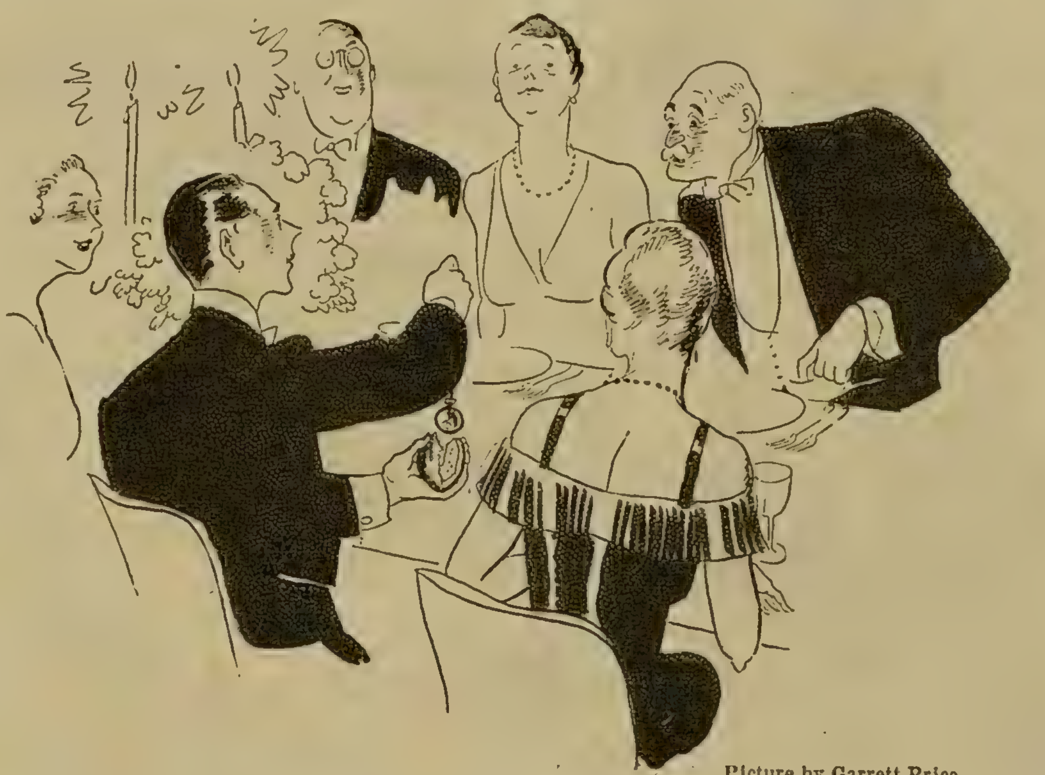
health

INSIST ON NUJOL . . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THEY CALL IT MAGIC
Continued from page sixteen

Probably the best known trick I perform is the Vanishing Bird Cage. De Kolta originated the trick, and I saw him do it that fatal day at the Eden Musée. I do not know how he did it. I started working out my own method when I was fifteen. It has taken thirteen years to perfect it and more than a thousand dollars has been invested in cages. For those who have not seen it done, a short description may be necessary. I come on the stage carrying the bird cage, and explain that when I count three the bird and cage will disappear. Slowly I count, “One,” “Two,” and before the “Three” the disappearance takes place.

In Murray Anderson's Almanac I first wore dinner clothes for that particular trick, and everyone decided that the cage went into my waistcoat. When I changed to full evening dress even the company was mystified. Now I do it once on the stage and then repeat it in the audience, doing it in my shirt sleeves, with someone holding a hand on top and under the cage. Where do the cage and bird go? You would know as much as I if I told you and then there would not be any magic about it. However, I can assure everyone that the bird is not injured.



Picture by Garrett Price

I produce the planted roll from my pocket and extricate the watch and chain.

In Boston a friend tipped me off that a group of Harvard students were planning to frame me, to trip me when I came down into the audience. If I had omitted repeating the trick in the audience I should have admitted defeat. I had to do some quick thinking and planning. As I reached the steps leading to the auditorium, I hesitated on the lowest, and asked for a volunteer to put his hands on the cage. Five of the lads stepped forward. I asked them not to rush me and stepped back to the fourth stair. Then I called one forward, and he was forced to stand on the lowest step, with his back to the audience, as he locked his fingers in the bars of the cage. I started to count, leaned forward a bit, pushed him off his balance, and in that second bird and cage disappeared. After the performance, which needless to say was a nerve-racking one, the entire party came backstage to see me, apologized, and invited me to supper.

THE World War meant many things to many people but to me it meant an opportunity to perform before audiences. Entertainers were sought for hospitals, camps, and clubs. On many days I played as many as twelve shows. Of course I ducked school to do it.

Since professional engagements are not easy for an amateur or beginner to secure, I welcomed the endless opportunities to strut my stuff. And the men in uniform did not care whether the entertainers were young or old. They merely wanted to be amused for the moment. Some of the things I saw were strong medicine for a sensitive kid like me, but the experience gave me a confidence no other training could have done.

Of course I could not stay away from school forever without being discovered, but somehow, by the grace of all that's good, I managed to pass my examinations for Harvard. Then two weeks finished me. I packed up and came home.

Father always had an idea I was insane enough to make a good newspaper man. And so, in spite of my cursory education, I managed to hold a job on the New York World nearly a year. I found that everyone was interested in magic, and used it frequently as a means of obtaining interviews. That year a Pulitzer Prize Second Mention was awarded me for one of the best newspaper stories of the year, a yarn about an old minister and his wife who wanted to find a home for their old horse they could no longer support.

It would seem this nominal success might have encouraged me to stay on the paper, but my twenty-first birthday was approaching. I had grown into a tall, slim, sallow stripling, not very strong, very nervous, with something, however, of the assurance and flipness of the age. I began playing private dates, giving performances at smart parties, and for the two years that I did that type of work I understand that I made more money than any private entertainer except Ruth Draper.

MUSICIANS are especially interested in magic; even the great Toscanini is. I entertained at several parties where he was guest of honor. He would follow me around like a child, requesting me to repeat the same trick again and again, peering closely at me with his nearly blind eyes, and endeavoring to see how I did it. Inasmuch as I can do the four-ace trick thirty ways, it can be understood how readily I could fool him. Magic is a subtle bond between people. It makes everyone a child again. If people meet on this basis they are much more likely to be friends than if they meet formally.

Recently when Thurston wrote the story of his life, complaint was heard that he did not disclose the mechanics of any of his tricks. He is an honorable man and a sensible one. However, in connection with private performances perhaps I can divulge, without violating the ethics of magic, how a trick can be built.

I am frequently invited to dinner when I am engaged to entertain the guests afterward. Suppose on entering the house I remove a watch from a guest's pocket (although I am not a pickpocket by profession) and hide it in my own. Roaming around before dinner I place a roll in the same pocket, and dig the watch and chain into the roll.

As we sit down to dinner I ask the gentleman whose watch I have pilfered what the time is. He reaches for his watch and finds it gone. Smilingly I suggest that maybe I can restore it to him, taking the opportunity to do so when rolls are passed. Presumably I lift one from the tray; in reality I produce the planted one from my pocket and extricate the watch and chain.

That is the opening wedge. In my pocket I have an ace of diamonds with the figures 12854 written thereon. I open a deck of cards, ask one of those present to pick a card, and force the ace of diamonds, a simple thing to do. Then I presumably put the card back in the deck, while it is really palmed, and place the fifty-one remaining cards on a table. Then a piece of paper is passed to four people, each being requested to write a number of at least three figures on it. They comply. The paper is then passed to another guest for addition, and in carrying it across the floor I palm the original paper and substitute one on which I have written figures which add to 12854. Naturally a constant patter is carried on through the whole procedure, which takes less time to do than to record. The sum of 12854 is announced. I think, take the paper, solemnly burn it, and toss the ashes in the direction of the deck of cards, which I have never approached since placing it on the table. I ask someone to find the ace of diamonds. It is missing. Strange. Then I request a gentleman to place his hand in his pocket.

The sheepish look on the victim's face tells the audience that he has a card and forth comes the ace of diamonds with the figures 12854 written on them. The card has been planted during the evening, but no one in the room has seen it done, or knows it. It is as simple as that. Hokum? Perhaps! But entertaining nevertheless, and foolproof.

Not once during the whole course of the operations have I made a definite assertion. If I had, maybe the audience would have doubted me. By my using negative suggestion the audience believes, and assists with the trick.

Which brings us to the old principle of misdirection and suggestion. Technique alone never deceived anyone.

One night when I was appearing at a party given for Fritz Kreisler I had an interesting experience. Musicians, as I said before, are fascinated by sleight of hand, principally because they appreciate the flexibility and dexterity necessary to perform even the simplest trick. I do a coin trick in which the coin apparently disappears. Kreisler requested that it be repeated. Then he smiled like a pleased child and said, "I know how that is done."

HE explained: "The coin bounces back into your right hand." Which was true, but it did not seem possible that he had seen it. "No," he admitted, "I heard it."

Just as it is not only the eye but also the ear that a magician has to guard against, so must he be wary not only of the people who are anxious to expose magicians, but also of unscrupulous people within his own circle. Nothing hurts magic more than the cheap magic books which purport to explain tricks, and the dealers who sell fake paraphernalia.

After all, there are really only four fundamental laws of magic. The first is production: a coin out of the air, a fish in a bowl of water, flowers from a hat. The opposite of the first is the second: disappearance, of which my bird trick is an example. The third is transposition: a combination of one and two, which I utilize in the trunk trick explained previously. The fourth is physical change: a pair of gloves are thrown into the air and change into a dove.

Even the greatest illusions are based on one or two or a combination of all of these principles. When a magician has thousands of dollars tied up in props it is hardly fair to reveal how his illusions are accomplished.

Magicians' assistants, very important factors in their success, can cause serious harm if they are not honest and loyal. I know that Thurston could not work a show without George White, the colored assistant who has been with him for thirty-five years. The Great Alexander, as I have nicknamed Harry Anderson, my assistant, is invaluable to me. He watches over

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mon.
Tues.
Wed.

Tried to Brush Away Ugly Yellow for Years

Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

LOOK in the mirror. Are your teeth ridged with yellow—stained, decayed in spots? Are gums drawing away from teeth and growing pale? If so, now is the right time to try the scientific Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night.

Overnight you'll note an improvement. For this unique dental cream kills millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles.

In just 3 days your teeth will look cleaner and whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste.

The very moment Kolynos enters the mouth it FOAMS, thus permitting the use of a dry brush which makes Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth-germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

Now if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos—today.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells about "The little Feller with the Bright Face"

YOU take the Tyler boy. Born an' raised right here in this county so naturally nobody ever noticed him.

He took to wearin' loud neckties an' gettin' his suits by mail order, but was utterly ignored. Played the drum in the band, bought a yeller roadster, parted his hair in the middle an' smoked so many cigarettes his hands shook like a leaf, but still he wasn't recognised. Took a mail course on developin' a winnin' personality an' was such a failure even the postman was discouraged.

Talked with a travelin' man one day who fairly sparkled. Upshot of it was he went to town an' got a little box of chocolate tablets. Today you can ask any stranger in any crowd to point out the Tyler boy an' the stranger will say, "There he is—the little feller with the bright face."

"Chic" Sale

OVER 26 million boxes of "those little chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax—were sold in 1930—that's popularity for you!

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE Complete set of "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS and sample of Ex-Lax

Name..........

Street and Number..........

City.......... State..........

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. L-421
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THEY CALL IT MAGIC
Continued from page nineteen

my birds like a mother, he guards my equipment, and every day becomes a more important factor in my work. One of the most loyal assistants a magician ever had was James Collins, who was with Houdini for over thirty years. After the magician's death, many thousands were offered him to reveal Houdini's tricks, but the tradition of an assistant's loyalty was so strong that I believe Collins would have starved before he would breathe a single one.

A magician is constantly harassed by imitators. A musical show advertised that the entire chorus would perform the Keating Bird Trick. That was impossible. A real canary would have been killed doing the trick as it was done there. They used prop birds. I finally persuaded them to delete the number, for if it had been kept in the show I should have been compelled to abandon the trick, temporarily at least. If a dozen chorus girls could do the trick it must be fairly simple, would be the public's verdict, not realizing that there was no connection between that one and mine.

Building cannot always be trusted. It is far safer to have the several parts of a trick made by different artisans. Not long ago an honest manufacturer of magical equipment came to me to report that a comedian on a bill with me had asked him to build a trick trunk to do a burlesque of my trunk act. As neither of us was booked to play on the same bill again the deal fell through, but it would have ruined my trunk trick, in which *no trick trunk* is employed. That's a distinction and a difference.

Private work and public appearances are a terrific strain. My two years of private work caused a nervous breakdown and the doctor ordered a year out of doors. I joined the Miller Brothers' Wild West Show, ballyhooed my own act, exposed gamblers' tricks, rode in the parade, and had a grand and glorious time. I made as much as a hundred dollars a week. That year gave me sufficient reputation so that when I returned to New York it was possible to obtain consecutive vaudeville bookings. Then Edna Ferber suggested that I shorten Frederic Serrano Keating to the less cumbersome Fred Keating. Mr. Winthrop Ames built a show for me and I played an engagement at the Booth Theater. Since then I have "night-clubbed," appeared as master of ceremonies in two musical revues, and again vaudevilled.

When I write that I have been a magician for twenty years (with apologies to my fellow performers for using that term in referring to the first eight or ten years) I know I sound like a veteran, and I am, in spite of my twenty-eight years. It is a comfort to know that as the years pass I stand an even better chance of success, for maturity is an asset in this deceptive career I have chosen. Moreover, I still contend that a magician is not any lower in the social scale than a cartoonist and only hope that one day I may truly justify the dedication which Howard Thurston wrote in a copy of his autobiography when he sent it to me:

> To Fred Keating,—anticipating your great success as America's leading magician—in the near future. I like you Fred, and admire your determination.
>
> Affectionately,
>
> Howard Thurston.

THE END

Whether you play backgammon or whether you don't—

You'll like

Elliott White Springs'

riotous backgammon story

The Egyptians Played It

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the design of the President's flag?

2—What rank is given a United States Naval Academy midshipman when he is graduated?

3—What is a doxology?

4—Who were the minnesingers?

5—Innisfail is a poetic name of what country?

6—Who was the author of Auld Lang Syne?

7—Why is court plaster so called?

8—What is a mendicant?

9—What is the source of "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"?

10—Cornea and retina are parts of what organ?

11—Which one of the Great Lakes does not touch Canada?

12—What is pediatrics?

13—What is the capital of Nova Scotia?

14—What battle of the War of 1812 was fought after peace had been concluded?

15—Which is farther west, Reno, Nevada, or Los Angeles, California?

16—Who was the first Chief Justice of the United States?

17—What does Whitsunday commemorate?

18—How many stomachs has a cow?

19—Who was Hamilcar?

20—What is peregrination?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-two)

This offer may never be repeated

Milaire
COMPLEXION POWDER
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10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least $8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you $8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—once you see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Cocoanut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

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MILAIRE COMPANY,
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Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

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KIKI Again

This Time in the Third, or Pickford, Version

and Some Other Pictures, Reviewed by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ KIKI

CAST

Kiki	Mary Pickford
Victor Randall	Reginald Denny
Paulette Vaile	Margaret Livingston
Alfred Rapp	Joseph Cawthorn
Eddie	Phil Tead
Bunson	Fred Walton
Dr. Smiley	Edwin Maxwell

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Samuel Taylor.

THE national sweetheart descends to the rôle of a guttersnipe in essaying Kiki, the character made famous on the stage by Lenore Ulric and on the silent screen by Norma Talmadge.

It is not a part particularly suited to Mary Pickford's charms. I didn't like the play when I saw it in either of its other versions and I don't like it now, although Mary is perhaps the most appealing of the Kikis. It does, however, give her a chance to show her agility, her smartness in chattering French, and her unchangeable looks. I hope we are going to see more of Mary, but not in plays like Kiki.

The cast supporting the star is good and the director did his best with the material in hand. The photography and sound recording are excellent. The locale of the story has been moved from Paris to New York, but this doesn't add to the plausibility of the situations.

When there is comedy to be derived from the risqué situations, Mary manages to bring it out, but there is very little wit to the lines or originality in the complications of the drama.

★ ★ THE GORILLA

CAST

Garrity	Joe Frisco
Mulligan	Harry Gribbon
Arthur Marsden	Walter Pidgeon
Alice Denby	Lila Lee
The Stranger	Purnell Pratt
Cyrus Stevens	Edwin Maxwell

Produced by First National.
Directed by Bryan Foy.

This comedy sets out to kid the thrillers and while doing it hands out a thrill or two on its own. This is the first time I've seen Joe Frisco in anything but a short subject. He and Harry Gribbon are a couple of comical detectives on the trail of a killer that turns out to be a real gorilla instead of a man known as the Gorilla. The scenes in which Mulligan gets Garrity to ape the ape are the funniest. Lila Lee, looking frail but pretty, has a slim rôle. She and Walter Pidgeon take care of the romantic interest. All the players are good, including the real gorilla, but the picture belongs to Frisco and Gribbon.

★ IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

CAST

Rodney Martin	Norman Foster
Mary Grayson	Carole Lombard
Ambrose Peale	Skeets Gallagher
Cyrus Martin	Eugene Pallette
The Countess	Helen Johnson
Adams	Lucien Littlefield
Thelma Temple	Louise Brooks

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Frank Tuttle.

When It Pays to Advertise, a timely and amusing play about the advertising business, was first produced it was one of the comedy hits of its day. The new movie version of that play, with added dialogue and some new situations, is terribly out of date. The idea that any manufacturer today has to be sold on the idea that it pays to advertise is absurd. Dialogue and sit-

unlucky for

A little scene from The Gorilla, with Lila Lee and Walter Pidgeon, that seems about to be rudely interrupted.

uations meant to be funny are just silly. Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette, two good, dependable comedians, do their best, but even they cannot put the comedy over. When will Hollywood wake up to the fact that an old comedy is a dead comedy and a few new lines, however clever, cannot resuscitate it?

★ MEN ON CALL

CAST

Chuck Long	Edmund Lowe
Helen Gordon	Mae Clarke
Coast Guard Captain	William Harrigan
Joe Burke	Warren Hymer
Perkins	Joe Brown
Mrs. Joe Burke	Ruth Warren

Produced by Fox.
Directed by John Blystone.

While this picture was in progress I heard someone remark that the only interesting thing about it was the coast-guard uniforms worn by the men. I agree with that opinion.

It's an old, old story, and neither thrilling nor vital enough to bear repetition. The title refers to the coast guardsmen, and the scenes at the station are interesting enough when the men prepare for action. But the love story is trite. All the players deserve better story material than this. It is one of the poorest pictures Edmund Lowe has been featured in to date. Warren Hymer has a comedy bit that is one of the bright spots in the picture. The direction is adequate.

Reginald Denny and Mary Pickford with a busy line in Kiki.

Skeets Gallagher gets a grin from Norman Foster and Carole Lombard in It Pays to Advertise.

Guards and a girl in Men on Call: Edmund Lowe, Mae Clarke, and William Harrigan.

(No Stars) LONELY WIVES

CAST

Mr. Smith	Edward Everett Horton
Mr. Zero	Edward Everett Horton
Mrs. Smith	Esther Ralston
Diane	Laura La Plante
Miss Minter	Patsy Ruth Miller
Mrs. Mantel	Maude Eburne

Produced by Pathé.
Directed by Russell Mack.

This is based on one of the stage farces, produced by A. H. Woods, but so far as the picture production is concerned there isn't a laugh in the whole of it. The dialogue is risqué without being funny. The situations are unoriginal and unamusing. The acting is on a par with the story. Edward Everett Horton plays a dual rôle. In one he is an amorous attorney and in the other a jealous husband. Maude Eburne's playing of Mrs. Mantel justifies all the mother-in-law jokes that ever were perpetrated. Lonely Wives is a waste of scenery and good clothes. It might better have been packed nicely in tins and laid away on a shelf, there to rust in piece.

Do you know that—

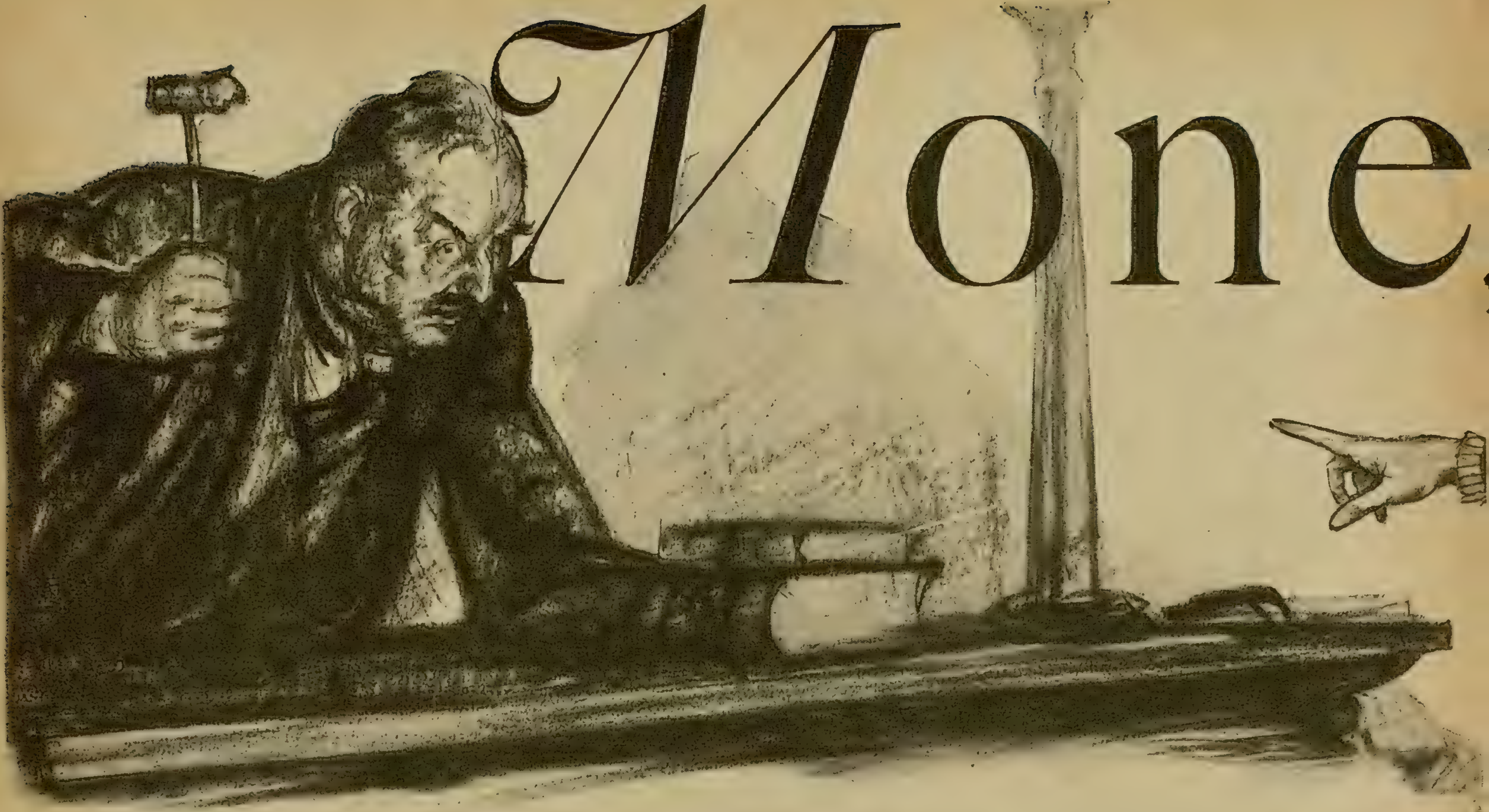
In Constance Bennett's new picture (title not yet selected) a real baptismal ceremony takes place on the screen? Infant Bjorklund, who had not yet been given a Christian name, will bear through life the names of Wilfred James Edwin given him in the christening on the screen. The ceremony was administered by a real clergyman..... In Will Rogers' next picture, which is a comedy by George Ade entitled Cure for the Blues, the star will be supported by Fifi Dorsay, Lucien Littlefield, John T. Murray, Donald Dillaway, C. Henry Gordon, and Lucile Browne?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—City Lights.

★★★—East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers, Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven.

Mone



The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 27 minutes.)

THIS is the story of Florida Morgan, who helped rescue a flyer whose plane fell into the waves of the Florida Straits. He called himself "Falconer." Believing Florida to be a cracker girl, he swore devotion, then disappeared. Her pride received another blow: her father's indictment in a bank failure. Going to Palm Beach to ask assistance from Solomon Worth, she met Countess Wanda, wife of Solomon's son Wilmer. Wanda offered Florida a friendship so intense that the girl was repelled. You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART SIX—UP AGAINST IT

WILMER WORTH knocked at the door of his wife's suite to find her dressed to go out for the evening.

"I just checked in with father and stopped by to let you know I'm back safe and sound."

"Thank you. The poor man never ceases to worry."

At the sound of his wife's voice young Worth said, "You're in a bad humor. Is something wrong?"

"Mm-m—yes! I've lived through a day of disappointment. I asked your father to assist some people in whom I'm interested and he told me to mind my own business."

"Not in so many words?"

"Oh, no!"

"I'm sorry. Can I be of assistance?"

Mrs. Worth shook her head. "It is a matter for him."

"I had a disappointment too." The speaker moved impatiently, he fumbled for a cigarette and lit it with nervous fingers. "I suddenly decided I owed it to myself to say good-by to those people who took care of me when I cracked up, so I flew down to the keys. . . . The place was deserted. I inquired at the nearest settlement, but all I could learn was that the old man had been arrested."

"The boy, too?" Worth shrugged. He turned his back. In some surprise, his wife inquired, "Surely you're not going to leave it at that? Aren't you going to help them?"

"How can I help? I'd like to do something and yet I can't afford to be mixed up in their affairs. I had no business to go back there, but—I've got the jumps."

Wanda's eyes followed her husband as he paced her handsome boudoir, then she said, "They call me the restless one, but, my dear, you've been on pins and needles for weeks. You're in a fever; you're haunted."

"I guess I am. One thing sure, I'm all washed up on Palm Beach."

"Yes? . . . Why don't you engage yourself in a—love affair?"

The husband halted. "Is that your advice?" he inquired.

"No. A suggestion merely. I appreciate the desperation with which you cling to rectitude and I admire you for it. But, really, I've an idea you need a mistress. Some nice girl who—"

"Damned if I don't believe you mean it!"

"I do. If we were less agreeably situated my pride would doubtless suffer, but you have done so much for me that I wish to see you as happy and as contented as I am."

"Such gratitude is overwhelming," Worth said bitingly.

"No sarcasm, please! I realize that I'm the cause of your unrest and it grieves me. A woman in my position can afford to play the complacent wife. But—we're on dangerous ground, I perceive, and I refuse to quarrel with you. Remember, I made no promise. It was you who felt certain of winning my love. I was frank. I knew myself better than you did, that's all. I promised only to make you a virtuous and an indulgent wife, which I have done. I defy you to reproach me with a single indiscretion."

"Money buys everything, doesn't it?" Worth's lips assumed lines still more unpleasant.

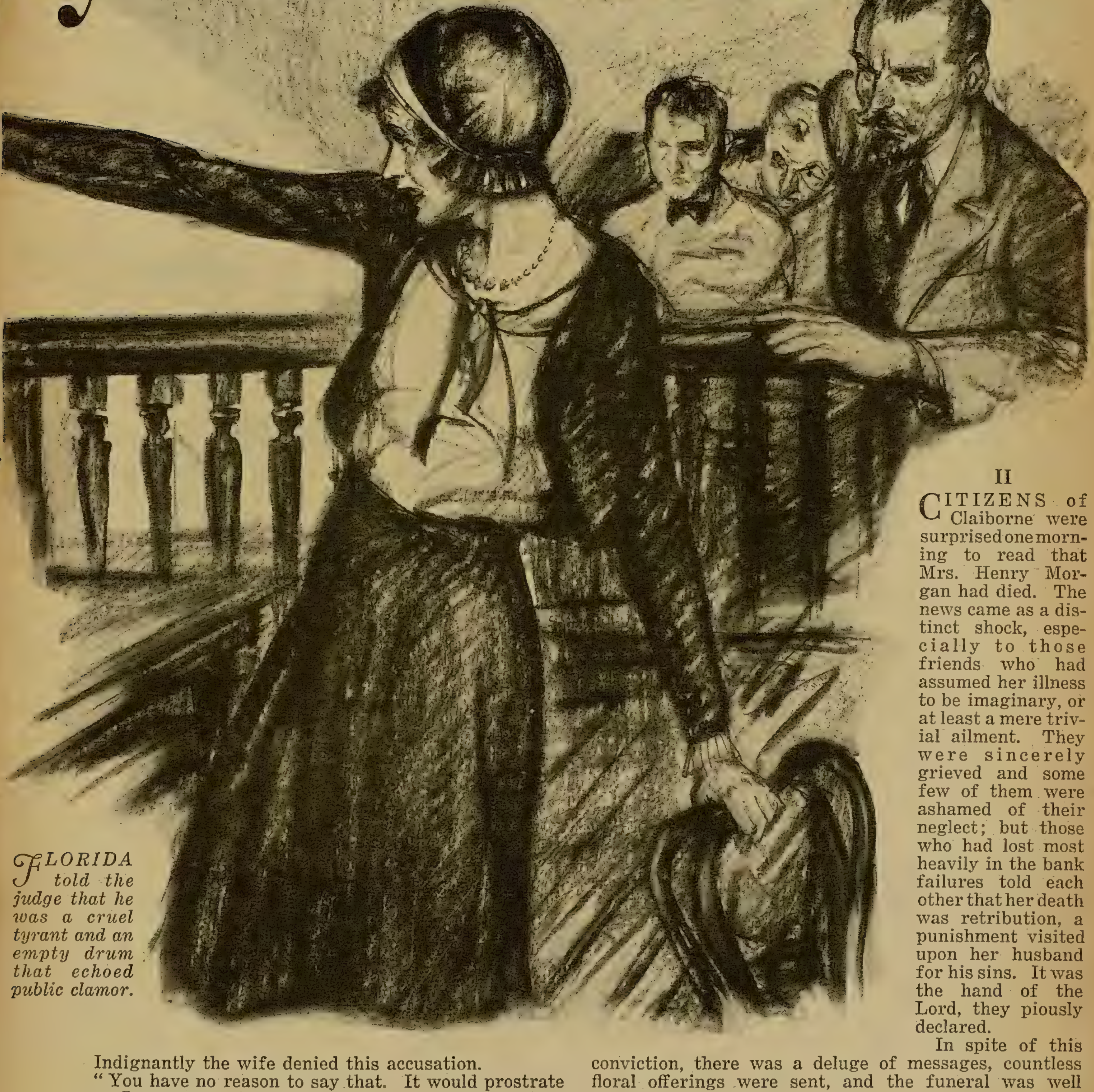
"Practically."

"I think I'll hop off for New York in the morning."

"Very well. But do be careful of the weather. Your father would not survive an accident to you."

"I dare say you'd almost welcome one."

y Mad



FLORIDA told the judge that he was a cruel tyrant and an empty drum that echoed public clamor.

Indignantly the wife denied this accusation.

"You have no reason to say that. It would prostrate me. I care more for you than for any man, believe it or not. Certainly I would never remarry, if that's what you imply. Poor Wilmer! Our marriage is a disappointment to you only because I lack the element of—'femininity' and because I am too honest, too fastidious to conceal that fact. After all, isn't it better to be comrades?"

Worth uttered an explosive sound. Without answering he left the room.

II

CITIZENS of Claiborne were surprised one morning to read that Mrs. Henry Morgan had died. The news came as a distinct shock, especially to those friends who had assumed her illness to be imaginary, or at least a mere trivial ailment. They were sincerely grieved and some few of them were ashamed of their neglect; but those who had lost most heavily in the bank failures told each other that her death was retribution, a punishment visited upon her husband for his sins. It was the hand of the Lord, they piously declared.

In spite of this conviction, there was a deluge of messages, countless floral offerings were sent, and the funeral was well attended.

Deep down beneath her grief Florida felt an overwhelming gratitude at this kindly tribute to her mother, hollow though she suspected it to be. What if these people were insincere, she asked herself. Babaloo had never concerned herself greatly with verities and this surface display of feeling would please her if she knew it. Yes, and who could doubt that she did know of it?

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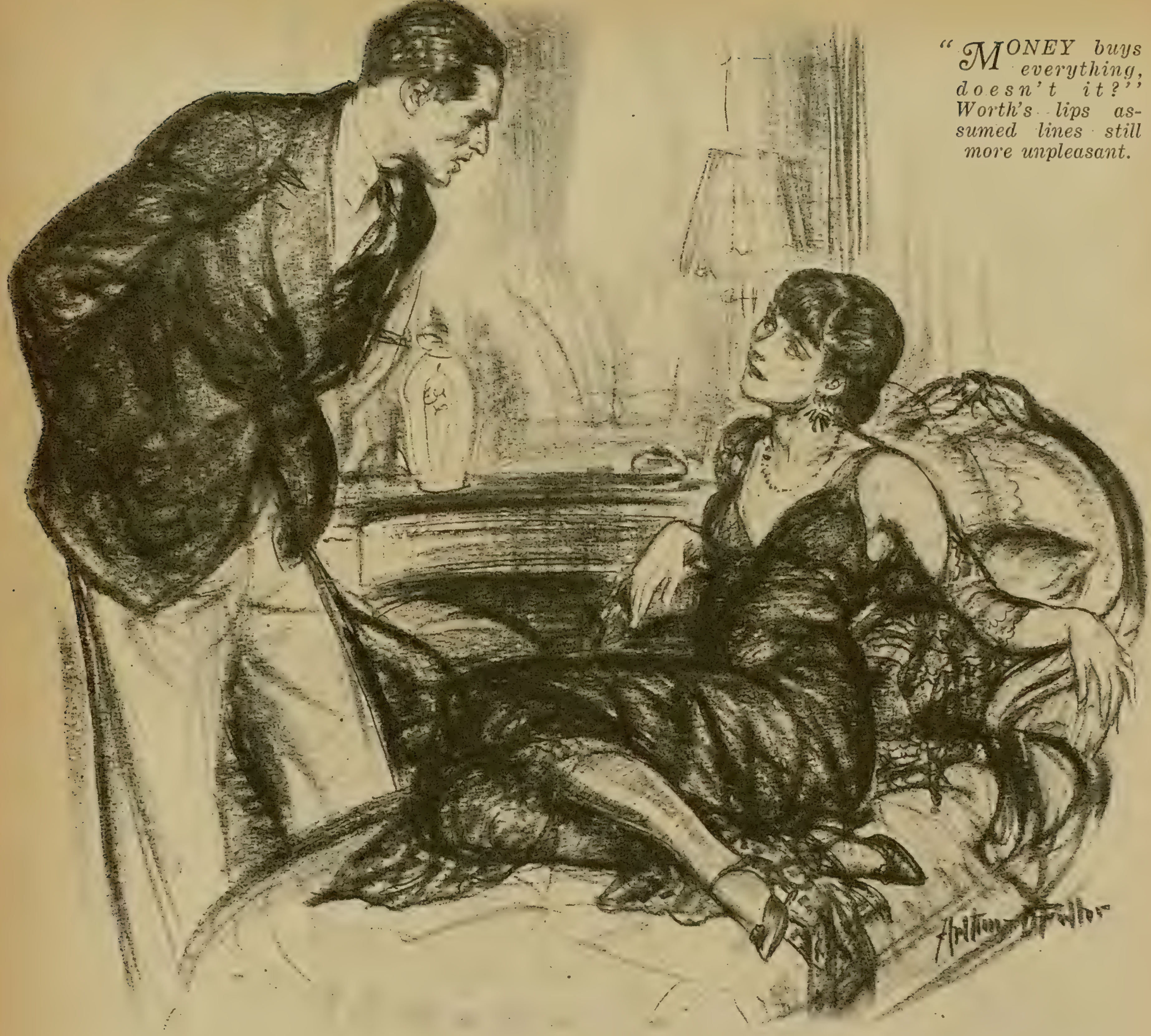

"MONEY buys everything, doesn't it?" Worth's lips assumed lines still more unpleasant.

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-five]

Surely intelligence persists beyond the grave and death is no more than an adventure.

Babaloo, of course, had been a butterfly, fragile and vain, but her pride had been deeper than anyone suspected. Humiliation, the loss of her fortune and her position had caused her to fold her gossamer wings and go to sleep. Another issue evaded! Well, butterflies are sensitive; they are not created to breast the hurricane.

Florida was not like that. She had some of her father's "common" blood in her and she was sturdy, her wings were strong. Her heart bled for him, by the way, and his suffering steeled her to bear her own with greater fortitude, but it did not make her feel any more kindly toward people to realize that back of their protestations of sympathy was a smoldering resentment which nothing could extinguish; that they still cherished the selfish memories of their material loss above everything else.

Of course the law took no cognizance of human suffering. Nothing threw it out of step, and the date of the "bank trials" approached. It was a spiritless Henry Morgan who went to court in June.

The weather was hot. Nevertheless, the court room was crowded with a sweaty, shirt-sleeved throng. Again Florida felt physically and mentally nauseated at contact with it. Morgan's case was the first on the docket, for that deal involving the funds of the Board of Public Instruction was far less complicated than the others, and the state was determined to begin its series of prosecutions with a conviction, if possible.

It required two days in which to select a jury, for Morgan was well known and it seemed that every talesman called had either actually lost money in the Merchants and Growers or had been at some time a depositor or a borrower, and in consequence had formed an opinion about the guilt of the accused.

HOW absurd, Florida thought, to ask a juror if he had read about or discussed the failure of that institution when throughout the county little else had been discussed for months. And yet there were some who qualified and swore that they were unprejudiced. Slowly the panel was filled. Florida felt her heart sink as she studied the faces of those men selected to determine her father's fate. To her they resembled so many apes.

The People versus Henry Morgan turned out to be a case barren of sensation. As a Roman spectacle it was a disappointment. The district attorney, wisely enough, confined himself to one count, the third in the indictment, and was content to prove that Morgan had pledged securities which were not the property of the bank. This charge the defendant admitted when he took the stand. He told a simple story—far too simple for his own good, inasmuch as it established nothing beyond his innocence of purpose. Unfortunately for him, Fletcher Claiborne disclaimed responsibility for any part in the transaction.

Character witnesses testified and paid tribute to Henry

Morgan's honesty. Coates' address to the jury was the impassioned plea of a lifelong friend, but Florida grew sick as she listened to the judge's charge.

The jury was out only a short time. When Morgan rose to hear the verdict his daughter stood at his side. She felt him grope for her hand and crush it in his.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged!"

Florida was aware now that she had anticipated those very words, just as she had anticipated the sound of clods falling upon her mother's coffin when first Babaloo took to her bed. Something had warned her from the very moment of the bank's failure that she could look forward to nothing less than utter ruin. Well, another and a more crushing blow had fallen. She stood alone.

"Never mind! It's all right! Don't you care, pappy!" she heard herself saying. "Everybody knows Fletcher Claiborne was lying." She turned a look of scorn upon the jury, and one of defiance upon the court-room audience. The cowards! God! How she hated them!

"I'm glad Babaloo went on ahead," Morgan murmured through stiff lips. Coates was moving forward, but his client halted him and they conversed with their heads together. The attorney protested, his agitation increased, but Morgan remained firm.

FLORIDA could never remember just what happened during the next few minutes. She saw Coates, very white of face, talking with the judge and heard him say something about no appeal . . . his client's wishes. Evidently he was voicing words which were bitter to his taste and plainly, too, they surprised those who heard them, for there was a movement, a rustle, an undertone of comment. The district attorney pressed forward.

"In that event, I see no reason for delaying sentence," the judge declared. He hesitated, frowning, then in a louder voice he said, "Henry Morgan, a jury of this court has found you guilty of the offense charged in the indictment. Have you anything to say why sentence at this time should not be passed?"

Morgan's lips moved, he shook his head.

Speaking as if to the audience, the judge went on:

"It is the court's opinion that the flagrant nature of this crime warrants a severe sentence. It is not unmindful of the defendant's standing in the community and his record of good character, but those serve only in this instance to make his guilt the more reprehensible. Nor can the court read into the evidence presented the slightest hint of mitigating circumstance. Ignorance of the law is no defense and the defendant's alleged innocence of purpose carries little weight. It is inconceivable that a man of his business experience could have been ignorant of the law, or that he, as vice president of the Merchants and Growers Bank, could have been unaware of the ownership of those bonds. His complete lack of defense is tantamount to a confession of guilt and the court can find no reason for leniency.

"The sentence of the law and the judgment of the court is that you, Henry Morgan, shall for your said offense serve a term of seven years in the penitentiary.

"Mr. Marshal, please take charge of the prisoner."

Seven years! When the maximum was ten. Morgan closed his eyes, a sweat not from the heat broke out upon his face.

As for Florida, the room swam, she felt that she must scream. Then suddenly something exploded inside of her and words tumbled from her quivering lips. For the moment she was in the fury of one who has been maliciously hurt. Blindly she struck back.

From the beginning she had been aware of the hostility, the prejudice at large. The air of the court room was thick with it, and, heedless of consequences, she now voiced her frantic rebellion.

The judge flushed, he pounded with his gavel. The audience rose, and above the exclamations, the stamp and shuffle of feet there came an outburst of laughter, cries at once derisive, resentful, and appreciative.

"Florrie! You *mustn't!*" Morgan exclaimed, but she broke away from his clutching fingers. Joe Coates made frantic sounds and gestures of warning. He pawed his way in her direction. The jury strained forward

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GENTLEMEN: Try Palmolive Shaving Cream. It wouldn't be the largest seller unless men liked it best. 86 of every 100 who try it remain our steady customers and prefer it to all former ways. Please accept a free supply.

Our chemist and 1000 men

We deserve only part credit for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Before our chemists started work, 1,000 men wrote down the faults of other creams and told us what they wanted. That was a priceless service. To our knowledge no other manufacturer had ever thought of that before.

Once more the olive oil principle in soap was brought into use. Palmolive Shaving Cream possesses five unique advantages men told us were essential:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1237, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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Groggy?
when you overeat
chew
for digestion
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

IT'S so easy to eat too much for lunch! Digestion slows up and then you feel listless, logy, drowsy.

But why lose an afternoon? Just chew Beeman's — *the pepsin gum.* It aids digestion because it was developed by Dr. Beeman for that very purpose.

And for that purpose no less than for its smooth and flavorful goodness, millions have favored this delicious gum through more than 30 years. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-seven

and listened to her denunciation.

Florida called them curs, cowards, and Ku Kluxers; she told the judge that he was a cruel tyrant and an empty drum that echoed public clamor. Perjury! Greed! Persecution! She charged all of these in that brief hysterical moment or two of confusion before order was restored. She realized dimly that she was guilty of some heinous offense, for her father was in consternation, the judge was furious, and the court attendants were scandalized; the whole majestic structure of the law, in fact, was rocking on its foundations. Probably she would be hanged. Well, hanging would not rob her of the satisfaction she felt at telling these smug, hard-hearted scoundrels what she thought of them.

Contempt of court! The judge was bawling that at her. In a voice that carried defiance she told him it was a weak combination of words to express her feelings.

That uproar at her back had diminished, but no pounding of gavels, no angry bailiffs could altogether quiet it, and now it was directed more at the judge than at her. Angrily he ordered the court room cleared, whereupon jeers and catcalls broke out. These persisted until the last member of the audience was crowded out into the hall.

Plainly the sentiments of these people were with Florida, no matter what their feelings toward her father.

The judge, it proved, was less resentful than he had appeared to be. He censured Florida severely, he termed her conduct outrageous, but he listened to Coates' plea to disregard it.

Some magic still clung to the Morgan name, or perhaps the court felt a certain remorse at the severity of his sentence. Whatever the reason, he sputtered like a wet firecracker until the district attorney, conscious, no doubt, of the significance which might readily attach to this unfortunate episode if it went further, added his voice to that of the elder attorney. The august judge finally confessed that he was in no mood at the moment to do more than reprimand the "young woman" for her disgraceful conduct. He was willing to assume for the time being that she was hysterical.

ABRUPTLY he adjourned court and stalked off to his chambers.

"You shouldn't have blown up," Morgan told his daughter. "You only make it harder for us."

"I couldn't help it."

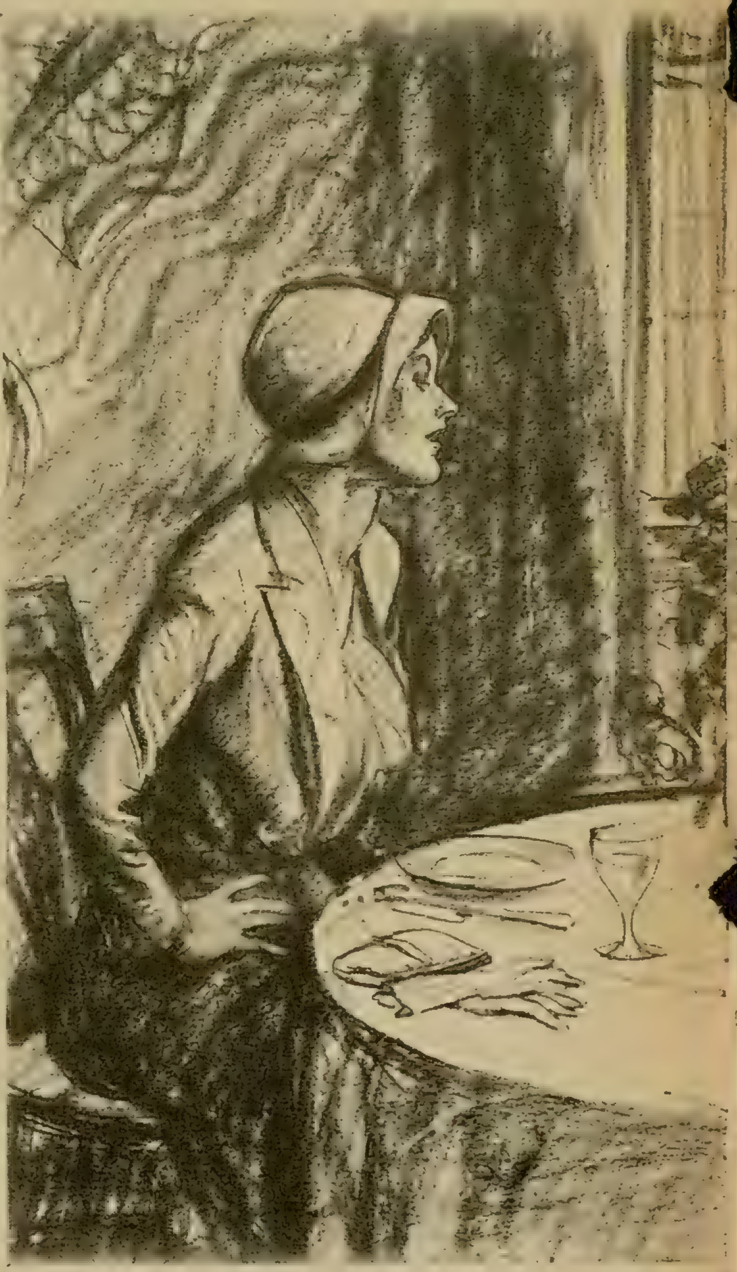
"I'm sure the judge will listen to an apology," Coates declared. "I'll speak to him after he's had time to—"

"Apologize? Never! I didn't tell him half I thought. I hope he sends me along with pappy."

Morgan took the girl in his arms and there were tears in his eyes. "God bless you, kid!"

Florida's outburst did not make matters harder. On the contrary, this eruption had in reality eased the strain which father and daughter endured. It had afforded a release for their overcharged emotions by diverting their minds, at least briefly, from the tragic separation which was now so imminent.

That was a dreadful parting, and Coates suffered almost as keenly as did Florida and her father. Distractedly the latter repeated over and over, "You'll have to look after her, Joe. She's all alone."



"If I have to make the most of my looks,

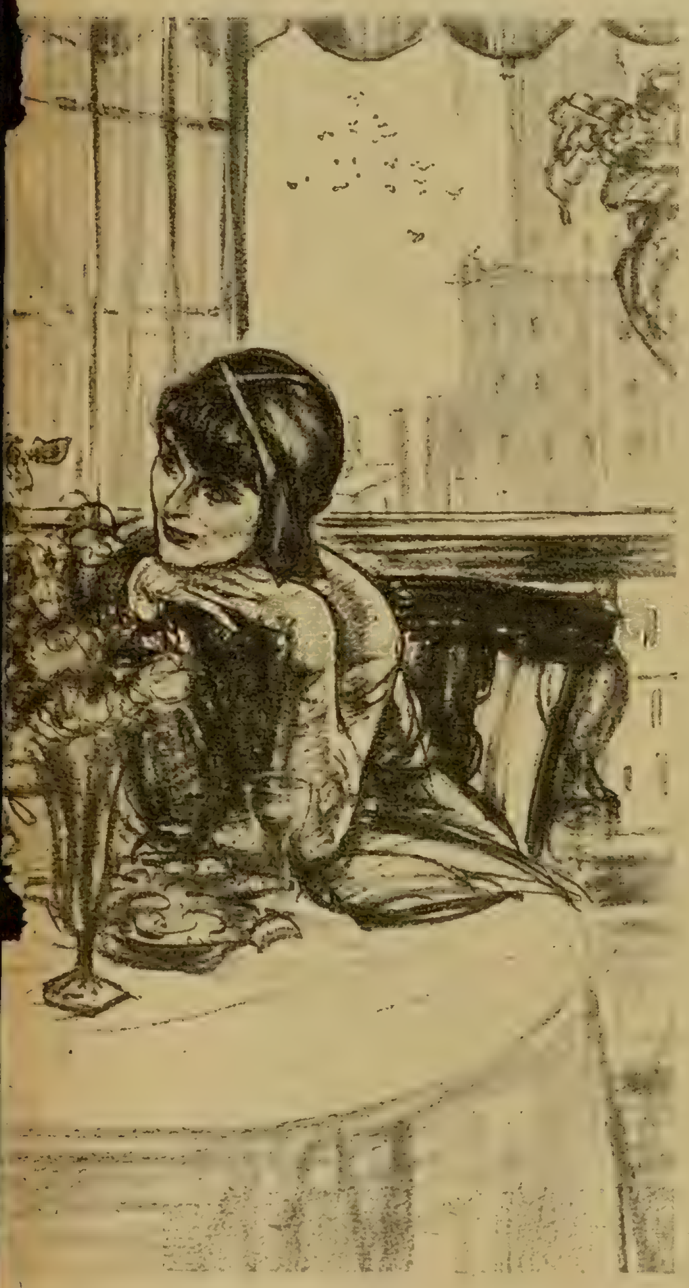
"Don't you worry! I'll be all right, pappy." Florida tried to stifle the anguish in her bosom and to speak bravely. "I'm young and strong. I'm a good soldier. I can take care of myself."

With a groan Morgan took his head in his hands. They were in the marshal's office now; no curious eyes stared at them, and restraint was unnecessary. "It kills me to think that my punishment falls on her just as it did on poor Babaloo. I—I'll have all the best of it—something to wear and eat and a place to sleep, anyhow. The law strikes at her over my head. Cruel, isn't it? . . . I don't care for myself—you know that, Florrie. I'm a good loser and I got what I deserved, but—I'm leaving you homeless, friendless, without a cent— You'll see that nothing happens, won't you, Joe?"

"Of course! Of course!" the attorney mumbled.

"She's my buddy, Joe. Always together— It seems like a nightmare. I just couldn't believe anything would happen. That's how I am, always looking for some good luck at the finish, always winning on the last card. My God! What a failure I've been!"

"Don't say that, pappy. Is it a failure to be the friend of every poor man, every stray dog in town? These people are insane now, but they'll learn that you put your last dollar into the bank for their sakes. They'll remember who helped them when they were sick, who they came to in trouble. You'd have had as much as Fletcher Claiborne if you hadn't shared everything. Is it a failure to have a kind heart and a love for clean things and clean people?"


why, I'll do it. Anything for money."

"Seven years! . . . I'll be an old man!"

"Nothing of the sort. It won't be seven years. We'll get you out long before that."

"JOE! You must keep track of every penny she costs you so I can pay you back. I'll take good care of myself. I'll keep well and strong so I can work. I won't be too old to work. I'll be your slave."

"You hush that talk, Henry!"

Convulsively Florida pressed her father's gray head to her bosom. Hoarsely she reiterated, "It won't be seven years! You'll never grow old, pappy! The bank will pay something one of these days. Things could be a lot worse. Think how I'd feel if— Suppose I'd wrecked the car with you in it, and—and killed you? . . . We're alive, aren't we? We're well and healthy. We can see each other once in a while. I'd rather be in your fix than Fletcher Claiborne's. A liar. A perjurer. A coward. That judge is a scoundrel, too, but there are a hundred ways to get you out. It gives me something to work for and—and I'd die if I just had to sit and wait. Why, my head is bursting with plans already. You wait, pappy; I'll show you."

"Florida is a brave girl and she's right," Coates asserted. "This town is full of your friends and we'll all work tooth and nail for you. Now, then, she's got to get some things together for you and we must do some serious talking while we have the chance. Our time is short."

While the attorney and his client were hurriedly going over the latter's business affairs Florida returned home to pack her father's bag. There was no need to assemble many of his belongings, for there was little that he could take with him. His handkerchiefs and his underclothes were drenched with tears when she finished her task. But when she returned to the courthouse her cheeks were dry.

Fortunately that marshal was a kind-hearted man. He allowed father and daughter to remain together until the evening train left.

Not until its tail lights had vanished into the darkness did Florida give way. Then she fell sobbing into Coates' arms. Needless to say, he did not permit her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco."
—HENRY FIELDING

Here, old timer, is *pipe* tobacco!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

For Granger *fits* the pipe like a schooner fits its keel. *Big* flakes, shaggy and slow-burning—*cut* for *pipes* and cut "rough" to smoke cool and clean and sweet.

And: finest mellow leaf—with all of Nature's flavor "sealed in" by our secret Wellman Process.

If it *is* a pipe you smoke, and *pipe* tobacco you want, try Granger—and "give your pipe its due!"

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GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

PIPE TOBACCO THAT *IS* PIPE TOBACCO

Treat that corn carefully

Don't hurry it; or worry it with knife or rapid-fire "corn cures." But don't let it spoil your fun and freedom when springtime beckons out of doors.

Blue-jay will end its pangs instantly, gently. A safe, mild, certain *treatment* for banishing corns, Blue-jay lifts the pressure and friction which cause them and keep them sore. Softens and destroys their structure, detaching them for easy, painless removal.

On or off in ten seconds, Blue-jay is handy, pleasant, bath-proof, dependable. Made by a house noted for surgical dressings. Used by millions through 31 years. At all drug-stores, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

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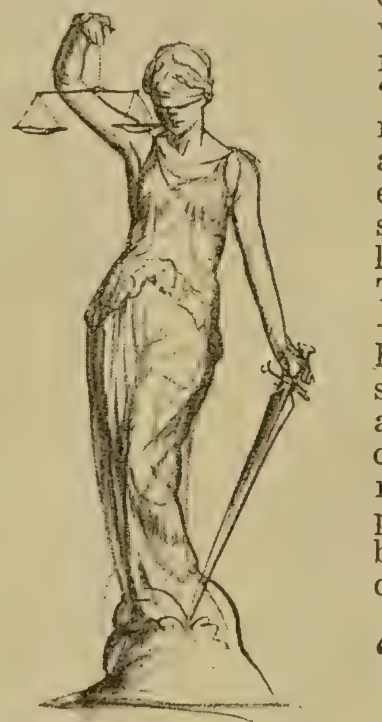
BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or *send 10c* for samples to Bauer & Black, 2522 South Federal St., Chicago.

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-nine]

to return to the empty "Craig place."

It was at Coates' home that Tom Claiborne found her on the following morning. She was haggard, tired, her eyes were larger than he had ever seen them and they were haunted by a grief that added to his manifest discomfort.



"I tried to get to you yesterday in the court room," he told her, "but they cleared the place, threw me out. I wanted to come down to the train, then—I thought you'd rather I stayed away."

"That was considerate. I had about all I could stand, Tom."

"I feel dreadfully," Claiborne confessed. "That sentence was outrageous and the judge had no reason whatever to pronounce it so promptly. Currying favor with the public, of course; trying to stand in. It shows how bitter everybody is. I'd like to tell 'em what *I* think, but—I'd get life."

"Perhaps that's what I'll get."

"Don't you believe it. The crowd was with you and the judge knows it. Yes, and the district attorney knows better than to let him punish you. He's counting on public sentiment—"

"Please! Don't let's talk about it." Florida closed her eyes. "What did you come to see me about, Tom?"

Claiborne hesitated. "Don't you think we have a good deal to talk about, under the circumstances?"

"'Under the circumstances,' I can't see that we have anything to discuss."

"Does that mean you and I are—finished?"

"Surely you can't have the least intention of marrying me now?"

"Just because your father—" The young man choked. "My dad is in the same boat."

"BUT he'll lie himself out of it, as he lied my father into jail."

"*Florida!* You have no right—"

"You know he lied, Tom. You know he used pappy to cover up his dirty work."

"I know nothing of the sort."

"Uncle Joe knows it. . . . I can see now how lucky it was for him—for you people—that pappy was tried on that third count. He'd have had some chance to beat the other charges— Your father's memory wouldn't have failed so completely."

"You're beside yourself, Florrie. You're in no condition to talk about this thing. It's easy to make allegations, but—they're hard to prove, and I'd be a fine person if I listened to them, wouldn't I? Let's leave all that for the moment. I can't bear to think of you all alone. What are you going to do?"

"Sell what there is left and try to pay father's debts. There's some jewelry of Babaloo's and mine. My golf trophies, too. Most of them are plated, like my friends, and are worth about as much, melted down."

"You're talking wild, but— Then what?"

"I'm going to get out of Claiborne as quickly as possible. God willing, I'll never see it again."

Blindly the speaker turned to a window; she shook her head in an effort to clear her eyes. It was a moment before she resumed, less stormily, "I presume this town is no different from others and people are the same everywhere. There's no such thing as truth and loyalty and friendship. The whole world is just—money mad. . . . One has to be shrewd, self-seeking, avaricious to get ahead. It pays to lie and cheat and steal. . . . All right! I'll throw every penny I make to these buzzards until pappy's debts are paid."

"WILL you permit me to help?"

"No. Use your money to pay your father's debts as I'm doing. God knows you Claibornes owe more than we do. . . . Fortunately for me, you didn't find Mr. Falconer. I still have that money he gave me."

"Does that mean you intend to go to New York? . . . And look him up? . . . I thought so." Claiborne scowled. "I never quite swallowed that story—"

Florida turned, she eyed her former fiancé defiantly. There was an unpleasant curl to her lips as she said, "The story was true enough. I sold him some kisses and he paid well for them. It has given me an idea. In New York kisses bring top prices." Claiborne breathed an oath. "Why shouldn't I go there? Look him up? Make the most out of him? Or any other man? I'm the daughter of a jailbird. It doesn't matter what I do. . . . I have my share of good looks and I've lost my last illusion. People tell me I have brains, so—perhaps I'll make enough money to buy pappy's freedom. Everything can be bought, you know, even justice. . . . 'Kisses for sale! Who cares to buy?' But they're expensive. 'Nothing for nothing!' How's that for a battle cry?"

"You can't get away with that stuff," Claiborne said angrily. "You may flourish for a day—"

"Don't get Biblical! The green bay tree lives as long as any other. If the way of the transgressor is hard your father would be on that train in place of mine. But don't leap to the conclusion that I'm 'going wrong,' right away, for I'm not. That's poor business. From now on I'm a business woman. 'Nothing for nothing!'

. . . Good-by, Tom! Perhaps we'll meet at the penitentiary some visitors' day."

With another toss of her head she hurried out of the room.

III

"BRAVO!" Mrs. Worth exclaimed. "You've spread your wings. I applaud your courage and your common sense." She reached across the white tablecloth and laid her hand upon Florida's.

"I don't feel very brave or sensible, either. I think I'm pretty badly frightened."

The elder woman's fingers tightened. "Nonsense! Nothing can happen— But is that why you refused to come out on the island and compelled me to drive into this wretched city?"

"I never dreamed you'd come. If I'd known—"

"There! Let me tease. Nothing would have prevented my coming. My dear, when I heard your voice over the phone— But why should I spoil you with flattery; put myself wholly in your power?" The countess smiled ravishingly and Florida felt a sudden relief from the apprehensions that had been crowding in upon her these last few days. It was nice to know that she had a friend here in New York, someone who cared a little bit what happened to her. Wanda did indeed seem to care—

"All the same, I'm not ready to forgive you for waiting so long," the latter was saying. Her eyes were reproachful, her lovely lips pouted.

"I had to find a place to live. I had to get my bearings. I couldn't very well settle on your front porch, bag and baggage, like some country cousin."

"Why not? I urged you, implored you, to be my guest. So did Papa Worth. But let me order our luncheon before I scold you."

The countess turned to the head waiter who was hovering near by. He came forward obsequiously and she addressed him in French. While she was thus engaged Florida examined her surroundings. To one of her limited experience they were impressive. The place was a midsummer retreat on the roof of a Fifth Avenue hotel. It was not large, but there was an air to it. It was coolly furnished. The walls were decorated in startling designs. Outside the French windows, which opened upon terraces planted with privet, rose the tops of other buildings less lofty. Wanda had said they would meet at some quiet nook where they could talk without interruption, but to her guest this place seemed to be more than popular.

"I'll know better how to order when I've learned your likes and your dislikes," Mrs. Worth said almost apologetically.

"Oh, but I like everything! Really. This is the biggest kind of an adventure for me."

"You thrill me! Now, dear, tell me all that has happened to you."

This Florida did. Having finished, she said, "Mr. Coates gave me a lovely letter to your father-in-law explaining that I want to go to work, and I intended to present it. I thought perhaps I could establish myself before I telephoned you. But Mr. Worth is away."

"Yes. He's abroad. And so is Wilmer."

"I got to thinking about the perils of a poor working girl in your great city, and I—"

"You've been reading novels! The tragedies are written up, but nobody hears the pleasant stories. Are you in need of money?"

"No, indeed! I can live indefinitely. Anyhow for a year."

"In me you have a banker."

"You're too kind. I—can't thank you enough."

"All right. We understand each other. I'll be offended if you embarrass yourself even temporarily. Now, if you prefer this experiment in self-reliance to that offer I made you in Florida—well, I shan't try to influence you. Let's look on it as another agreeable adventure. Perhaps you'll let me share it with you? Anyhow, you're here. I'll help you to do anything you wish. Let me play the genius who appears in a cloud of vapor whenever you rub your wishing ring. . . . Here! I have the very ring itself." From her finger the speaker slipped a ring set with a gorgeous iridescent black opal. Flor-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRIM
SMART
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MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-one

ida's protests were unavailing. The countess forced it upon her, placed it upon her finger. In a mood like this Wanda was irresistible, she had to have her way. "Tell me exactly what you propose to do. Open a gown shop? Act on the stage? Enter—"

"I want to go into Wall Street." The listener's dark eyes widened in astonishment. "I mean it. If a person intends to make money he should go where money is made."

"Very well! Good genii never argue. If that's what you want—You have brains, you must have thought it out. But you have something better than brains: beauty is worth as much on Wall Street as elsewhere. It seems to me, however, that you merely choose a roundabout way to the goal I offered you. Wouldn't it be better to meet people of wealth in a social rather than a business way?"

"You're thinking of marriage. I'm not. I despise men. I never want to see another."

"Bless you! We're sisters!"

"I wish there was an order of sanctified men-haters. I'd join. Some sorority of—of—"

"Venomous virgins."

"Yes. If I have to make the most of my looks, why, I'll do it, of course. Anything for money. I'll smile and smirk, but I'll keep a viper up my sleeve."

"DARLING! I adore you."

"I merely want you to know you're entertaining a hard, loveless, mercenary young woman. . . . I had the satisfaction of telling my fiancé that I detested him. Sneaky little cad! The money I'm living on is conscience money from another man."

"Oh, naughty!"

"It's not quite as bad as it sounds, but—we had an affair; he kissed me in a very convincing manner." Florida laughed shortly. "It was one of those still, dark nights. Whispering palms, lapping waves! Two naked, yearning souls! I liked him and I could have made a fool of myself in a large way, but my incandescence alarmed him and off he scuttled, like a rabbit. He left a maudlin, terrified note and—forty-three hundred dollars, which is rather higher than the tourist rate. Couldn't you murder him?"

"He must have been a poor sport."

"And men claim they won the war! The cowards!"

Iced melons were placed upon the table and Florida jabbed at hers viciously. "If you're really going to be my kindly genius," she said, "you should know exactly the sort of creature I have turned out to be. I'm pure in body but my soul is ink."

"YOU'RE ravishing. . . . I hate the thought of Wall Street. Just what do you expect to do?"

"I don't know. My father was a banker. I've handled money, thought about it, spent it. I should be able to make it. I'm ambitious and I no longer have a conscience, so I ought to get ahead.

"When there's a gold strike or somebody drills an oil well, rogues rush in along with the honest people. Some of them get rich."

With a shake of her head the elder woman confessed, "It all sounds too typically American! Too daring! But I'm European. How could I understand? At any rate, I'm glad you came to me instead of to Papa Worth."

"He was so kind that day—"

"A strange man! A patriarch out of the Old Testament. Sometimes I think he really believes he's a new King Solomon sitting in judgment on the rest of us. I begged him to help your father, but he refused. Big business is his god. High crimes and treasons had been committed against it, so he declared."

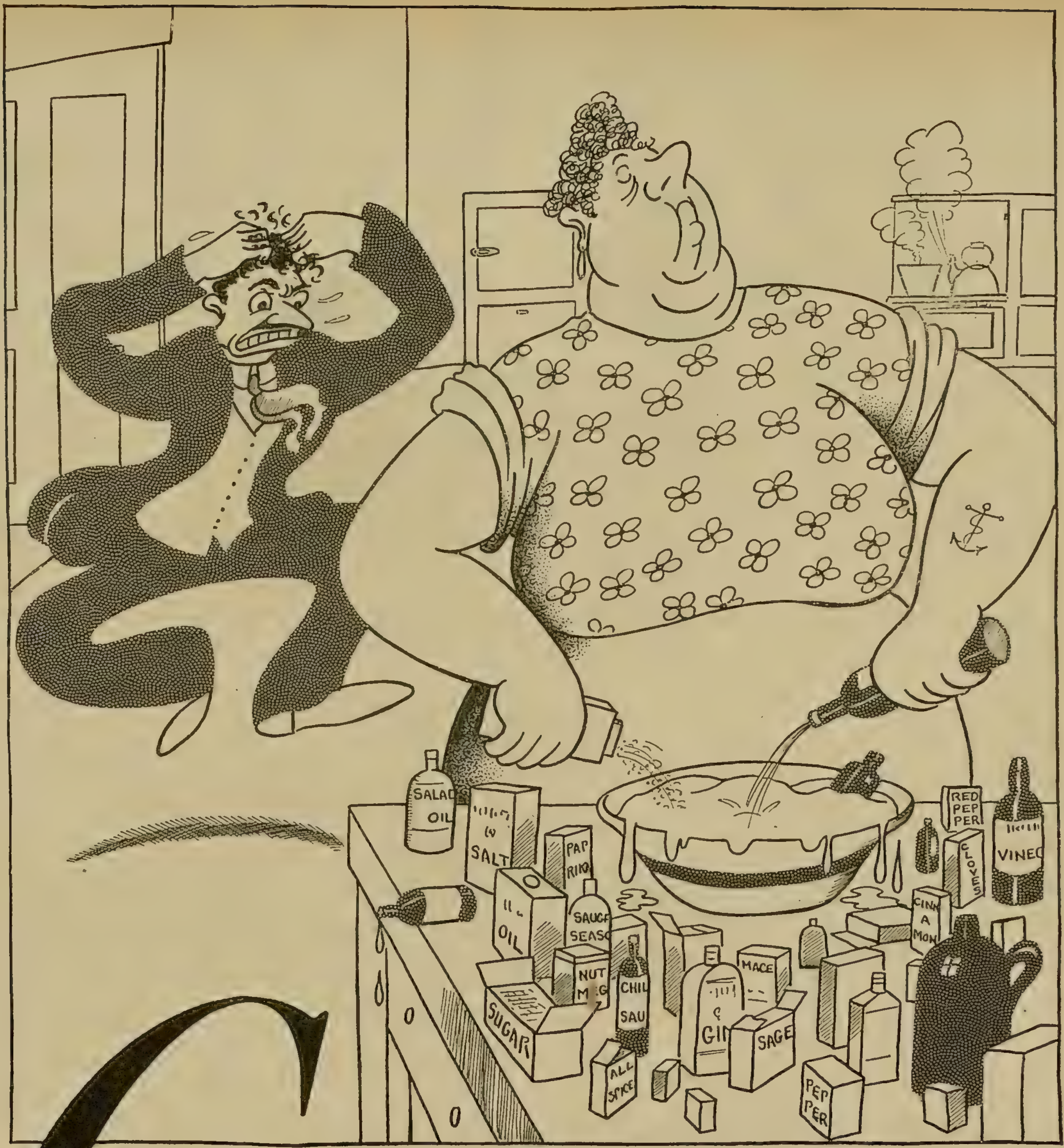
"If he believes father was guilty of—" Florida began with some heat.

"Not crimes against the law, but against his code, his Jehovah, his golden calf. He's the ascetic high priest of the money cult. He wouldn't tolerate a vestal virgin, like you, in his temple. Sex appeal? It would constitute a desecration. After all, my dear, you're just a charming little gold digger."

In next week's installment of Money Mad you'll enter the tense and glamorous world of Wall Street with Florida Morgan, and watch her pit her brains against Big Business.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—A blue background bearing the President's seal in bronze, and having a white star in each corner.
2—Ensign.
3—A hymn or formula expressing praise to God.
4—A class of German lyric poets who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.
5—Ireland.
6—Robert Burns.
7—Because it was first used by court ladies for making beauty patches.
8—A beggar.
9—Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, by Thomas Gray.
10—The eye.
11—Lake Michigan.
12—The science which treats of the hygiene and diseases of children.
13—Halifax.
14—The Battle of New Orleans.
15—Reno.
16—John Jay of New York.
17—The Pentecost.
18—Four.
19—The father of Hannibal.
20—Wandering; journeying.



I don't like it. I hate it. It infuriates me.

COOKS

A Rash Sequel to a Recent Piece of His Mind About Waiters[*]

(Reading time: 7 min. 18 sec.)

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

whose "Conning Tower" column moved from the New York Tribune to the New York World in 1921 and has now moved back again, the famous old World having gone out of existence. Mr. Adams was born in Chicago and has been a newspaper man since 1903.

Pictures by OTTO SOGLOW

I AM no brothophile, and that is the chief reason that a multiplicity of cooks fail to spoil broth for me. Broth is what old-fashioned convalescents used to be allowed to have; it is what Little Red Riding Hood should have taken to her grandma, instead of those wines and jellies. A fine thing to teach American children in a Prohibition day! Do the teetotalers teach their children, I wonder, that the wolf, who really is a Federal Prohibition Agent, gobbled up the naughty viniferous girl for transportation of malt or vinous liquor?

It is lucky that broth is the least favorite of my soups, because a lot of cooks could spoil it. One cook could spoil it. That is, one cook at a time. For like most middle-class—if I may permit myself that promotion—American families, we have, and always have had, only one cook at a time. Also, like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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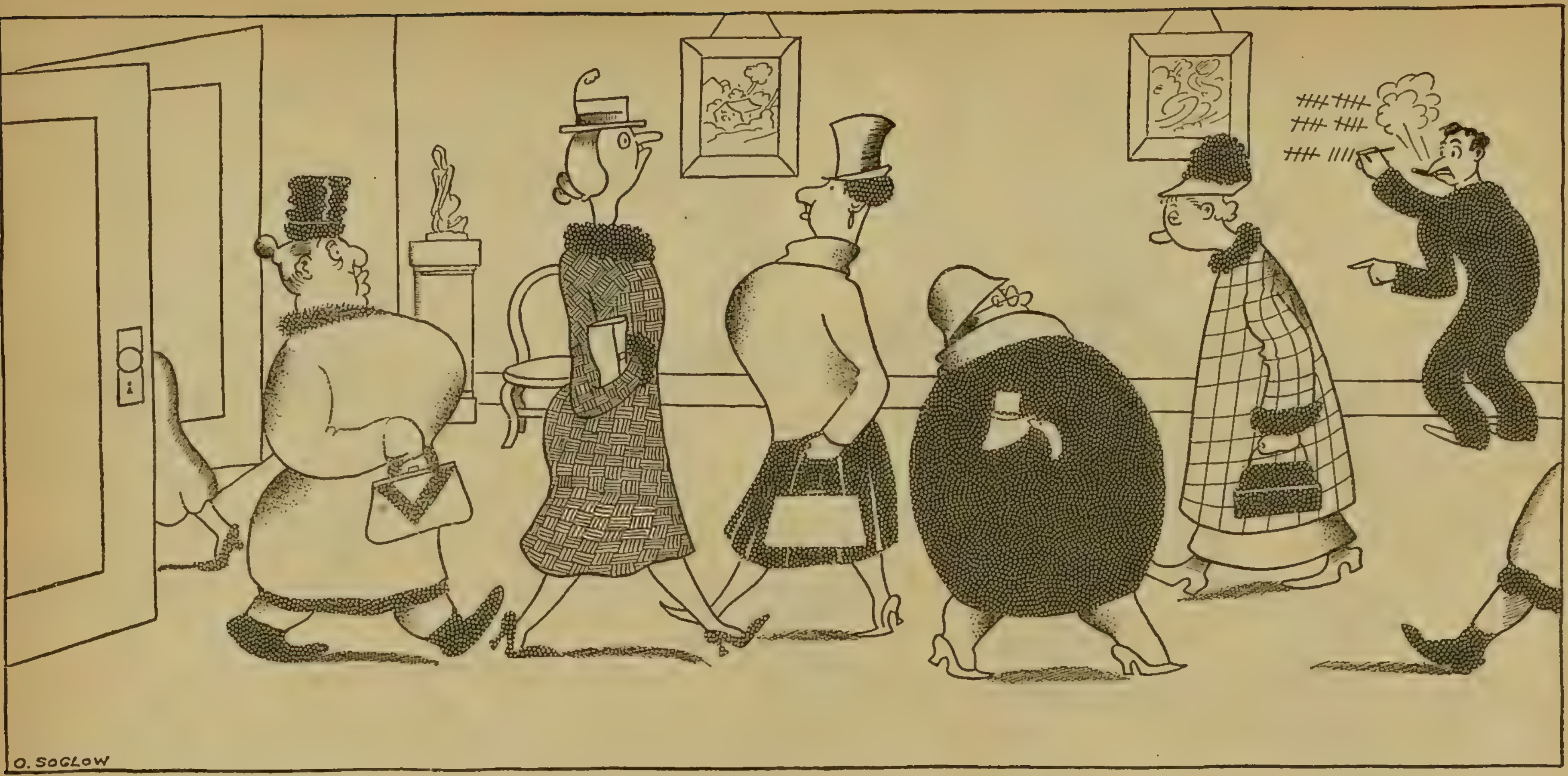
[*] In Liberty for February 28, followed by eruptions in Vox Pop for March 28 and April 4.



As I look down the vista of years, it seems to me that our cook-turnover has been enormous.

COOKS
Continued from page thirty-three

many such families, we, to quote an old, old wheeze, have two cooks: one going, and one coming. As I look down the vista of years, it seems to me that our cook-turnover has been enormous.

Why?

I'm glad you asked me that.

Because cooks are stupid, stubborn, and malicious. I modify that, of course. I don't mean all cooks, and I don't mean hotel and restaurant and dining-car chefs. I don't mean cooks or chefs in the homes of hostesses whose homes I visit, where the food is excellent, although my wife always says, "You had three helpings of that veal stew, and if we had it on the table at home you wouldn't touch it." And I don't mean all the cooks that we have employed. Some of them have been good cooks, and kind, intelligent, economical, reasonable, and good-natured—such as Mary M. Doherty, who this minute is preparing my dinner and who is my most constant reader, not to add a Liberty fan.

For cooks are worse than waiters in their disinclination to believe you. You tell a waiter how you like the eggs or the steak or the coffee, and even if he refuses to believe you, after all it's only one meal. Next time you choose another waiter, or even another restaurant.

BUT when my cook puts cloves, cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg, or any of those false disguises *(Persici apparatus)* in soups, meats, or pies, I don't like it. I dislike it. I hate it. It infuriates me. I dislike parsley, but I can scrape that off the potatoes and no harm done. It bothers me a little that anybody should think that the addition of cloves or nutmeg helps, for example, apple pie. If the apple pie is so tasteless, so ineptly fashioned, that it needs a clove to divert the attention from the pie, I say don't have apple pie. If I want to eat cloves—and I hope one reader will turn out to be a gambler—I'll eat cloves; but I'll take my apple pie neat. It's as Lew Fields used to say when Joe Weber asked him how—it was when the dry cereal first became popular and therefore was a target for the air rifles of humor—he could eat that breakfast food. "Ha! Meyer," said Fields, "with plenty of sugar and cream on it, you could hardly notice it."

But cooks put nutmeg and cinnamon in apple pie unless you tell them not to. Tell them? Order them, under penalty of dismissal. And many of them would rather lose their jobs than leave the nutmeg out. Take Huldah. (Only if you do you're a sucker.) Huldah used to cinnamon-and-nutmeg our apple pie. "Leave out the spices, if you don't mind, Huldah," said my wife. "It's not that it isn't good, only Mr. Adams doesn't like it that way. He doesn't like anything but apple in apple pie." "It's better with a little nutmaik and tzin'm'm," said Huldah. "I always make it that way. Brinks out the flavor. When I worked for Mrs. Brooks I always put in a little nutmaik and tzin'm'm. I used to say it brinks out the flavor. And Mr. Brooks liked it—a very wealthy man," she added, as though if John D. Rockefeller liked maple syrup on his oysters I ought to.

SO we got Gretchen. She was broad-minded about apple pie, but she onioned the hash and garlicked the roast beef. Annie was easy to reason with about onions and garlic, but she'd rather be jobless, and she deserves to be, than leave sage out of chicken dressing, or thyme out of tomato soup.

And what happens? "Mr. Adams doesn't like things flavored with onion, sage, thyme, garlic, shallot, or any spices." And so the cook, who as a rule hates her employer, serves everything without any flavor or taste whatsoever. The thick soups, made thicker by flour, are less flavorous and more indigestible than library paste. Meats are cooked without salt or pepper, and are dull and flavorless, as are the potatoes. The green vegetables are made to look greener by the addition of baking soda. Now we all know—if you don't, I'm telling you—that when vegetables are cooked with soda they may look greener or redder, but as far as nutriment is concerned you may as well eat yesterday's newspaper. Soda robs vegetables of mineral salts, which is what you eat them for.

"Them beans look so pale," said Frieda. "Leave the soda out," said my wife. So Frieda tells the waitress that for two cents she'd leave this madhouse where you simply couldn't please people by working your fingers to the bone. And the waitress, happy until then, tells Frieda that she heard so-and-so needed a cook and only three in the family instead of four-and-a-houseful-of-company-every-night, and so, because you don't want soda in the vegetables, Frieda and the waitress both leave. Does Frieda say that she thinks you are cuckoo and she wouldn't work for you for twice the money? No. Her brother in Canada, or her sister in Denver, is sick, and she has to take care of the ailing relative, or her doctor has told her that she has to rest for a year.

She leaves on Thursday at noon, and at two o'clock is installed in somebody else's kitchen, where they like the vegetables to look nice for company and like things to taste like something and a little onion and garlic you got to use.

There was Jennie. Jennie evidently learned Aunt Babette's Cook Book at her mother's—if there's anything in heredity—enormous, apparently boneless knee. That was the cook book—I remember it in the kitchen at 2227 Calumet Avenue, Chicago—that ordered you to make a cake with about two dozen eggs and one quart rich cream and a ton of walnuts and your weight in butter and a gallon of the best sherry. I may be hazy about this, but our enormous 1884 kitchen was always full of things that Aunt Babette might demand any minute. Now it seems to my psycho-analytic mind that Aunt Babette had a poverty-phobia as a child, and that her unconscious said, "I'll make 'em all spend money, drat [that was in the pre-goddam era] 'em!"

To me, paying the bills at the end of Jennie's first month, it seemed as though Jennie translated the recipe thus: The yolks of 100 U. S. Steel, throw in 200 heaping shares of A. T. & T., and strain through a diamond-studded colander. Her *first* month? Yes, she was ours for four months. For you grow weak; it beats you. "Shall I fire Jennie?" says the Big Helpmeet. "Sure," I say, "forthwith." (No kidding; I use that word a lot around the house.) "Well," says the B. H., "how do you know the next will be any better?"

And the chances are that the next will be at least as bad—too weak coffee, overdone eggs and meats, spiced everything, rice pudding, too much vinegar in the salad dressing, too much salad on too small plates, "cream" sauces on meats, and baked apples full of cores. Why not, you say, write a list of proscribed things and have it pasted up in the kitchen for all cooks to read? It's there. It's been there for years. And do the Jennies and the Huldahs and the Friedas of the culinary world read it or heed it? In a word, no.

YES, like most American families, we have had too many cooks. If it weren't for waiters, whom I hate more than I do cooks, I'd live at a hotel. Besides, our Mary Doherty not only cooks everything exactly as I like it, and plenty of it, but also makes up a lot of beautiful, flavorous, nutritious, magical things that put a Perhaps into the contemplation of sitting at table, instead of knowing that Tuesday and six weeks from Tuesday we are going to have stewed chicken. But oh, her vegetable soup! Her perfectly rare but hot steaks! Her mashed potatoes! Her cream puffs! Her peanut-brittle ice cream! Her—I'm too hungry to write another word.

By the way, I cannot find in any of my reference books who first said, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." It sounds like Poor Richard's Almanac, but I cannot find it there, or in Bartlett, or in any book of English Proverbs and Old Sayings. Anyway, it never was true.

Too many cooks ask for references.

Mr. Adams will have something more in an early issue—perhaps when Mary M. Doherty is not looking and he can speak freely.

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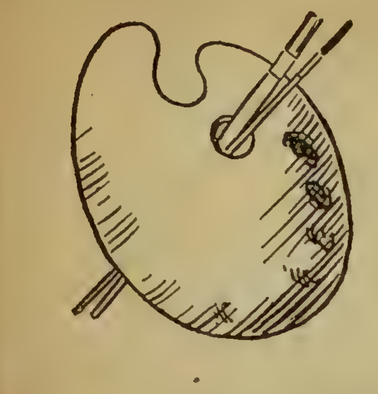

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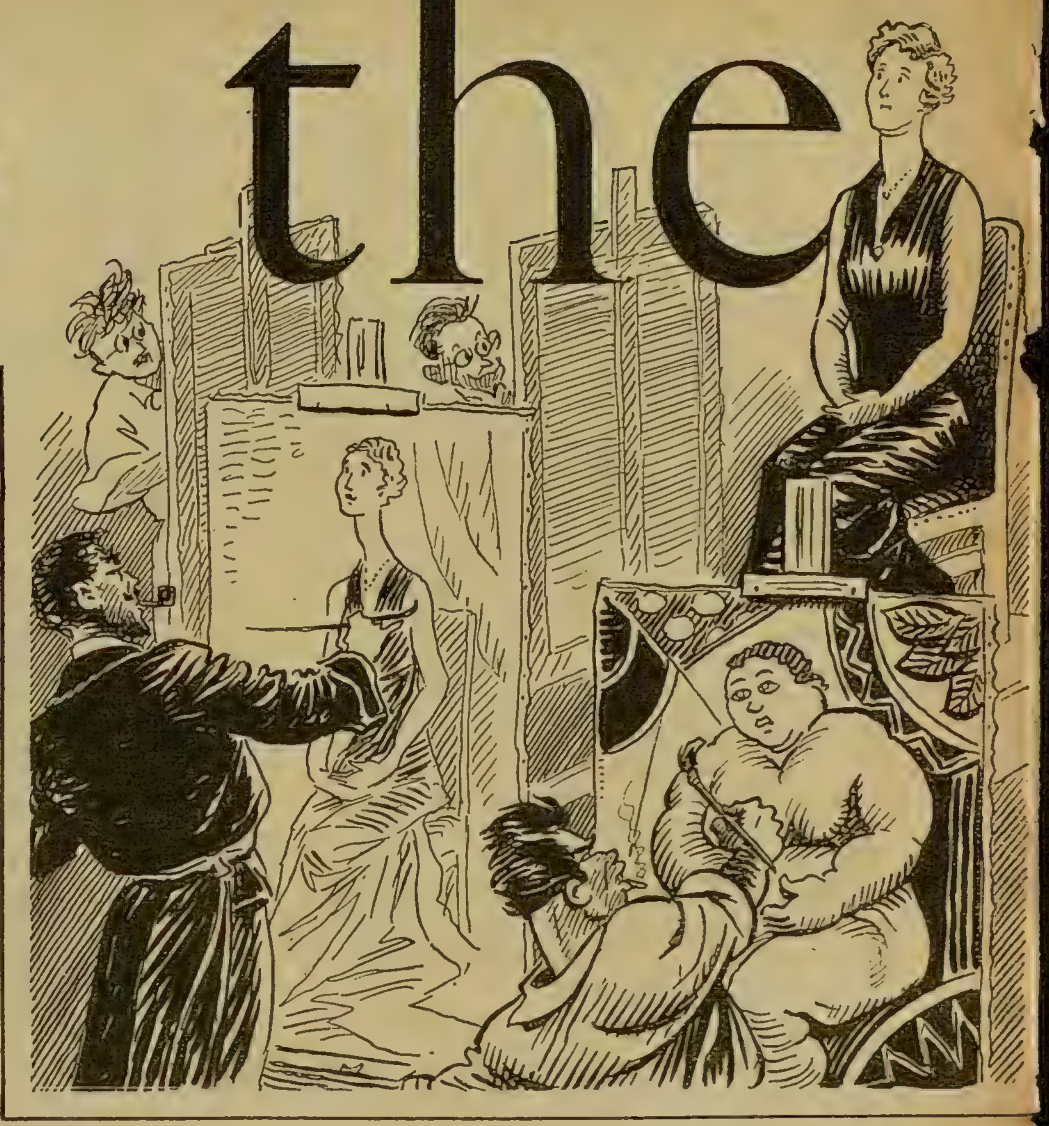


By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

descendant of the first czar of Russia and American by adoption; fashion expert, linguist, traveler, and lecturer.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 58 seconds.)

"ALL the world loves a lover"—that's the common saying. The recent experience of a friend of mine, a widow who is thinking of remarrying, leads me to amend that old adage by saying, "because a lover is a joke."

My friend is confronted by a situation which has troubled a good many other women of her age.

No longer really young, she has been a widow for some years. For about a year now, she has been "courted" by a man of her own age, a widower who was a close friend of her late husband and whose late wife was her own close friend.

The "courtship" consists chiefly of visiting mutual acquaintances together, of taking automobile rides together accompanied by people they both know well. The widower urges my friend, the widow, to marry him, but she cannot quite make up her mind. She admires him and is very fond of him, but she feels herself to be a much quieter and more sit-at-home person than he is. That, principally, is what makes her hesitate.

Now time is what these two very obviously need.

Left alone, not hurried, not bothered, the lady will arrive at her decision rationally and sensibly in the end. But—here's the snag. A large company of mutual friends follow the affair with high glee. Wherever the two appear together, whenever the prospective groom asks to "see the lady home" from a party, other people make facetious remarks and crack sly jokes. And, being a dignified, sensitive woman, my friend doesn't like it.

As far as young lovers are concerned, such harmless pleasantries are all very well, but for older people the position is decidedly lacking in dignity. And dignity, at fifty, is a possession one cannot overlook or discard temporarily as one can at twenty.

So my friend the widow now faces the unwelcome choice of seeing her "young man" not at all, or of seeing him privately, and of course she does not wish to accept this alternative until she makes up her mind about marrying him.

In other words, her well meaning but thoughtless friends are making the whole proposition so difficult that it almost doesn't seem worth while to her at all.

MIRRORS have been the symbol of the human female since time immemorial, so I am not surprised to find the mirror makers of today keeping step with the march of feminine progress by turning out something altogether new in the looking-glass line. They have invented flexible mirrors—mirrors which you can roll up, fold up, or wrap around yourself. Mirror dresses, shoes, and hats may soon be possible!

Naturally, the innovation comes from California, region of beautiful ladies. There, at the California Institute of Technology, bright mirror surfaces are being applied to paper, cloth, and rubber by a brand-new scientific process. Tiny particles of metal, quartz, silver chloride, or other crystal substances are used to coat the fabric. Under chemical treatment these form perfect looking-glass surfaces. The fabric remains soft and pliable, and here's an extra point for the superstitious—these mirrors can't be broken!

At present the flexible-mirror invention is still in a somewhat experimental stage. It is being developed at the Institute of Technology by two young physicists, C. Hawley Cartwright and John Strong.

EASTER, in Russia, was the greatest of all festivals before the revolution, and since I am frequently asked to tell something about Russian life and customs, I'll describe this holiday which was dearest of all to the Russian heart.

In the old days everyone went to the church service which started about 10 P. M. on Easter Saturday. And everyone wore something new. That was a time-honored and unalterable custom. Women wore white dresses, almost invariably.

Dramatic and beautiful is the Easter ritual of the Russian Church. Especially beautiful to the eye are the flaming candles, hundreds of them, held by everyone in the congregation. At midnight the choir breaks into a joyful hymn, singing "Christ is risen," and all the church bells ring like mad.

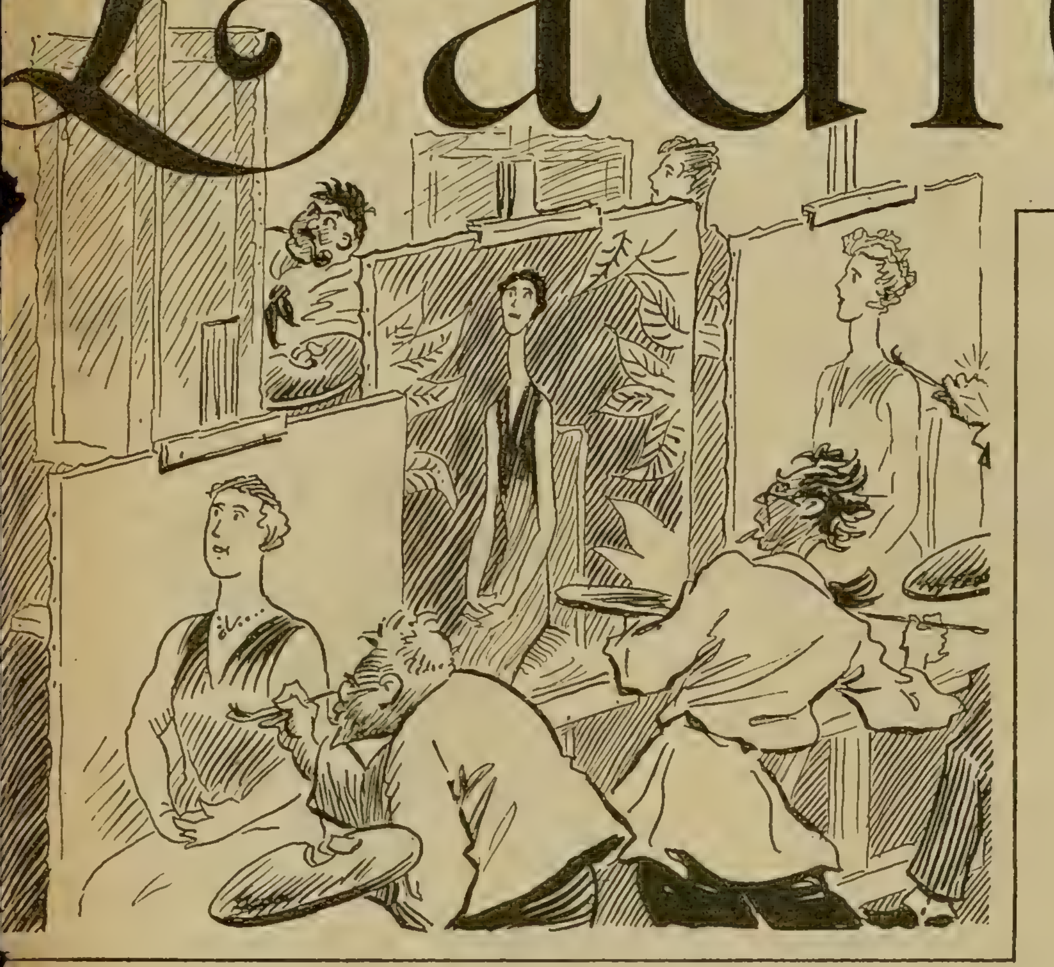
Then people kiss you. Three times. On one cheek, on the other, then back again. They say to you, "Christ is risen," and you say, "Verily risen." Never, never, never may you refuse the Easter kiss—a custom which helped make the Easter fête day popular.

Blessed by the priest, you go home carrying your lighted candle in your hand. If you get it home still alight, and place it before your icon, you'll be happy through the whole new year—so they say.

The last time I succeeded was the year the Bolsheviks locked me up in a very nasty prison with millions of cockroaches!

The Lenten fast is broken finally at supper, after the return from the midnight Mass. On every table, in the old days, stood a *paskha*, a *koulitch*, and a bowl of bright-colored Easter eggs. These were found even in the poor-

Ladies!



Picture by JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

est homes, for neighbors always donated the Easter fare to those who were too poor to provide for themselves. *Paskha*—the word means "Easter"—is a pyramid of cream cheese rubbed smooth with fresh cream, eggs, sugar, and ground almonds, and flavored with vanilla. *Koulitch* is the cake you eat it with—a towering cylinder of yeast-raised dough with lots of eggs, butter, and raisins in it. Both *paskha* and *koulitch* were taken to the priest to be blessed before they were eaten.

(NOTE—There is an interesting glimpse of the Russian Easter in the story by Count Tolstoy which appears in this issue.)

ARCTIC exploration fascinates many men but counts few women enthusiasts. Miss Louise A. Boyd of California is one of the very few women who have braved the perils and discomforts of the far north. Miss Boyd has undertaken three voyages into the Arctic, and has been decorated by the Norwegian government for her part in the search for the lost explorer, Roald Amundsen.

Now this intrepid lady is going north again. From Norway, on July 1, she will embark upon a new Arctic venture to be known as the Louise A. Boyd Expedition. Northeastern Greenland and the island of Jan Mayen will be her objectives. She will be accompanied by several scientists, members of the American Geographical Society, under whose auspices the expedition is being made. The plan is to explore the territory covered by Peary in 1892. Miss Boyd is an expert photographer. She hopes to bring back valuable pictures of life in that frozen and desolate land.

COLDS are not quite so common among women as among men. . . . Colds usually come from stale air, wrong food, lack of sunshine. . . . Colds can often be avoided by good ventilation, by drinking enough milk, eating enough fresh leaf vegetables, oranges, grapefruit, and by taking baths in ultra-violet light.

These are some of the valuable pointers given out at Cornell University where Dr. G. F. Maughan and Dr. D. F. Smiley have been carrying on a ten years' research into the life and habits of that unmitigated pest—the common cold germ.

The cold germ still makes its mischief as an unidentified criminal, has never yet been isolated for classification, is too small to be trapped by the scientists. They are learning, however, how to fight the cold germ.

For a period of ten years various prevention methods have been applied to groups of Cornell students picked as being specially susceptible to catching cold. Among these groups the cold infections have been cut down 42½ per cent by corrected diet, fresh air, and ultra-violet bathing. The ultra-violet régime recommended by Drs. Maughan and Smiley calls for one light bath a week from October to the end of December, two a week from January to the end of March, and one a week through April.

After which the real violets bloom, and the cold germ stalks its prey less ferociously.

"TASTE INSTITUTE" might well be the name of the new organization of style designers and merchants which has for its aim the development of better leadership in American style design. The idea is backed by the Carnegie Corporation.

At the inaugural luncheon Mr. Otto Kahn told the members:

"I do not see why good taste cannot become the standard of this country. It is certainly inherent in the American people, but leadership, mobilization, and standardization have been lacking."

Personally, I'm not sure I agree with all that. There is not, on the whole, a greater proportion of ugly objects offered for sale in this country than in any other country. Of *good* taste, there is already a greater standardization here, I believe.

I was struck by this when I visited the exposition of antiques recently being held in New York. I saw an endless amount of quite pleasant old English furniture, old American furniture, old this and that. Though each piece was all right in itself, the general impression I received was most depressing.

No play of imagination—without which any room is a dull and ugly place. Everything was so painstakingly correct!

A friend who was with me summed it all up humorously by saying, "Well, I'm glad I haven't enough money to make mistakes like these."

The mistakes were all of the same nature—all of them came, I thought, from too much insistence upon having the period stuff absolutely correct, and from too little understanding about what makes a room pleasant, amusing, and graceful.

SPORTS clothes are going to be extremely attractive this summer. So pretty, in fact, that we'll be wearing them for all occasions. One-piece flat-crêpe dresses are back again, nearly all of them ornamented with handwork. The sleeveless white frocks with bright blue or red embroidered dots are charming to wear with short, colored coats, and are reasonably priced.

Best of all the new summer things I've seen, I liked a pale leaf-green crêpe with a square sailor collar. It was worn with a collarless white coat. The sailor collar, belt, and cuffs of the dress were embroidered in a scallop design in thick white silk and further ornamented with an openwork dot design.

Faithful F

A Story of Love for Three

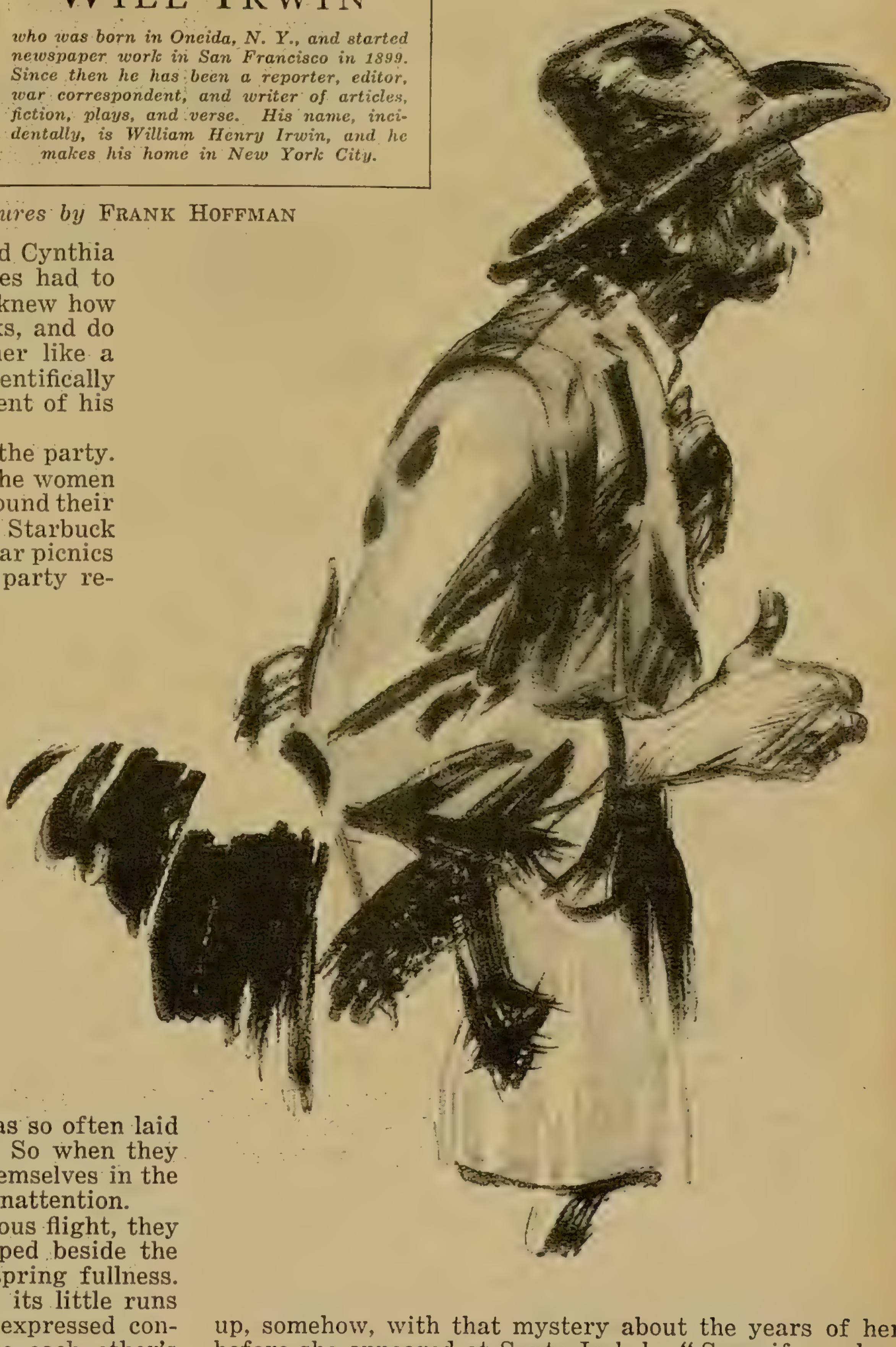
(Reading time: 31 min. 2 sec.)

By

WILL IRWIN

who was born in Oneida, N. Y., and started newspaper work in San Francisco in 1899. Since then he has been a reporter, editor, war correspondent, and writer of articles, fiction, plays, and verse. His name, incidentally, is William Henry Irwin, and he makes his home in New York City.

Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN



THE picnic party from Santa Isabel had finished its beefsteak and fried potatoes. The women washed the dishes and the camp grill, repacked them in the cars; the men contented themselves with turning the remains of the coffee over the fire and retiring to the shadow of a madrone bush for a smoke. All but Sam Basset. He had told Cynthia Starbuck repeatedly that only those city dudes had to have a woman fussing about them; a he-man knew how to sew on his own buttons, wash his own socks, and do his own household chores. So he followed her like a shadow, wiping dishes while she washed, scientifically packing the dunnage in the rumble compartment of his roadster.

His maneuvers were not lost on the rest of the party. Even the men exchanged knowing winks, and the women watched furtively with soft, interested curves round their mouths. This was the third time that Cynthia Starbuck and Sam Basset had come to one of these familiar picnics alone in Sam's roadster. The veteran of the party reflected that it had looked like a prospect ever since the boy first laid eyes on her; and he laid eyes on her often, because he was engineer in charge of that new ditch-construction company.

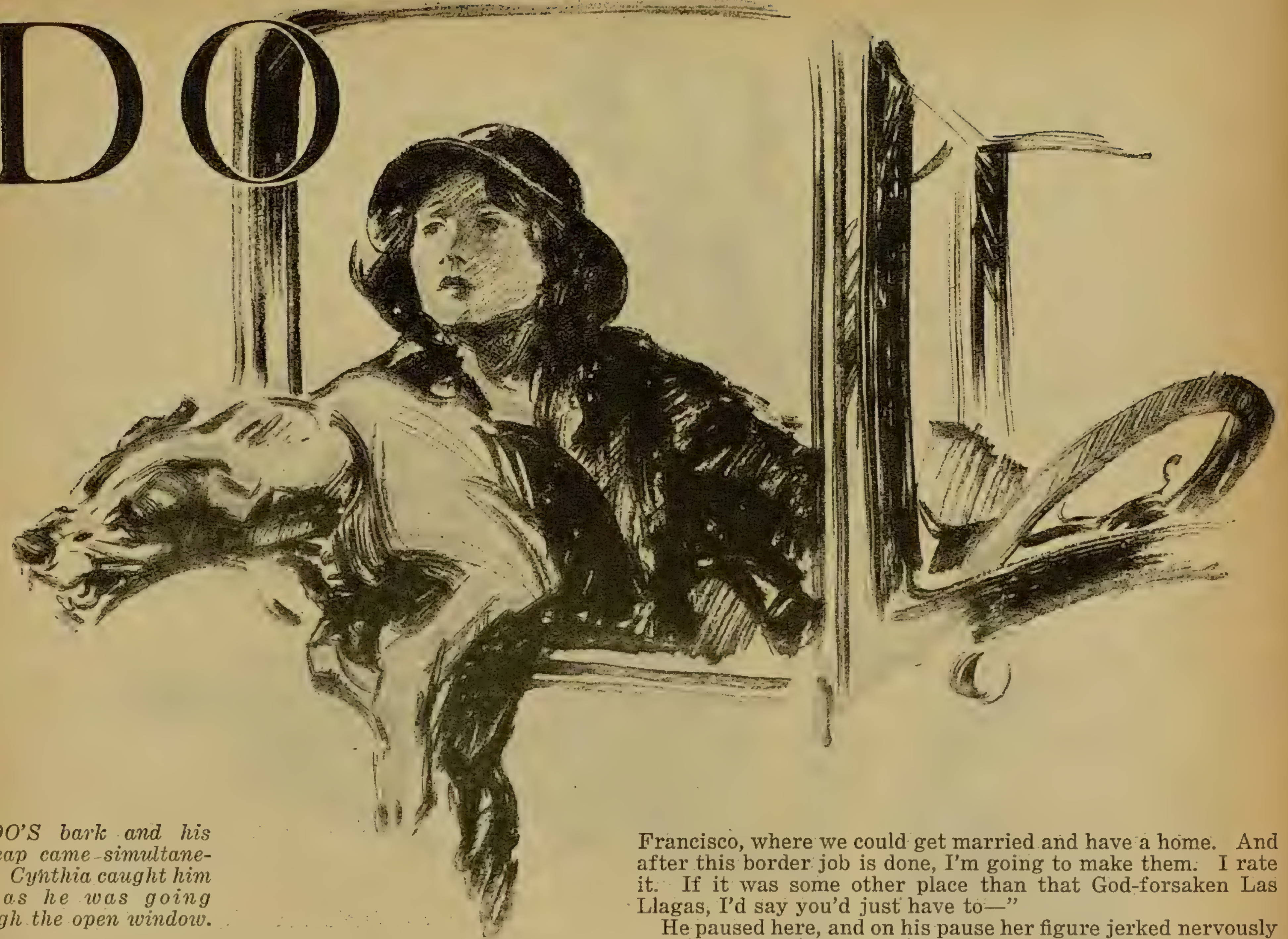
Now, the old-timer reflected further, it seemed to be a permanent camp. But he was a man, and so he kept these observations to himself. The women, more communicative, passed sly whispers. They approved. It was what their mothers would have called " suitable." Externally, even, this was a fair, well matched couple. Just enough harmony, just enough contrast—he tall, rangy, clay blond of hair, clear blue of eye, Texan; she delicate of line and feature, slender of wrist and ankle, big-eyed, soft-haired, tinged with that faint glaze of brown which this Indian land has so often laid over the complexion of the New Englanders. So when they disappeared behind the parked cars and lost themselves in the shadows of the trail, there was a conspiracy of inattention.

Silent with the embarrassment of their obvious flight, they trailed through bowers of wild lilac and stopped beside the brook. It was flowing heavenly clear in its spring fullness. Ferns cushioned its banks, maidenhair choked its little runs and rills. They stopped here by common, unexpressed consent, sank down onto a fallen log, melted into each other's arms. This was their enchanted spot. Here, two picnics ago, she had surrendered to his long siege. . . .

All atremble with the soft touch of her lips, the scent of her hair, Sam still held a part of his being aside from the eddy of his emotions. When she first kissed him, he had felt in her a reserve, as though she gave him only a part of herself. It tied up, somehow, with that mystery about the years of her lif before she appeared at Santa Isabel. " Sam, if you love me don't ask me to talk about it now," she had said when h questioned her; and again, " I can't bear to talk about it yet It was a frightful piece of unhappiness. But it's nothing tha spoils me for you."

Nevertheless, each time he took her into his arms her sou felt closer—as though her crust of quaint, provocative Yanke

DO



FIDO'S bark and his leap came simultaneously. Cynthia caught him just as he was going through the open window.

reserve were melting. Now at last it seemed that she was giving herself with full trust—just when he had minor bad news to break, the news which, for fear of marring the day too soon, he had kept to himself all the way up from town.

They sat quiet now, his arms about her. He took a long breath and plunged in.

"Honey, I hate to tell you this, but I've got to. I reckon the job's going to take me away from you for a little while. You see—"

He paused, the words dying on his lips.

He had expected disappointment, perhaps remonstrance, even a few tears—anything but the crisis which followed. For her body stiffened in his arms, began convulsively to tremble. She pulled away and he could see her eyes. What did their wide, agonized terror mean? So a wounded deer, which he had to put out of its misery, had once stared up at him.

"HONEY, don't take it that way!" he said. "I'm feeling just as broken up as you are. But it won't be for long. I got my orders last night. Simington has quit and I'm to move the outfit and take charge of that nasty new ditching job down by the border. Probably it won't last more than three months—and maybe I can double up my days off and run over here to you. Don't take it that way!" he repeated, for with her wide eyes still upon him, she was drawing away along the log. Then her figure sagged and she dropped her eyelashes.

"But, honey, what can I do?" he pleaded. "It's orders!"

"Nothing," replied Cynthia. She was having difficulty with her voice. It broke even on this single word. Deadly, monotonously, she repeated it: "Nothing, nothing, nothing."

He took to argument and statement of fact, always a mistake for the man when a lovers' quarrel is brewing.

"You know how much I don't want to go. I'd expected that when I'd finished here, they'd call me to the head office in San Francisco, where we could get married and have a home. And after this border job is done, I'm going to make them. I rate it. If it was some other place than that God-forsaken Las Llagas, I'd say you'd just have to—"

He paused here, and on his pause her figure jerked nervously erect. How could he know what she was thinking—the black memory which she revived in that second? She had even a mystical sense of living this experience before. . . . Bob Connover up in Missoula. . . . The day he kissed her good-by and left her "because the job called him away" . . . left, her, promising. . . . Letters full of his return, then no letters, then that announcement of his marriage in Seattle staring at her from her morning newspaper. . . .

Sam Basset caught his speech and finished as she dreaded that he would—"to marry me now, and come along. But I can't take a woman down there. Not a woman such as you are, Cynthia. Not a good woman. Why, we'll live in Las Llagas like a set of hogs! Don't you see, honey-love?" His voice was breaking into a shrillness almost like terror.

For Cynthia had lifted her lashes, was looking at him again, and what they uncovered appalled him. Her eyes had hardened —was it distrust?

Oh, yes (Cynthia told herself), she saw! Men were all alike. Something deep in her told her that, even when she loved him so much that the very thought of him set her to trembling. And only five minutes before she had for the first time laid that old ghost—when he kissed her as they settled down on the log. This one, she had felt, was hers forever; this one whom she loved as she never dreamed of loving Bob Connover. . . . He would never go away and leave her. And now—for the second time— Could she say that word even to herself—jilted!

He tried to lay his hand on her. She recoiled. She found herself on her feet.

"I'm going back to camp," she said. She rose, crashed blindly through the blossoming lilac. He followed, babbling protestations, love words. Only once did she answer him or address him. Then she said:

"We're coming near camp. Don't let them hear you—please."

But the camp lay deserted. The men had scattered to fish,

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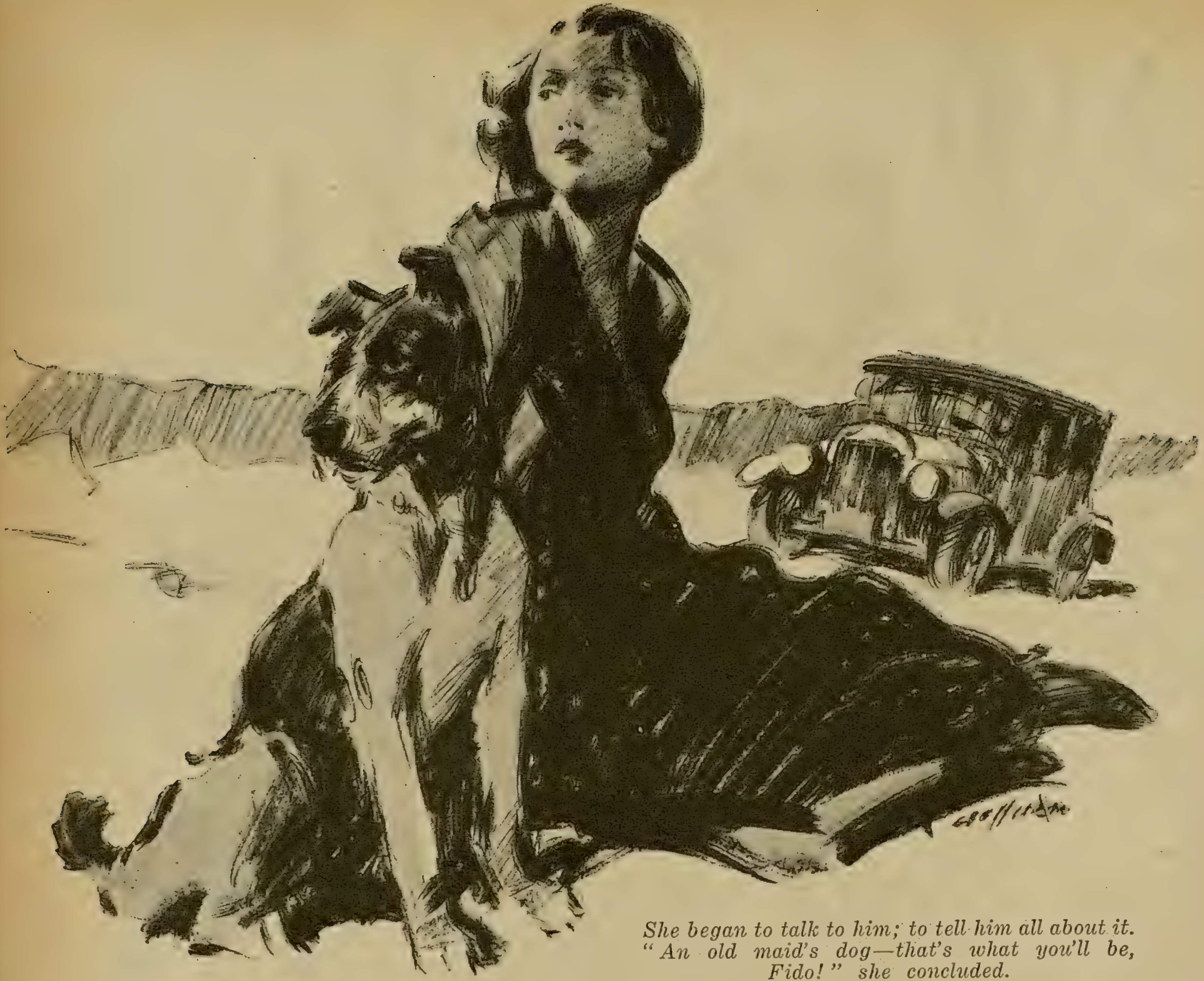

She began to talk to him; to tell him all about it. "An old maid's dog—that's what you'll be, Fido!" she concluded.

FAITHFUL FIDO
Continued from page thirty-nine

the women to pick flowers. Never hesitating, Cynthia strode past the parked cars and out into the road. Sam followed close.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home." Just that monosyllable, jerked out of tense lips.

"But if you want to go home, I'll drive you, honey."

"You won't!"

Anger began to infect him. "I brought you here and I'm going to take you back!" he said. He ran to his yellow-and-black roadster, started up, drove it into the road beside her. She never even hesitated in her steady gait. He stopped the car, vaulted over the door, laid his hand on her arm. She drew it away. Something atavistic rose up in him. He found, when he caught his breath, that he had picked her up bodily, swung her into the front seat. She did not struggle and when he loosened his hold on her she made no attempt to get away. It was as though she acknowledged her body conquered but her soul—never!

AND all the way back to Santa Isabel, he was beating—now hard, now soft—against an impassive cliff. He pleaded; he poured out the little language of affection that he had learned from her; he made it, in spurts and flashes, a one-sided lover's quarrel. Once indeed, he so far lost hold on his native sense of decency as to reproach her because she had never told him about her immediate past. Then she looked him full in the face again; and her great eyes held such hurt and reproach as drove him to sputtering apology. He leaped almost to the other pole. But one point he would not concede, because he could not:

"I'll do anything you say, Cynthia darling, anything but take you honeymooning in that hole! I can't put you through what a woman would have to stand down there. Can't you see, honey?"

"I see too well!" said the mind of Cynthia. But she did not let it out of her lips. And all the time, with her brown color turned to gold by her pallor, she so beautiful, so provocatively beautiful!

FOLLOWING habit, he drove to the front gate of the Russell house, where she boarded. It was a strategic mistake; the car scarcely stopped before she had scrambled through the door, sped along the path, closed the gate after her. Only then did she turn for a moment to say:

"Don't you dare follow me—or I'll make a scene! It's over—forever!" And she was gone into the house.

Baffled, wrung, bewildered, he drove away. She was lovely, she was all loveliness, but she was a Yankee. And Yankees were queer. But she'd get over it—she *must* get over it!

He came back that night after supper. The maid at the Russell house informed him that Miss Starbuck had gone to bed. . . . At that moment she was sitting at the desk in her room, furiously going through her personal papers. . . . Next day was Monday, full of last things for him and the crew, but he broke away at five o'clock and waited at the door of the Irrigation Company for her emergence, usually regular to the minute. She did not appear. He invaded the office. She had gone home early. He strode to the Russell house. The maid handed him a note. Unsigned, the handwriting firm and precise, it said simply:

"I will not see you again. Good-by."

And as he read it, trying to control his face, she was upstairs packing.

Next morning at daybreak his fantastic caravan of trucks, cars, and machines moved out of Santa Isabel. By now the contagion of anger had infected him again, and he had lashed up his native pride. Whatever the cause of her mysterious grouch, he had done nothing to justify such treatment. She was just a Yankee with notions in her head. She could get over it or no, as she pleased. He'd make no further advances!

DEEP down inside, however, he knew that he was lying to himself. As his crawling machines began to make angles against the dawn sky, he found himself resisting a temptation to drive past the Russell house for one last look at her window.

And at noon that day—as soon as she could be certain that the construction outfit had cleared town—Cynthia shook the dust of Santa Isabel forever from the wheels of her little, old, camp-fitted flivver sedan. Any pause in her thought and a bell rang—jilted! This flight had followed as inevitably as the night the day after that scene on the fallen log. When the Missoula newspaper struck her between the eyes with the news that Bob Connover was married, she had never gone back to the office where curious eyes, mocking or sympathetic, would pry into her tragedy. She had packed and driven furiously southward with her tears all to herself, until life had to flow back into her and accident had led her to a job in Santa Isabel where she could work and hide. As she had loved Sam more deeply than ever she did Bob Connover, so now she hated him the more deeply—him and his west! And so all the more reason why she should hide herself again. Back to the one anchor in life, the one person to whom she could tell everything—her mother in Nantucket. That, or suicide. . . . She was finished with men. . . .

Furiously she drove until midnight by side roads; then parked the car under a tree, tried for a little sleep on the shakedown of her automobile cushions, and, being securely ahead of Sam Basset's crawling caravan, ventured at dawn to cut into the main Los Angeles highway. She must needs stop in the city for a day; there were water cans, new tires, supplies to purchase against the heavy passage of the desert. The garage at Santa Isabel had advised this when she asked for maps, information, and advice on the Santa Fe trail, and she had postponed it through desire of haste. That night the tears came in torrents. When at dawn she took the Santa Fe trail eastward, life had settled down to a dull monotony of self-imposed suffering. She drove spasmodically, now speeding, now crawling. And as the desert began to flash its pastel tints and its peace of the divine wisdom, she tried not to look nor to admire. It was of the west, where men did such things to women. . . .

TWO days later she was cooling off a boiling radiator at Yount's where tumbling, fantastic sands had wiped out even pastel-tinted cactus and violet sage. Yount's was only a flag station on the railroad, consisting solely of one house, one water tank, and Mr. Barstow's filling station. Philosopher and gossip of the great highway, Mr. Barstow was also human. The male in him marked the grace and delicacy of this girl, and especially her soft brown eyes; the philosophical observer in him noted the hard knot between her brows. It didn't look as though it belonged there permanently. Distressed and alone—some damn' thing had happened. Mr. Barstow puttered round her car doing volunteer chores and making conversation to which she responded in monosyllables.

There came a howl and a yip from behind the garage, and into sight loped a shaggy, nondescript, brownish-yellow dog. He flopped toward the car and seemed to catch the wrong scent, for he drew up ten feet from Cynthia, sat down with his curly front legs braced apart at a comic and engaging angle. His wagging tail scraped the sands, but it was a nervous, unhappy wag. His head

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

After every cigarette

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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors.

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your *taste sense*—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so *good* as Beech-Nut.

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

FAITHFUL FIDO
Continued from page forty-one

on one side, he regarded her with imploring eyes. And he whimpered faintly, uneasily.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Cynthia suddenly.

Mr. Barstow looked up from the radiator.

"Him?" inquired Mr. Barstow. "Oh, that's Fido the Forsaken."

Cynthia hadn't intended to enter into a conversation, except on strict business, with anyone, least of all a man. But this dog was asking her something, appealing for something. Also he was a dog of personality. The crust about her heart began to melt in one tiny spot. She must know more.

"Fido!" she remarked. "What a funny name for a dog—in these days!" Her normal self would have laughed.

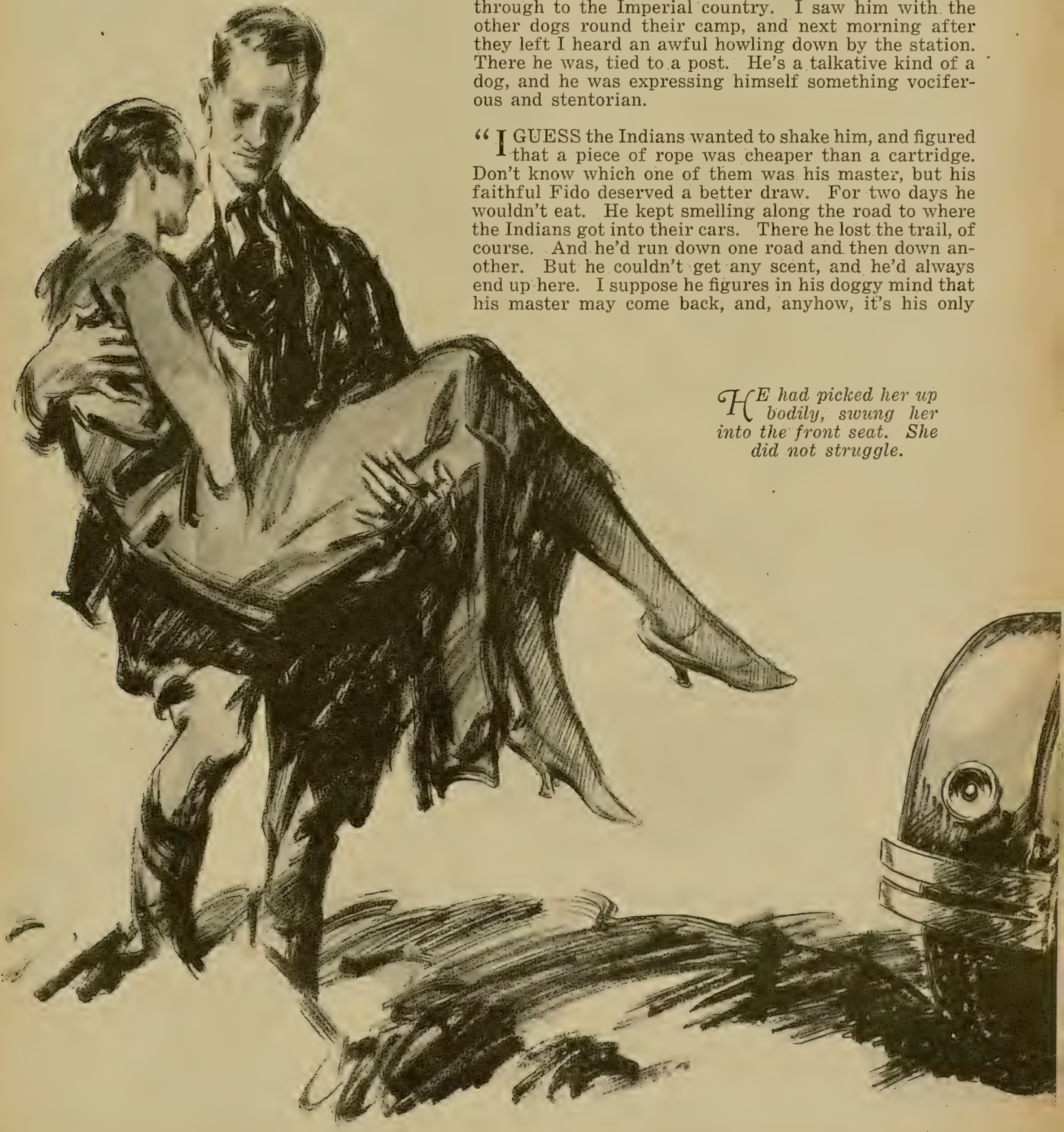
Mr. Barstow, having struck at last a spark from her, rose up, pliers in hand.

"Can't say that's exactly his name," he said. "Probably his real appellation and designation is something Indian or Spanish. But I tried him on everything you call a dog—Curly and Sandy and Jack and Rover—and Fido was the one he come nearest to recognizing. Hey, Fido! See? He answers to it."

The dog, in fact, had turned sad but alert eyes on Mr. Barstow, and his tail stiffened along the sand.

"According to what little I haven't forgot from my school days," rambled Mr. Barstow, "the word 'Fido' conveys and designates fidelity and trust. That's him all right. Ten days ago his master shook him and he's waiting yet. Bunch of Indians. They were driving through to the Imperial country. I saw him with the other dogs round their camp, and next morning after they left I heard an awful howling down by the station. There he was, tied to a post. He's a talkative kind of a dog, and he was expressing himself something vociferous and stentorian.

"I GUESS the Indians wanted to shake him, and figured that a piece of rope was cheaper than a cartridge. Don't know which one of them was his master, but his faithful Fido deserved a better draw. For two days he wouldn't eat. He kept smelling along the road to where the Indians got into their cars. There he lost the trail, of course. And he'd run down one road and then down another. But he couldn't get any scent, and he'd always end up here. I suppose he figures in his doggy mind that his master may come back, and, anyhow, it's his only



HE had picked her up bodily, swung her into the front seat. She did not struggle.

chance. Every car that stops— Look at him now!"

Fido's ears had risen to perpendicular and his tail had stopped its inquiring, nervous wagging. A statue of a dog, he held his gaze on the road where a flivver sedan, so old and battered as to make Cynthia's look like the latest factory product, had turned into the driveway. Suddenly Fido leaped toward it, stopped at a crouch while the door opened and the occupant stepped out into sight and scent. Disappointed, Fido backed away, returned to his former stance, continued to regard Cynthia as though she offered some dim hope.

It was no wonder Fido had recoiled, Cynthia reflected. Shabby, sharp-nosed, shifty-eyed, shambling, this newcomer was a desert rat if ever she saw one. But as he approached the filling tank he broke out a not unattractive gamin grin, which indicated his readiness to plunge into whatever sociability was afoot. And Mr. Barstow, born without sense of distinction among men, addressed them both as he rambled ahead:

"He looks mostly Irish terrier, and that's the breed that needs to have somebody to tie and affix himself to. Though I expect most dogs are that way. And women likewise!" added Mr. Barstow, smiling through his sparse gray beard at Cynthia.

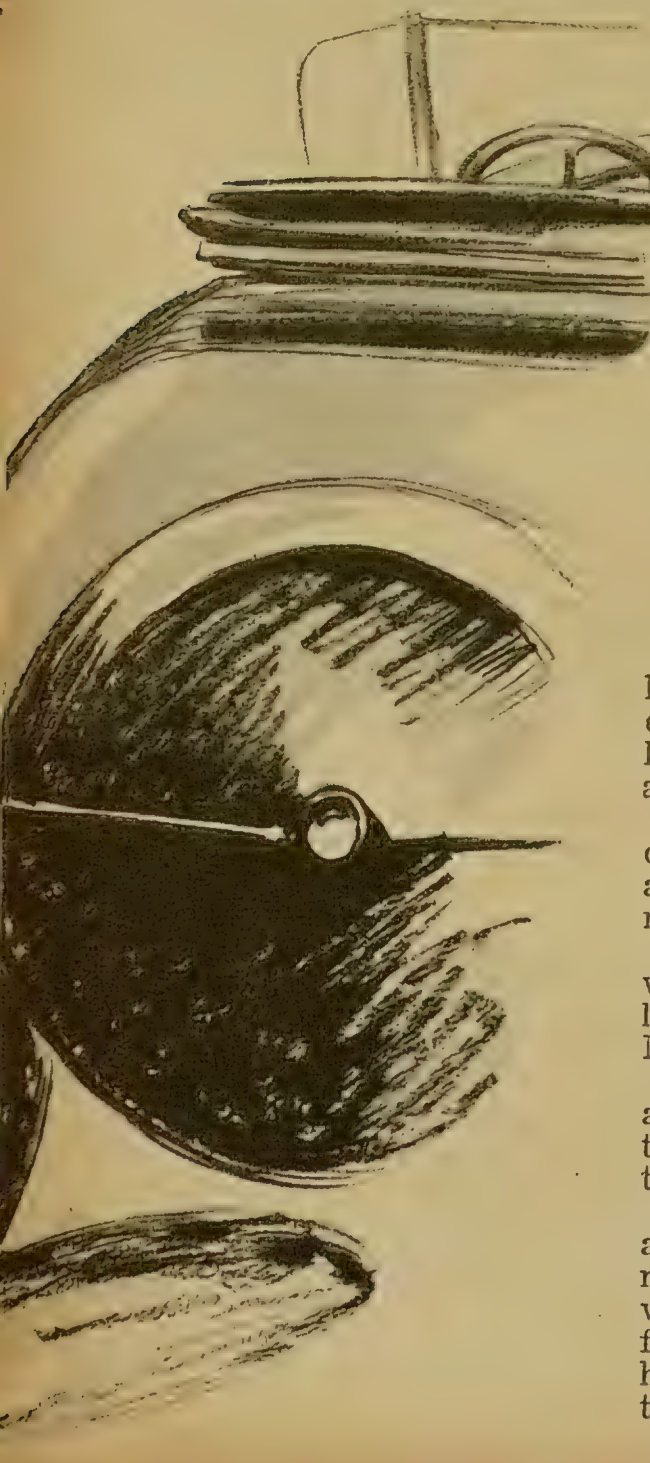
"Not *all* women!" Cynthia felt it her duty to reply. Then hastily she added:

"Well, I suppose when he gets over it, he'll adopt you."

"He can't," said Mr. Barstow. "I've got two dogs already and that's enough. All right summers, when cars are coming through, but winters it keeps me poor and scratching to get meat for 'em away out here. If somebody don't take him off my hands, I'm afraid I'll have to give him what the Indian didn't."

"You wouldn't!" Something seemed to jerk this exclamation out of Cynthia in spite of herself. And here the desert rat found an opening into the conversation.

"If you're out of a dog, lady, why don't you take him along?"



HE made her flesh crawl a little. As much to evade reply as for any other reason, she stepped forward, laid her hand on Fido's head. He drew away at first, then submitted to having his ears pulled, even let her put her arm about his neck. However, his eyes expressed not friendliness but only question, apprehension, pleading.

"I can see you're one of those folks that gets along with dogs," commented the desert rat.

"You bet! It was a week before he'd let me lay hand on him!" said Mr. Barstow.

"A lady traveling alone ought to have a dog to protect her," added the desert rat.

Was that "traveling alone" a lead for information? It struck her with a chill. With his fox face and shifty eyes, he looked capable of anything. And yet the re-

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

WET WEATHER

GUARD YOUR THROAT WITH "GLYCO"

April showers may bring Spring colds. Worn throats, after a winter's siege of soreness and irritation, fall easy prey to sudden weather changes. Damp feet and clothes, a muggy feeling, a sneeze, a tightening in the throat and another cold has come to stay. Don't let Spring fool you. Gargle with GLYCO-Thymoline every morning and night . . . oftener when nasty weather lowers your resistance. Used, too, as a mouthwash it *counteracts acid mouth,* cleanses and deodorizes. Different because it is *alkaline.* Prescribed by physicians for over 30 years. Just say "GLYCO" to your druggist. *Kress & Owen Company, N. Y.*

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Ann: *You don't mean it? Then me for the nearest drugstore and Kruschen!*

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Do you want to look younger and more attractive? Do you want even the most inexpensive clothes to look stunning on you—do you want a bewitchingly slim figure, great physical fitness and charm with plenty of energy and life?

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An 85c. bottle (lasts 4 weeks) can be obtained at any drugstore the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

[FAITHFUL FIDO
Continued from page forty-three]

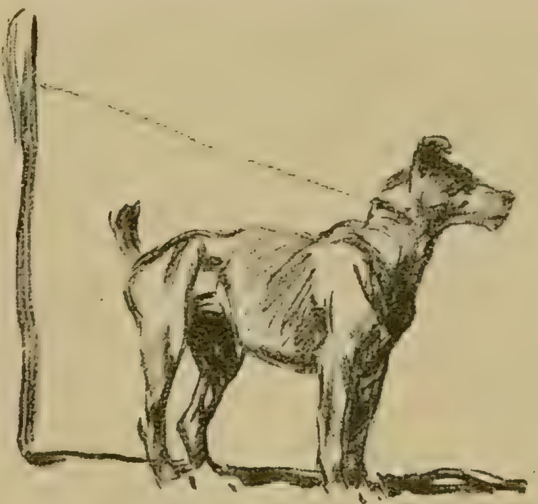
mark set her wavering decision. Here was her excuse to herself for doing something emotional and soft—she who had intended to be unyielding, adamant, hard for the rest of her life. She looked up at Mr. Barstow.

"I think I'll take him!" she said.

"Better tie him in the car; he'll squirm awful at first," suggested the desert rat.

So Mr. Barstow found a spare piece of clothesline, knotted it to the strip of worn leather which served Fido for a collar, made a nest for him in Cynthia's dunnage on the back seat.

"He's pretty dirty. Ain't you got something to cover up the lady's things?" said the desert rat. Ruffling with conscious gallantry, he had the air of commanding the operation. Mr. Barstow therefore produced a gunny sack, spread it over the automobile rug. All this time Fido had sat still but apprehensive under her arm. But when the two men laid hold on him, lifted him into the car, and tied the leash to the inner handle of the door, he struggled as though for his life. The logic of the leash subdued him at last; he stretched out on the gunny sack, laid his nose along his forepaws, and questioned the company—but mostly Cynthia—with his puzzled, melancholy eyes.



"He'll be all right from now on," pronounced the desert rat.

"He don't know it yet, but he's a lucky dog," said Mr. Barstow.

At this compliment, Cynthia climbed into the front seat, slammed the door, and with an abrupt word of thanks drove away. As the car started, Fido burst into another spasmodic struggle. That stopped, and she heard a low, querulous whining. Venturing to take her eyes from the road, she saw that he had put his forepaws on the luggage of the back seat, was looking out of the rear window toward the spot where he had parted with his master. He turned his head, and his eyes still expressed both fear and inquiry.

"Fido," said Cynthia, "you're asking if I'm taking you to your boss. No, old thing, you won't see *him* any more."

A TURN round a sand hill gave the last sight of Yount's. Presently the rustling on the back seat proved that Fido had lain down again. She shifted her driving mirror to an angle which gave her sight of him. All that morning he lay with his nose along his paws and his eternal question in his eyes. At luncheon time she petted him a little. He did not draw away, but he did not respond.

"You're a dirty old dog," she said as they came into Indian Brook that night. "I think, Fido, we'll have to blow ourselves to the luxury of a tourist camp just for your benefit." So far she had avoided all human contact. By night she had parked at the roadside, locked the car from within, drawn the curtains, and made up the cushions for a shakedown.

The summer-tourist tide had not yet begun; only half a dozen cars parked in the camp that night. For a triple price she bought the privilege of bathing Fido as well as herself. Dog fashion, he struggled when the shower first descended upon him; then became flabby and plastic. She even cut the worst of the burrs and mats from his hair, combed out the worst of the tangles.

"Fido, old puppy," she said as she gave him his final rinsing, "I suspect you've never had a formal bath before in your life—and now you're going to be a very, very handsome dog!"

When he had finished his supper, he accorded her his first sign of purely personal recognition—just one glance, one scrape of his stubby tail across the sand. He slept that night on guard, leashed beside the car. When she bade him good morning, his eyes still clutched hers with a question. But apprehension had departed from them. It was a different question.

SHE stopped at the door of the camp to take on gasoline. And as she stepped back to the seat, she was aware that the desert rat had driven up behind her. He got out of his car, shuffled over to hers. Fido leaped to the end of his clothesline, barking furiously.

"You and the pup must be getting on fine," said this unacceptable stranger. "I knew he'd make a good watchdog."

"Yes, he is certainly that!" replied Cynthia impersonally.

"Going east?" he inquired.

"Not very far," replied Cynthia. She did not like this curiosity about her movements. She started with the roar of a flivver in low gear, left him talking.

And that morning Fido had his emotional crisis. Cynthia was first aware of it through the lap of a wet tongue on the back of her neck. She brought the veering car to a stop. And Fido—so far as his leash permitted—spilled himself all over her. He whimpered softly when her hands came near him; he licked them frantically. He hooked his front paws over the back of the seat and struggled against the leash and the laws of physics to climb over beside her. He had at last answered for himself the latest question in his eyes. This was his new master, his real master. And he accepted her. A day before, Cynthia had thought that she had dried the well of tears. Now, she found herself crying again, convulsively, even hysterically. She gathered him into her arms, laid her head beside his. He whimpered under his breath as though in understanding and sympathy.

When this spasm passed and she had a grip on herself again, she quelled his affectionate struggles long enough to untie the rope from his collar.

"We'll see, Fido, if you're a front-seat dog," she said. "Have you learned front-seat manners?" With an accustomed air, he climbed over the back of the seat, flopped down beside her.

Quite evidently the unfaithful Indian master had taught him the primary lesson of a modern dog's education—that the human at the wheel is sacrosanct, taboo, not to be touched. From the moment when she started up he kept his distance, venting his feelings only by a look full of trust and confidence.

SO Fido was propelled eastward, enjoying the scenery. He expressed his interest in gophers and chipmunks; he made pantomime of catching birds as they winged past; he voiced contempt for campers' dogs leashed slavishly to running boards, defiance of other proud, lolling front-seat dogs. Between these fascinating activities, he turned toward Cynthia the lowered ears and lolling tongue of perfect, serene happiness. She had a blow-out that morning. The instant her foot touched ground he was down beside her, frolicking and yelping his joy; and whenever her hands were still his nose poked into her palm. She responded with pats and strokings, calling him her dog, her wild Indian, her old handsome fellow.

Warmed and softened by this confiding presence, she began to talk to him; to tell him all about it. "An old maid's dog—that's what you'll be, Fido!" she concluded. "You're so much better to have around than any man. You won't make me love you and then go away! That's what your master did to you, isn't it? We're in the same boat. And that's why we're going to stick to each other—always!"

She was crying again, not violently but softly. And she mustn't—she mustn't—cry any more.

A rocking of the car brought her to herself. The road had become impossible—bumpy, sandy, devoid of new tire tracks. She stopped, got out her map, and found that she had lost the Santa Fe trail. Ah—there was the trouble! In her abstraction she had taken the wrong turn at the last crossing. She managed by delicate maneuvering to turn without sticking in the sand, crawled back to the highway. She was running short of supplies. Cresta Colorada was the next town. She must speed up or she would find the stores closed.

The sun had just set when she sighted Cresta Colorada, strung out on the ridge above its oasis. She paid no special attention to an approaching car until she saw it swerve as though to block her course, saw a hand waving as though to warn her back. She stopped, all her brakes shrieking. When she looked up from the controls, the other car stood beside hers and from its door was emerging—the desert rat.

Fido's bark and his leap came simultaneously. Cynthia caught him just as he was going through the open window. With that valiant defender in her arms, with her little automatic at hand in the front-door pocket, she was safe enough. But she felt her heart stop nevertheless.

Fido's voice died down to a menacing growl. The desert rat had stepped on to her running board. Now he stepped back and stood in the road, grinning genially.

"I told you that there was a fine watchdog!" he said. "Hang on to him tight, lady. Don't matter much if he chews me, but I don't want him to spoil my pretty clothes. Lady, I've got something to tell you for your own good. They're after you!"

"They?" Cynthia echoed blankly.

"A fellow who's puttin' up in the tourist camp at Cresta Colorada is askin' personal questions. Wants to know if anybody's seen a good-lookin', brown-eyed brownette girl drivin'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . Wearproof . . . Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula

I Look Swell but- I don't feel so!

A PLUMP stomach doesn't necessarily mean a puppy is well-nourished and healthy. It is a sure sign of worms. Worms rob puppies of nourishment. They cause fits. All puppies and dogs need worming regularly. For safe, sure results, use Sergeant's Puppy Capsules for round and hookworms in pups and Sergeant's Sure-Shot Capsules for older dogs. Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the balanced ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina.

A Famous Dog Book Free

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose and treat his ailments, feed him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. *It's Free.*

Our veterinarian will give you *free* advice about your dog's health. Write him fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1502 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

She hated to embarrass him, but—

—she just couldn't dance another step. Of course, it was an accident, but that one slight touch had given her unspeakable pain.

Don't let a corn rob you of your good times. Relief is so quick—so easy. All druggists have this famous old remedy in convenient, 35¢ packages.

KOHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Sold through the country's drug stores for fifty years.

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

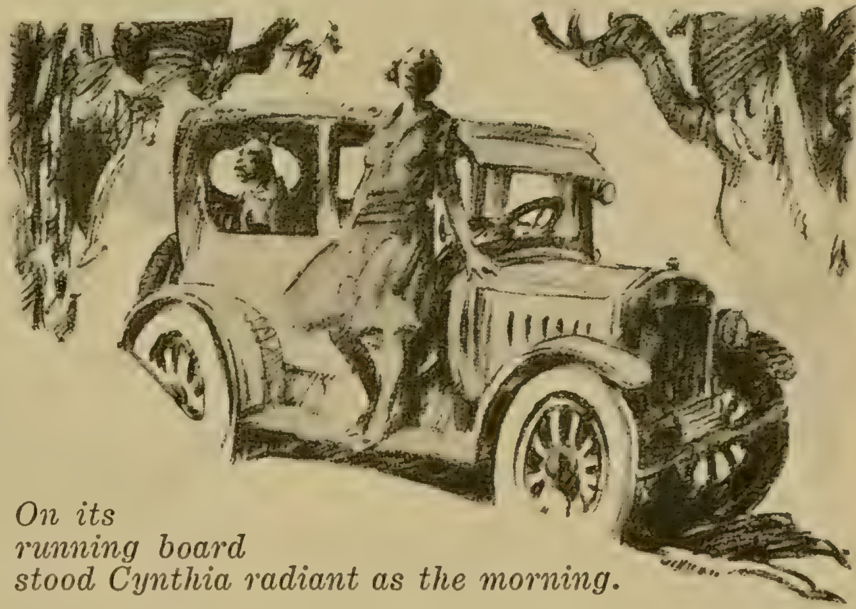
"Removes-not only relieves pain"

FAITHFUL FIDO
Continued from page forty-five

alone in an old-type flivver with a red roll in the luggage carrier and a California license. Guess that would be about enough—but he's onto the dog too. Shows how close he's followin'. Couldn't 'a' picked *that* up before yesterday morning. Say, where you been? It's a wonder he didn't catch you on the road. I says to myself, 'I'll take a chance he's passed her without seeing her, and I'll jest go back and tip her off.'"

"What does he look like?" inquired Cynthia, though instantly she knew.

"California license," said the road rat, "one of those snappy yellow-and-black Scnitzler roadsters. And he's a long, light-complected fellow in a ten-gallon hat. Don't seem like a city cop to me. More likely he's one of those country deputy sheriffs that will go anywhere to make a pinch and sting the county for phony expenses."



On its running board stood Cynthia radiant as the morning.

Fido lay quiescent in her arms, growling no longer, but keeping alert watch. Cynthia opened her bag, found a five-dollar bill, held it out to her unexpected accomplice.

"Thank you very much," she said. "And take this for the gas you've burned!"

"Oh, lady, you don't have to do that!" he protested. "Just a little favor between two folks. I've been on the dodge myself in my time and I know how it is."

But she still held it out, and, as though involuntarily, his hand reached and took it.

"I'll give you a little advice, seeing's you've been so awful generous," he said. "Your best getaway's that crossroad 'bout ten mile back. North it goes into Utah and south into Texas. You'll take the north if you listen to me. The village constabules south of here are so hard-boiled you can't argue 'em into *nothing*. And fake your license plates first chance you git. He knows your number."

"Thanks again!" said Cynthia as she started up and backed.

SHE sped back westward with open throttle. Sam in Cresta Colorada. . . . Abruptly she closed that door of thought.

Shortsighted fool she'd been to tell the garage men at Santa Isabel that she was taking the Santa Fe trail! For Sam knew everyone about that establishment. When he found that she had gone in her car it would be the first place where he would make inquiries. She might as well have left a paper trail!

She pulled up at the crossroads, consulted her maps by the fading light. That northern road would pocket her in the Rockies. The southern led to a straight transcontinental route on which he would never think of looking for her. Eight miles or so along that line lay a town marked as having a tourist camp. She wouldn't dare show her dog and her car in the camp. They identified her.

But she might find parking space on the edge of town and walk in to buy her supplies.

She remembered, as she started up again, the road rat's admonition about hard-boiled constables, and for the first time in this new flight found mental leisure to laugh—hard and hysterically.

It was full moonlight when she turned her car into the shadow of a cottonwood grove.

Two hundred yards beyond, electric light glimmered and a radio concert blared.

"I'm going to leave you, Fido, old dear," said Cynthia, "to guard the car. Now be good!" And she tied him to the inside door handle.

FIDO had cringed at sight of the rope as from a lash. When she slammed the door and started away, she heard him struggling. That stopped abruptly, and a long howl of desperate, mortal agony tore the night air.

"If this excessive devotion keeps up, old thing, you're going to make yourself a bore!" she said and hurried down the road. Fido was silent for a moment, as though listening for the gloomy assurance that her footsteps were really retreating. Then he broke out afresh; kept it up. As she passed from the grocery to the butcher shop, where she must go to buy his supper, that wail of anguish still tore the distance. It had stopped when she emerged.

Arrived at the cottonwood grove, she approached the car on tiptoe to see what he was doing. The low moon illuminated him lying outstretched with his nose buried in her coat—taking what comfort he could from the smell of her.

When her key grated in the lock, he sprang to his feet, all bounce and electricity. As she entered, he projected himself into her arms, where he lay, giving vent to his feeling by cuddles and faint, joyful whines.

"I see, handsome old dog!" said Cynthia. "The last one tied you up and went away and never came back, and you were afraid it was happening again." She took his jaws between her hands. "But I'll always come back, always, always! The trouble with you, Fido, is—"

Here Cynthia's voice stopped. The words which had come into her mind had brought with them an idea so disturbing that they stuck somewhere on the way to her lips.

"You have a desertion complex." That was what she was going to say. But—but—why, had she a desertion complex herself?

A desertion complex. . . . Still as the southern night, she sat and drew the parallel between that friendly beast, cuddling against her in the ecstasy of affection returned, and herself.

On some whim or fancy the Indian had staked out this dog, who loved him, to die or to be rescued by strangers. No better had Bob Connover treated her. And now, having found another master, Fido lived in terror, would always live in terror, that it might happen again. Why—why—so had she lived—

She sat so quiet that Fido looked up with an appearance of concern and fell gently to licking her wrist. Her eyes never wandered from the moonlit distance.

SHE wouldn't be a renegade master. Would Sam be a renegade lover—a jilter—because Bob Connover was? She had run away from the situation in Missoula. That was the first mistake.

Those days of miserable, morbid loneliness on the road, those first dreary months of hiding at Santa Isabel—hadn't they set her as in a madness? She had never told anyone.

When, fighting herself every inch of the way, she yielded to Sam, she couldn't tell even him. Pride prevented, and something else—some black, undissolved lump in her mind. That blackness had taken possession of her when he told her so suddenly that he was going away. . . .

Let us look at facts now, only facts. . . .

Sam desert her? Would she desert Fido? When Sam refused to take her to the border, wasn't it just one of those dear old sentimental southwestern ideas of his about good women—so quaint and so engaging? And now . . . he had quit or imperiled his job—she accused him once of loving that better than he loved her—to search for her even if the trail ran to the ends of the earth. He lay a dozen miles across the desert night, just as miserable as she. . . . Sam—Sam—

AT dawn, Sam Basset emerged from that cabin in the tourist camp of Cresta Colorada, where he had experienced an imitation of sleep, the first since he left Santa Isabel.

His face, though veneered with the morning shine of soap and water, was lined and sagging, and his eyes were dull and bloodshot.

Heavily he clumped to his car. It was then he perceived that in the space to its right, unoccupied the night before, lay, close-parked, an old-type flivver with a California license. And on its running board stood—Cynthia in that rose-colored dress of hers which he liked best of all her clothes—Cynthia with a touch of color and a flirt of powder—Cynthia radiant as the morning. He stared at her for a moment as though she were a desert mirage. Then:

"Sam, I've been naughty—very, very naughty!" she said.

He sprang toward her. But he did not reach her—not yet. There ensued a scramble, a struggle, an oath, and a yelp.

Fido, coming with the rush of a rocket from under the car, had bitten him.

THE END

Now Take Off Fat a Pound a Day

on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Fades Away

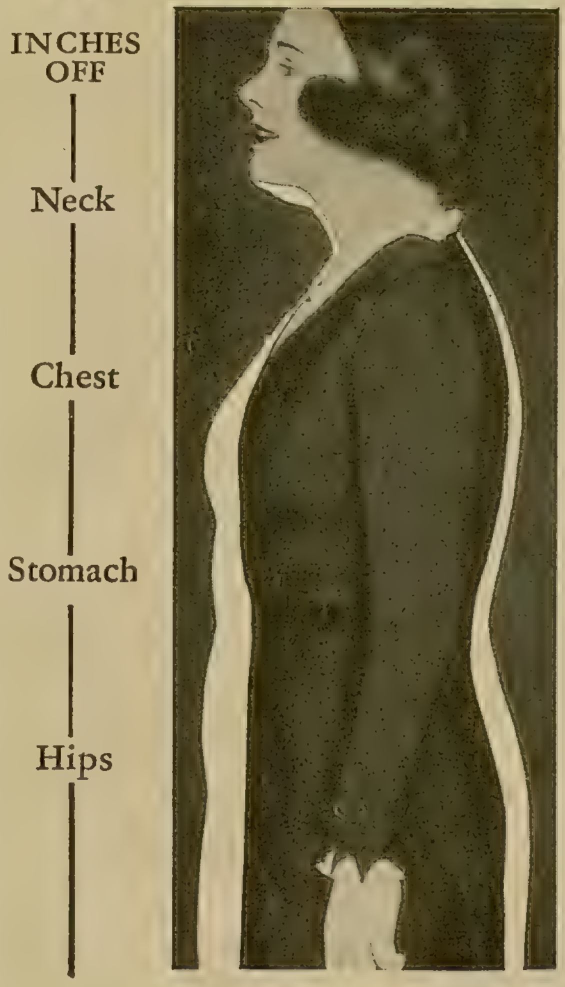
Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.



At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

"SHERLOCK THE SHEKELS IN YOUR JOHN HANCOCK"

$1,000 A WEEK

for . . . . the cleverest

NAME ANAGRAMS

RULES

. . . they are simple

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 a week in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WHAT'S in a name—your name? O, sure — lots of letters! But anything else? Gold, for instance? You just bet your life there is, and Liberty's going to show you how to dig a flock of shiny-faced shekels right out of your own fair moniker. The magic spade is called Name Anagrams. Here's how it works: All you do is shuffle and shove the letters in your name—or somebody else's name—until you find yourself staring in amazement at a string of clever and ingenious words. Or it may be just one word that'll crop up. But what a word it'll be! Glance at the examples at the bottom of this page. Look what the letters in those names spelled when they were moved around! You can do the same thing with your name — or any other name. Try it! It's a cinch! The kick you'll get out of it will be a surprise in itself. And if you dig up a winner — there's that $1,000 a week! Your share will be $100. But before you start on this fun-making tour, get on speaking terms with the rules. You'll find them friendly and a great help. Then—dig for gold in names! And compete as often as you like.

WHO WOULD THINK THAT . . . . . .

JEWEL HOOPER *would make* WHOOPEE
BABS MOONEY *would become* SOME BABY, NO?
in VICTOR LEONARD FOX *you'd find* I DO NOT LOAF

. . . . NOW TRY YOUR NAME, OR A FRIEND'S!

Another $1,000 in Prizes Next Week Watch for the first prize winners in an early issue

Easter

A New For the Love o' Lil

"NOW," said Mrs. Smithers as she inspected Gwen at the front door, "no monkey business in church. I'm proud because you were chosen to sing in the choir, but I'll spank you right on the altar if you giggle or chew gum or make believe you have to sneeze. It's Easter and I guess you can act like a lady one day in the year." She pushed Gwen outdoors and waved her hand.

This week's cover picture.

"Hey," Gwen complained, "I need contribution money. Got any?" She already had two nickels, but she knew she'd need them for funny sheets.

Mrs. S. felt in the change pocket of her husband's coat tossed on the hall bench. She found a theater-ticket stub, peanut shells, and a dime.

"Here's ten cents," she said, "and be sure you put it in the plate. No cheating."

"Cheatin'?" Gwen blushed, thinking of the funny sheets. "If you ever catch me cheatin' on Easter, you'll be the smartest lady in America. Not that you aren't already!" And she yelled, "Happy Easter!" to Mrs. Perkins who was putting a pink geranium in her front window.

"Happy Easter!" Mrs. P. called back weakly. She was getting over the flu and was enjoying as much strength as a worn-out rabbit can boast of just before the leading hound snaps at his tail.

Gwen rang the Jenkins' doorbell, keeping her thumb on it until everybody in the house had an earache.

"Get a wiggle on!" she shouted. "I'm collectin' bugs for the choir an' we gotta hurry."

"Who's a bug?" little Ulysses wanted to know, appearing in brand-new Easter clothes. "Who's a bug?"

"Everybody who sits in the second row of the choir's a bug," she giggled. "I sit in the front row."

They hurried down the street with saintly Sunday looks. They passed ladies strolling leisurely to church who knew that the slower they walked, the more people would see their new straw hats. They bumped into messenger boys loaded with lilies and rosebushes.

"I've forgotten how the Pearly Gates anthem goes," Red Hancock said when they met him at the church.

"Don't start worryin'," Gwen said. "If you forget the tunes just make your mouth go."

"How does the first Amen go?" Ulysses whispered.

"Get into your robes! Get into your robes!" the organist told them. "It's quarter to eleven." And he shooed the children in like nervous ducks.

Eleven o'clock! New hats, spring suits, violets. White gloves, veils, orchids. They all went parading up the aisles. The organ's mighty tremolo filled the church, and the choir sang the processional while the congregation feverishly hunted for it in the hymnals.

Then the minister prayed. Gwen hid her face behind her book as his voice droned on and on.

"Sing loud in the operatory," she whispered. "They need a lot of coin for the unemployed." She lowered her book in time to sing a lusty Amen.

A beautiful hymn followed the prayer—the one about earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore, and pilgrims being welcomed and sin being no more. And the congregation saw the children's back teeth when they swelled the refrain to sing with all their might:

"Angels of Jesus, angels of light—"

(Next week's cover adventure: Marbles)

Don't
forget
your

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
L153

after every meal
and when you need
refreshment......

It's good and an aid
to good health.....

Why Fat Still Stays
With So Many—It's a Pity

Why do so many still stay fat, when millions know the way to get slender? Excess fat, in the past few years, has been disappearing fast. Look about you, and you must realize that science has found a new way to fight fat. Note how slenderness prevails. Those happy slender people have not starved, not over-exercised, not taken harmful drugs.

Yet many stay fat, with all the blight it brings to beauty, health and vitality. Some because they think that reduction means hard work and self-denial. Some because they fear a method now employed by doctors the world over. They don't know.

Do What Doctors Do

Medical research has discovered that a great cause of obesity lies in a certain weak gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. When it is weak, too much of our food turns to fat.

So doctors the world over now feed that gland substance to correct this condition.

Marmola prescription tablets contain this vital factor—thyroid. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory to do what doctors do for excess fat. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It has stood the test of time, because it is right, while countless false treatments have failed and disappeared.

It is not a secret remedy. Each box contains the formula complete, also full explanation of the action and results. No one can fear it, no one can doubt it, when the facts are known.

It is prepared for the average case of excess fat where a doctor is not consulted. The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a box of Marmola now. Price $1.00. Read the book. Learn what you are taking and why it acts. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when so many of the folks around you have found the easy, right way to reduce.

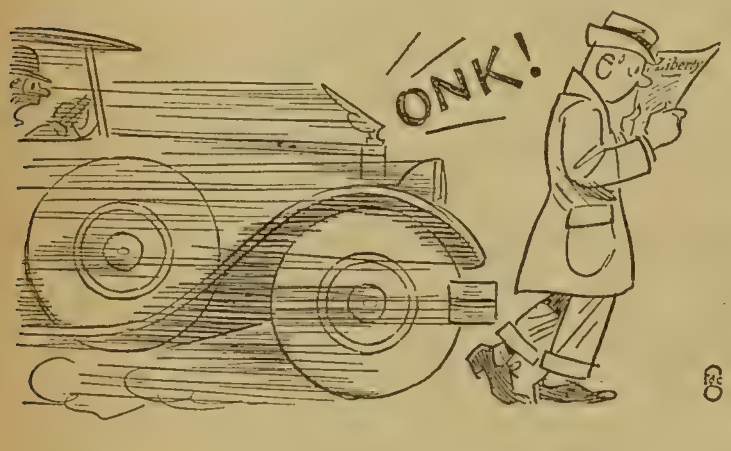
MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Vox

How Long Has This Been Going On?

Calgary, Alta., Can.—Throughout various cities in the United States and Canada I notice that each has what we may call an "accident day" each week. Many city commissioners have tried to determine the cause but to no avail.

Recently in one of our western cities a very canny man got down to brass tacks and found out that this day was when Liberty appeared on the stands and people couldn't wait until they arrived home to read it. No, they read it on the street while walking home, and consequently some met with accidents. —*K. H. McCall.*



Thoughts, Heated and Otherwise, on an Editorial on the Bonus

Boston, Mass.—Just read your editorial, "The Bonus Question," in your March 14 issue. It made me boil over.

I wonder if the writer was an overseas veteran.

I wonder—

If he worked like h—— all day and was kept awake all night by roaring guns and air raids.

If, for days, the soup-kitchen was lost and he had to live on kernels of wheat.

If the rats nipped his ears while he tried to sleep in the mud.

If half his dollar a day was taken out in insurance and allotments.

If he returned to a world turned upside down and found his job gone, his girl gone, and listened to the boasts of those who had earned ten or fifteen dollars a day during the war, and invited him to ride in the expensive automobiles they had bought from the profits.

I wonder if he was turned loose on an unsympathetic world with sixty dollars with which to start life anew.—*Albert L. Wilder.*

Washington, D. C.—Your editorial, "The Bonus Question," was great. Shake!—*A. J. Michael.*

Charleston, S. C.—To quote from your editorial entitled "The Bonus Question":

"They [the veterans] were given wholesome, if not appetizing, food, and lots of fresh air, exercise, and cleanliness."

The next time we will stay home and let you go and get the fresh air while we remain at home and get the eighty, ninety, and up per week jobs, and put up with the close, stuffy city atmosphere.—*K. McCarthy; T. G. Murphy.*

Canton, Ohio—Have just read your editorial on the bonus question and want to tell you that there are many who believe the same as you do and we are veterans, too.

Congratulations on your courage to write such an article when so many senators did not have the courage to stick by the President.—*Clyde M. Watson.*

Houston, Texas—I am thoroughly disgusted with your flimsy and unpatriotic discussion of the so-called bonus question.

If you will take the time to search among the dead brain cells in the cerebrum, you will find that Congress preferred to call the measure "adjusted compensation" (not a bonus), pointing out that it would partly pay the ex-service men for the financial loss sustained while in service.

By further examination of the above indicated anatomy you should recall that the service man received around one dollar a day and keep, while millions of men of equal capacity who stayed at home received nearly as much per hour, and millionaires were made by the thousands.

Is not the ex-service man entitled to some financial adjustment?—*J. E. H.*

Sandusky, Ohio—Just finished reading your yellow editorial, "The Bonus Question." While you home guards slept in feather beds, lived on milk and honey, and made big money, we went through hell at one dollar per day.

Now, when our country is trying to make it up to us, a few like you are raising a howl.—*General "Nuisance."*

Grantwood, N. J.—Have just finished reading your very able editorial entitled "The Bonus Question," and, if I may be permitted, would like to ask a question and have you answer it.

Have you ever known or heard of an occasion where putting a vast sum of money into circulation has caused financial or business depression?—*F. M. Ayers.*

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Re* your editorial, "The Bonus Question."

Great guns, I'm glad to note there's one editor wears pants yet.

But, fr-eaven's sake, where were you when this latest Panhandlers' Parade was being put on for the benefit of a lot of shirt-tail politicians and buzzards on the economic fence?—*Chas. W. King.*

Cleveland, Ohio—Your editorial regarding the bonus is insulting. Any ex-service man who could read your article and not boil over or want to boil you in oil is just nonexisting.—*Robert O. Osler.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—In your editorial, "The Bonus Question," you failed to remind your readers of the undeniable fact that our entrance into the war was forced to protect the interests of those same war-wealthy citizens who are now so appalled by the lack of patriotism of ex-service men.—*K.*

Dundalk, Md.—I want to thank you for your editorial on the bonus question.

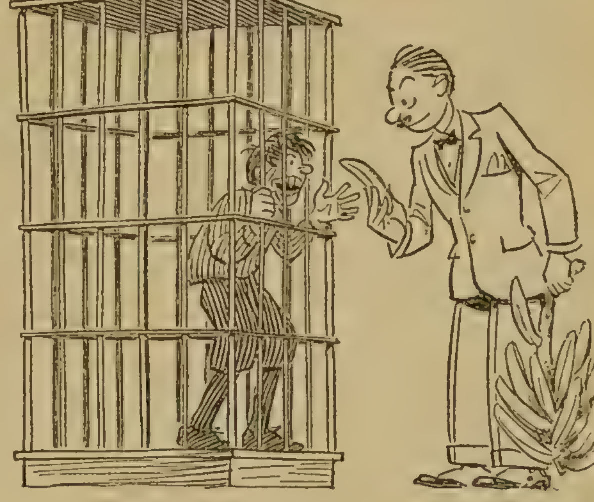
It is reassuring to know that one of the popular magazines does still have enough spunk to print what the editors really think, and is not being written as the politicians wish it.—*G. W. Notyal.*

Peculiarly Amusing Crack from Admiring Reader

Syracuse, N. Y.—The following Problem of Conduct appeared in Liberty's issue of March 7:

"Suppose you had twins, one perfect physically but with a mental defect, the other perfect mentally but with a physical defect. Physicians assure you surgery will remove the trouble in both cases, but lack of finances makes two operations impossible. Would you have the mental or physical handicap removed? Being able to do only one of these things, would you feel that you could, in fairness, do either of them?"

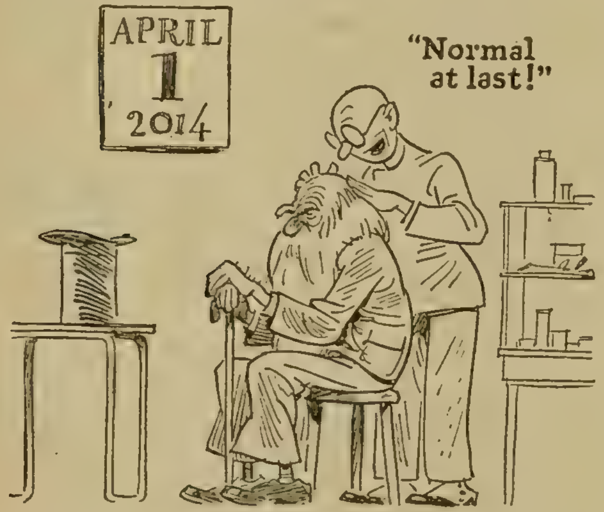
The solution of this problem is obvious. I'd spend the money on the one with the physical defect; the other I'd put in a cage, feed him bananas and nuts until he reached the age of ten, and then hire him out to Liberty to pick winners in the Problems of Conduct contest.—*W. H. P.*



Pop

Continued from Last Week, and Still Coming

Providence, R. I.—When I started to read the anonymous article entitled "At Seventeen," in Liberty for March 7, I was in a happy and peaceful frame of mind. By the time I was one quarter through I was getting sore, and the further I read, the sorer I got. When I had finished, if I could have been within two feet of the author's brother, I would have booted him with a force that might possibly have started what brains he has toward the general direction of his head.



In addition to the above he needs a job in some place where he would be absolutely on his own.

After six months he would start to change, and possibly, if he lived to be one hundred years old, he might become a normal person.—*A Reader.*

Newark, N. J.—Your anonymous, unvarnished portrait of an American boy, "At Seventeen," is an exceptionally fine article. It is true! Almost literally true—not altogether, though.

We have no religion. We do believe in God. And—we would fight for dear old U. S. A. at the drop of a hat—fight like maniacs to our last breath. Have no fear for future America.—*"Seventeen."*

Salt Lake City, Utah—"At Seventeen." Ho hum! If that was "an unvarnished portrait of an American boy," why I guess I'll take out Czechoslovakian naturalization papers.—*Spence Mendenhall.*

New York, N. Y.—After reading the article, "At Seventeen," I can't help sympathizing with "Anonymous" in his concern for his little brother.

Tell him not to despair, for here is the solution of the problem. Get little brother a job as president of some bank or railroad and make him work his way up.—*E. Confrey.*

Boston, Mass.—Whoopee! At last, at last, at last!!!!

After sixteen years of having my mater and her husband actually drag me to church, I find that the dear Boston children aren't the only ones who are bored.

But why must the dope who wrote "At Seventeen" remain anonymous? I guess every kid in my class ('31) at high school would pat him on the back, and I wouldn't mind necking that marvelous brother of his— M-m-m!

Try to get some more of his stuff and print it—puleeze!! It will make life and school much more bearable for us high-school atheists.—*Sheba L.—'31.*

Vancouver, B. C., Can.—*Re* your article, "At Seventeen." It is the most wonderful description of modern youth ever presented to the public. That article was written about me, my chum, his chums, and so on. I have talked this over with them—they all agree with the author.

My mother and father read it and said, "Rot! How can they publish such stuff?" I pretended to agree with them. Where can you find a better proof of the truth of this article?—*"At Seventeen."*

Why, Rose!

Oklahoma City, Okla.—No matter how "air-minded" that imitation funny man Elliott White Springs really is, he'll always be downright *evil*-minded, and you can tell him I said so!—*Rose.*

Yes or Yes

Winnipeg, Man., Can.—I always thought that we Canadians spoke more like the Americans than like the English, but after reading Alexandra Kropotkin's "To the Ladies," in the March 14 issue of Liberty, perhaps I was wrong. She writes: "Here in America the word 'quite' means 'somewhat, almost, pretty nearly.'"

In Canada, "not quite" has these three meanings.

In the fourth paragraph she writes:

"I'm quite 'hipped,' you see, on this business—" Does she mean "completely hipped," or "almost hipped"?

Am I right or is she wrong? Answer me, yes or yes.—*C. J. McDowell.*

That's Just Dandy

Winnipeg, Man., Can.—The truth. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Reasons why I like my Liberty:

1. Front picture natural and artistic. 2. Paper good. 3. Printing good. 4. Gives me a little bit of everything. 5. And not very much of anything.—*M. F. C.*

Oh, You're Doing All Right

Boston, Mass.—Whoa! Stop Rex Beach right where he is!

Quote from "Money Mad":

"Baldy slung a loop of chain around it [the marline] and managed to heave its head and shoulders out of the water."

My, my, and I suppose that being a very large and heavily built fish its "hips" caught on the bottom of the boat. And when they let him loose you should have seen him slink away, his shoulders hunched forward and his head hanging down, very much crestfallen that he had once been captured.

Now you tell one.—*A Fisherman.*

Remarkable Unanimity About "German Spies in America"

Montreal, P. Q., Can.—Your articles, "German Spies in America," by Sidney Sutherland, are most enlightening and interesting. Too bad all this dope was not spread abroad in the U. S. A. in the years of the war, when there might have been a few well deserved lynchings.—*J. F. Knox.*

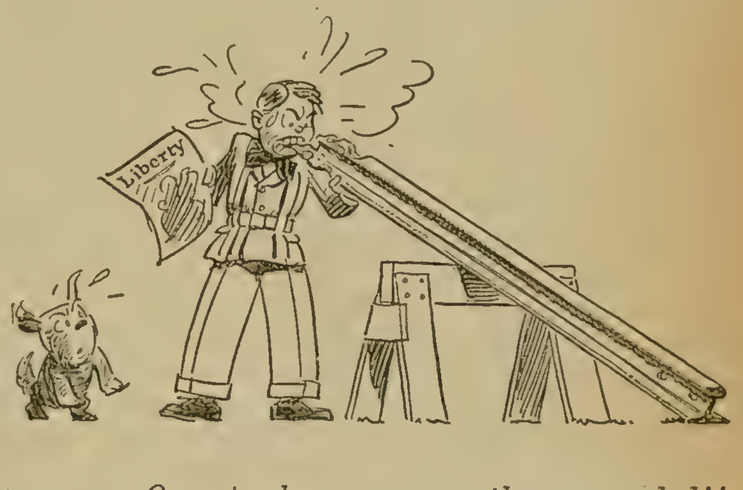
Chicago, Ill.—Your Sidney Sutherland apparently wants to stir up more hate, here in this country.

The people want peace, not the stirring up of troubles. We have enough trouble right now, without raking up the infernal World War.—*Betty Adams.*

Germantown, Pa.—I hope I may be allowed to express my admiration for your most excellent features, particularly your story of the German spy system, which is what I have been wanting to read ever since the war ended.—*Clyde Hambright.*

St. Paul, Minn.—Sometimes I feel peacefully inclined toward your magazine. Other times I read Liberty and I feel like chewing off the end of a steel bar to keep my temper down.

Please arise from thy slumber. The inhabitants of this terrestrial globe have, I hope, progressed. Listen closely:



Over twelve years ago the war ended!! Now do you understand? Why in the devil's residence have you got any right to publish such articles as "German Spies in America" now?—*Pete—a Chagrined Person of Thirteen.*

The Last Word

Somewhere in Canada—If all the readers of Liberty were laid end to end it would serve them right.—*Les. Barson.*

German SPIES in America

The Fire at Kingsland—Incendiary Pencils—The Mysterious Mr. Rodriguez—Hermann Confesses

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 21 minutes 6 seconds.)

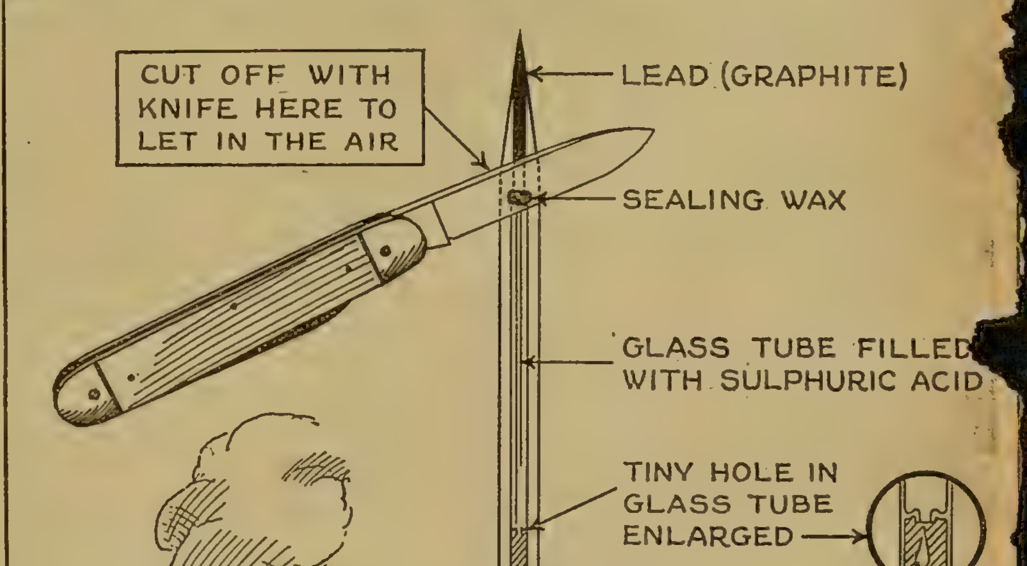
HAVING described last week the destruction of the Black Tom munitions depot, Mr. Sutherland now turns to another masterpiece of Imperial Germany's war on neutral America.

PART EIGHT—THE DESTRUCTION OF KINGSLAND

WHILE Amos J. Peaslee, senior partner of Peaslee & Brigham, attorneys for American claimants in their suit against Germany for the destruction of Black Tom and Kingsland, was examining the thousands of messages to and from Germany which Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, head of the British Intelligence Office, intercepted and decoded, he noticed the appearance twice of the name Hermann.

He also noticed the name of Paul Hilken, more than twice; and in the pursuit of his amazing detective work, which eventually exposed the whole German sabotage conspiracy against neutral America, he uncovered Hilken's connections with the plot, and presently uncovered the amazing story of Frederick Laurent Hermann.

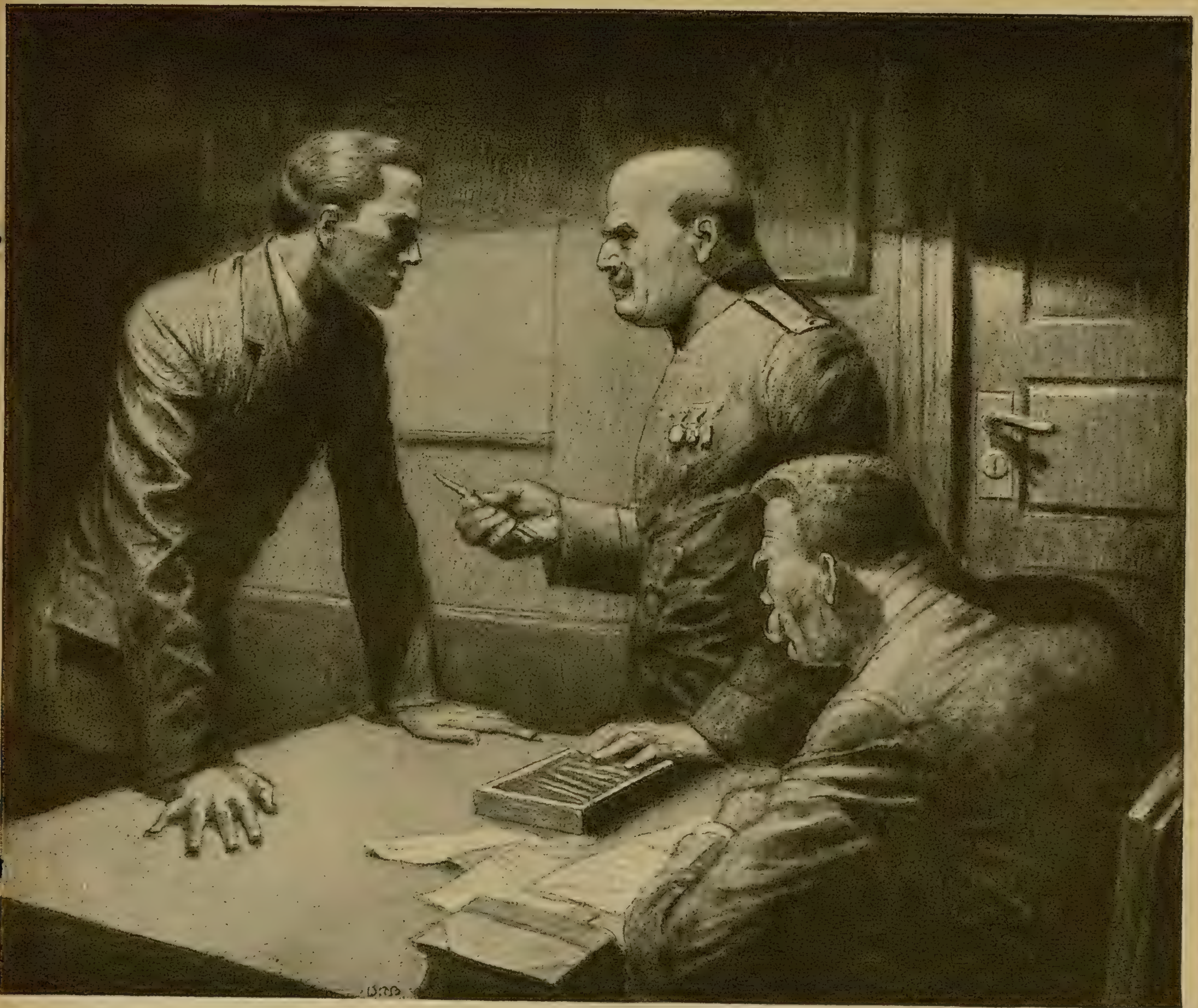
Let us, first, prepare the stage on to which Hermann strode. On March 8, 1915, the Agency of the Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Ltd., of Canada, was incorporated under the laws of New York. The agency purchased and shipped munitions and materials for the Allies, especially England. In March, 1916, the agency bought land in Bergen County, New Jersey, and on it erected the mammoth Kingsland plant. Shells and fuses and shrapnel and powder, and so on, were shipped to Kingsland from 149 American factories, and there assembled and prepared for shipment abroad. Palpably, this establishment, the largest of its kind in America, would be a juicy morsel for German saboteurs.


CUT OFF WITH KNIFE HERE TO LET IN THE AIR
LEAD (GRAPHITE)
SEALING WAX
GLASS TUBE FILLED WITH SULPHURIC ACID
TINY HOLE IN GLASS TUBE ENLARGED
1/3 POTASSIUM CHLORATE
2/3 SUGAR
LEAD (GRAPHITE)
A
B

Here, in diagram, is one of the incendiary pencils which were favorite tools of German arson agents. How the seal was cut to release the acid is shown by (A) and how it could be stood on a work-bench is indicated by (B). The inset shows the acid vent.

On Thursday, January 11, 1917, there were immense stocks in this munitions dump; and among the thousands of workers several play important rôles in the drama.

Charles E. W. Thorne, alias Chester Williams, got a job as assistant employment agent on October 3, 1916. It was through Thorne that a man named Rodriguez was hired three or four weeks before the conflagration of January 11. Thorne disappeared immediately after the fire and never has been seen since. In his rooms in a boarding house in Bayonne, New Jersey, the police found several



With scores of incendiary pencils, they got orders to bomb, burn, and destroy. Picture by W. T. Benda

interesting letters from Carroll Clucas, an actor in a burlesque troupe then out on the road. Thorne was a friend of Fritz Kolb, a German agent who was convicted of conspiring to blow up Black Tom the second time.

On April 28, 1930, C. Carroll Clucas, then forty-three years old, was found by Mr. Peaslee and he signed an affidavit in which he swears Thorne was bitterly pro-German and outspoken against Germany's enemies. He was a friend of Hinsch in Baltimore. Clucas and Thorne had worked together as pantrymen on the steamship St. Paul, running to Europe, and formed a friendship that ended abruptly after Kingsland was destroyed.

CLUCAS says that at the end of one trip Thorne, pretending he was ill, was carried ashore on a stretcher. The real reason was to smuggle in a large supply of incendiary pencils. Clucas said he was surprised when Thorne wrote him he had obtained a job as an employment agent at Kingsland, and he added that Thorne's last letter to him boasted that Germans had wrecked the plant.

Since January, 1917, the only rumor heard about Thorne indicates that his friends believe he was executed by a firing squad in the Tower of London.

Theodore Wozniak is the man at whose bench were first seen the flames that spread complete destruction to this vital unit in the Allied war machine.

A Silesian by birth, Wozniak had been in America since 1912. He lied when he arrived, saying he was a Russian. He had been employed at Kingsland about six months before the fire, and the American claimants and their lawyers maintained that he was a German agent planted there by Captain Frederick Hinsch through a Russian who then had the same sort of job Thorne had afterwards. This Russian was a renegade, a traitor, and a trusted accomplice of Baroness Ida von Seidlitz, whose lurid career was revealed in the fourth chapter of this series.

Wozniak worked at a bench against the wall in Building No. 30, which contained forty-eight rows of benches. His duty was to dust out with a dry cloth the interiors of shell cases revolving on wooden rollers. Another cloth was then dipped in alcohol or gasoline and the shell was swabbed. It was then dried out with another cloth.

For several weeks before the fire the Russian Supply Committee, which had offices in downtown New York City, received letters from Wozniak warning the Russians that the assembling of munitions in Kingsland was being done hurriedly, carelessly, and dangerously. A disastrous fire would happen there some day, Wozniak's letters warned. Once, he said, as he swabbed out a shell three matches floated out on the gasoline.

It is well to remember, here, that every workingman at Kingsland was carefully searched every morning as he entered, to prevent him from carrying tobacco and matches and other dangerous articles into the great plant.

The Russians later testified that little was done about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-three

these warnings, as they were forever getting letters from cranks. About the time he was writing these letters, Wozniak applied at the Russian consulate for citizenship in that country. The lawyers for the American claimants held that this action of Wozniak in placing himself in a favorable position with the Russian committee would tend to divert suspicion from himself when the plant was finally destroyed, and was simply a routine step in the maneuvers of German spies—to seem to warn the authorities of a disaster they themselves were about to bring about. Jahnke, it will be remembered, thus warned the authorities in San Francisco of a plot to blow up the Mare Island Navy Yard there.

Theodore Wozniak, at whose bench the Kingsland fire started.

The afternoon of Thursday, January 11, 1917, fellow workmen noticed that a stranger was at the bench beside Wozniak, a "Latin-looking" man, instead of the worker who usually stood beside the Austrian.

Just before quitting time there was a sudden burst of flames from the bench in front of Wozniak. He yelled, and everybody looked over toward him. They saw him waving his arms excitedly. Suddenly he picked up a pan of gasoline and threw it on the flames and the pile of rags he had been using. Then he turned and ran out of the building, the first man to escape. He left his coat behind him.

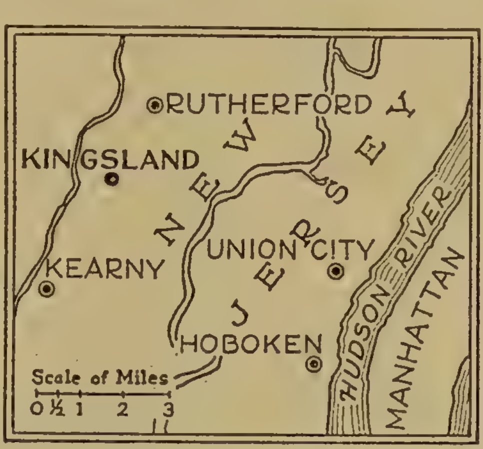
Panic seized the workers and they darted away by every exit. The alarm was sounded and the plant's own fire-fighting equipment was hauled out, while firemen dashed to the scene from every nearby town. It was too late, and by sundown the entire establishment was in flames.

The authorities and the officials of the plant called in everybody who might know anything about the origin of the fire, including Wozniak. The stranger beside him at the bench was never seen again.

Wozniak was questioned frequently and exhaustively, but he stuck to his first story—that he was mopping out a shell when flames burst surprisingly from its interior, or from the electric wires which furnished power to the wooden rollers. He said he had thrown a pan of water on the flames and then run away; as contrasted with the stories of a dozen other workers that he had deluged the flames with his pan of gasoline.

Wozniak was shadowed for a while by Burns detectives and policemen, but eventually he disappeared and, according to various witnesses who will be quoted here, suddenly turned up in Mexico City, where he went under the name of Karowski. He was conspicuous down there because of what the witnesses described as his rather unkempt condition and somewhat grotesque garb, and he was last reported in Mexico City in August, 1917, still associating with the horde of German agents who fled to Mexico after America entered the war.

WOZNIAK then steps out of the picture again for a long time, reappearing unexpectedly in June, 1930, when he was a witness for the German government in its defense against the American suits for $40,000,000 damages for Black Tom and Kingsland. On July 30, 1930, he was examined in New York City, and confronted with Hermann. He denied ever having seen Hermann. He was a valuable witness for the Germans. And just before he appeared to help the Germans, he applied for American citizenship, although he had been in this country eighteen years.



Showing Kingsland, where the munitions assembling plant stood until burned.

Fred Hermann was born in Brooklyn on September 10, 1895. His father had come from Germany. The family moved to Roselle Park, New Jersey, which is not far from the Kingsland plant. There were two other brothers who figure in this story, Edwin and Carl.

Fred was a tall, slender, flaxen-haired youth who spoke English perfectly. He was to become an adventurous, reckless, shrewd, and efficient German spy. In 1914, shortly after the war began, Hermann, then nineteen years old, sailed for Germany via Holland to visit his grandmother in the old country. On the steamer he met a German agent named Paul von Dalen, traveling under the alias of William Kottkamp as a Dutch business man. After von Dalen studied his young friend a bit he suggested that he would make an ideal spy. Hermann agreed.

He went to Berlin and met the chiefs of the naval secret service, took a few lessons in espionage, and then went boldly to England. He remained there for several months, learning what he could about British naval activities and the movements of Allied merchantmen, and reporting regularly to his superiors via neutral channels.

IN the summer of 1915 Hermann returned to New York with instructions to Boy-Ed, the German naval attaché, and then went back to Berlin with letters from Boy-Ed. After several months in Norway, Hermann returned to England and went up to Scotland. There he brazenly enrolled himself in Edinburgh University as an American student of forestry, and there he could learn many things about the British fleet in the Firth of Forth. He remained as a student from September to about Christmas, 1915, when Scotland Yard suggested he get out. He went directly to New York City, and early in 1916 he was back in Berlin, traveling via Norway.

In Berlin Hermann was introduced to Paul Hilken, and with Dr. Anton Dilger they went on February 18 to call on Nadolny and Marguerre, chiefs of the General Staff intelligence department.

The three then and there got orders to return to America and take part in the sabotage. Every detail was discussed, and nothing was said about simply *observing* in America until we got into the war and *then* commencing the destructive assignments. Indeed, they got orders to bomb, burn, and destroy immediately and to the fullest extent of their ingenuity and capacity.

Furthermore, Nadolny and Marguerre gave Hermann scores of incendiary pencils, to which I have referred from time to time in the preceding chapters.

Here's what an incendiary pencil is: Hermann was to take an ordinary large pencil, say one about the size of the red or blue ones sold at any store. Submerged for a sufficient time in water the two halves would come apart. The lead was then removed. In the top end of the half-pencil would be placed a tiny, thin vial about 3½ inches long, tapering to a point at the upper end. Its bottom end was something like a little two-pronged fork. Between these tines was a small hollow tube with an open end. This capillary opening was, indeed, as small as it could be and still let a liquid drip slowly through.

Below this forked end of the glass vial, potassium chlorate and sugar were to be packed into the space occupied originally by the lead. This was in the proportion of one-third chemical to two-thirds sugar. When the pencil was to be used, the little vial would be filled with sulphuric acid and the tapering end closed with a tiny bulb of sealing wax. A small length of the original lead was then replaced so that it would protrude from the pencil point, the halves were glued together again, and the little infernal machine was ready for action—seemingly an innocent pencil.

A German agent employed as a worker in the plant to be destroyed would be given one of these pencils. He would simply put it in his vest pocket—where the searchers at the factory gates would overlook it as they hunted for tobacco and matches—and when the night agreed on for the arson arrived, usually Saturday quitting time, the worker would either leave his vest hanging on a hook near some inflammable substance, such as gasoline or shavings or oily waste, or lay the pencil tilted on his bench, and just before he left simply sharpen it so that the tiny sealing-wax bulb would be broken off.

With the admission of air the sulphuric acid would gradually leak down through the capillary groove to the chlorate of potassium and sugar and in about an hour after the plant was deserted there would suddenly spring into life a flame of intense heat.

All evidence would naturally be destroyed by the time the first guards or firemen reached the scene, and with powder and other explosives piled around the fiercely burning pencil, you may be sure another victory for the Fatherland was consummated.

Hilken was to be delayed a bit in Germany, so Hermann returned to America alone. Presently Hilken returned with ample funds, as previously described, and introduced Hermann to Hinsch. They made a precious pair. They did their stuff for the rest of the year—and Hilken says he paid $2,000 to Hinsch after the latter boasted of being responsible for the Black Tom explosion in July.

In December Hinsch and Hermann worked together in New York City. Hermann was living in the Luxor apartments with Willie Woehst, a very able fellow agent. Woehst had reached New York in November on a forged Swiss passport under the name of Hermann Roof. Woehst left America on February 14, 1917, with von Bernstorff, and later confessed bribing guards around railway yards to let him wander about unmolested at night.

About the middle of December they plotted the destruction of Kingsland, Hermann later confessed, and Hinsch introduced him to Wozniak. They met on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, in front of the McAlpin Hotel. Wozniak told Hermann he was working at Kingsland and that Thorne was part of the general conspiracy.

Hermann instructed Wozniak in what he was to do and paid him forty dollars a week. A few days later Wozniak reported that everything was clear, but that he would like another German agent planted at the bench beside him.

So Hinsch, according to Hermann, brought along a chap named Rodriguez and Thorne arranged for Rodriguez to go to work whenever the conspiracy was ripe for execution. Wozniak and Rodriguez and Hermann met several times during the holidays and immediately thereafter and rehearsed the details of the crime with special emphasis on the incendiary pencils. Hermann says he also put Rodriguez on the pay roll.

A day or so before January 11, Hermann met them and gave Wozniak several of the arson pencils. It is not clear whether Wozniak was to leave the pencil behind him when he quit work that Thursday, or whether he hastened his part by setting fire to his bench before the whistle blew.

In any event, the great assembly plant was burned to the ground, and a couple of days later Hermann met Rodriguez and paid him $500. He never paid Wozniak anything, and he did not see either of them again.

HERMANN, in his confession, tells a significant thing: he says that the first time he met Hinsch after the fire, Hinsch said, " Helloa Rodriguez." Hermann insists that his partner in crime was not justified in calling him by that name, and did it only as a joke; besides, Hermann adds earnestly, he was a blond and the stranger at Wozniak's bench was described by every eyewitness as a " Latin-looking " fellow.

Hermann says this greeting was just Hinsch's playful nature erupting, just as Hinsch called himself Grantnor, among the many names he used. Kristoff, it will be remembered, said he traveled around the country with a German agent named Grantnor.

In February the United States and Germany severed relations, and Hermann was one of the first agents to flee this country. Hilken supplied him with ample funds, and reminded him that he had promised Nadolny and Marguerre the year before that he would destroy the great oil fields at Tampico—in another neutral country.

Hermann then went to Cuba, traveling with a man named Raoul Gerdts Pochet, who had shared the apartment with him and Woehst. They had trouble in Havana getting passports, but finally bribed their way to Vera Cruz and proceeded to Mexico City. Hermann reported promptly to Heinrich von Eckhardt, German minister to Mexico, and the following two cables, intercepted and decoded by Admiral Hall, add interesting testimony to just what regard was felt in Berlin for the rights of neutral nations, as well as confirming most of the testimony, apart from their confessions, about Hilken and Hermann:

> April 12, 1917. Mexico City. For Captain Marguerre or Nadolny, Grand General Staff:
>
> Where is Lieut. Woehst stationed? Has he sent about $25,000 to Paul Hilken? He or somebody else it so send me money F....... 86793 Quartalisen Hermann.
>
> With reference to previous paragraph. Hermann (a smart, fair-haired German with Anglo-Saxon accent) professes to have received from General Staff a year ago, and renewed in January by Hilken, a commission to set fire to the Tampico oil field, and proposes now to carry it out. He asks me whether he is to do it. Would it not be well for me to answer that I am not in communication with Berlin? Verdy believes him and his companion B........(51158) Gerds to be English or American spies. Request immediate answer—most immediate.

TWO things in the above cable arouse one's curiosity: first, that some of the message was either garbled or beyond Admiral Hall's deciphering ability; and, second, that if Nadolny and Marguerre gave Hermann instructions " a year ago " to destroy Tampico, it must have been about the time of the February, 1916, conference. This reflects significantly on the veracity of the German government's past and present contention that German agents in America were merely to *observe*, restraining themselves from overt sabotage until after we joined the Allies.

To the foregoing cable came the answer below, further confirming the duplicity of Berlin:

> May 5, 1917. Berlin to von Eckhardt, Mexico City.
>
> Hermann's statements are correct. Nothing is known of Gerds. Woehst has been retired. The firing of Tampico would be valuable from a military point of view, but the general staff leaves it for you to decide. Please do not sanction anything which would endanger our relations with Mexico or, if the question arises, give Hermann any open support.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN
OFFICE
NOISES
IRRITATE
YOU NEED
NYAL SALTS
NYAL SALTS
(Formerly Nyal Liver Salts)
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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five

After Hermann had been in Mexico City a while Hinsch showed up, and told him that Wozniak was in town. Hermann replied that he didn't want to see him and certainly wouldn't give him any money.

After considerable talk about burning Tampico, and several visits to the oil district, and efforts to bribe others to perform the actual sabotage, Hermann proceeded to Chile to check up on shipping in South America. In Chile he married a native girl, by whom he had two children; and in 1922 returned to New York, where he got a job in the National City Bank. In 1925 he returned to Chile, to work in a branch office of the bank.

After Peaslee got an inkling of Hermann's connection with the great sabotage campaign, he learned from American secret service agents that Hermann had lived in Roselle Park. He went there and soon met Hermann's brothers, Edwin and Carl. They admitted many details of the general conspiracy and told him Fred was in Chile. After several conferences, Mr. Peaslee persuaded Hilken to go to Chile and try to get Hermann's helpful testimony, if he could be persuaded to give it.

Hilken went down but Hermann obstinately declined to help the American claimants. Instead, he went to the German legation, which got in touch with Berlin, and in the notoriety that followed Hermann lost his job. His brothers were then sent down to Chile by Peaslee & Brigham, and after considerable negotiations Hermann consented to go to Havana and there meet the Americans.

Immunity from prosecution for his sabotage activities in neutral America having been arranged with the United States, Hermann proceeded to Washington, where on April 1, 1930, he testified at length after he had signed an affidavit confessing all the foregoing.

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

He added many corroborative details about the work of Hinsch, Dr. Anton Dilger and his brother, Carl Dilger; the colored stevedore foreman, Eddie Felton; and others. And when he faced Wozniak in New York in July, 1930, he swore he was the man he hired to burn Kingsland.

ON January 11, 1929, Raoul Gerdts Pochet made a statement to Mr. Peaslee. Gerdts was born in Colombia in 1897, the son of a German father and a Colombian mother. He was in the United States from March, 1916, to February, 1917, and for ten days in April, 1917.

He met Fred Hermann in New York City in June or July, 1916, and thereafter they lived together. He and Hermann left New York together in February, 1917, for Havana. A month later they went to Vera Cruz and continued to Mexico City.

He says that in Mexico City Hermann went under the name of Rodriguez—and he insists that Hermann was the Rodriguez involved in the destruction of Kingsland.

In April, 1917, Hermann told Gerdts to go to New York City and collect $25,000 from Charles Hoppenberg, who was employed in New York City by Hilken to run the affairs of the Eastern Forwarding Company, the firm that handled the cargoes for the submarine Deutschland. Gerdts was to take the $25,000 back to Hermann.

The message to Hoppenberg was written by Hermann in lemon juice on a page in a book of poetry. Gerdts reached Hoppenberg's office on Pearl Street and learned that Hoppenberg had died the day before. He then went to Baltimore to see Hilken, in accordance with Hermann's orders. Hilken developed the writing, then told Gerdts to wait while he went to New York to get the money.

Three days later Hilken introduced Gerdts to Captain Hinsch, and told him Hinsch would take the money to Hermann. Hilken gave Gerdts $1,000 and told him to return to Mexico City. Hinsch also sent a message: he told Gerdts to tell Hermann that he was busy shipping 7.07-millimeter guns across the Mexico border to equip a destroyer in Mazatlan for the purpose of raiding United States west coast shipping.

Hermann was to recruit 200 good men to man the destroyer for Hinsch. Hermann should have had no trouble in finding that many good men in Mexico, because there were so many spies and saboteurs there from the United States that Minister von Eckhardt was considering buying a large ranch and letting the whole mob live on it.

GERDTS said he went back to Hermann and delivered the messages. He says that Hermann then offered him $25,000 to go up to Tampico and blow up the oil fields, and when he declined Hermann fired him. Gerdts then went to Havana and returned to Colombia, where he became agent in Bogotá for the Sun Life Insurance Company, the job he held when he gave Mr. Peaslee his statement.

Leonard A. Peto, vice president of the Agency of the Canadian Car & Foundry Company, one of the principal American claimants against Germany, paid Gerdts $10,000 for the above statement, which Gerdts made in the office of the American consul in Baranquilla, Colombia.

To conclude with one more confirmation of the foregoing sabotage activities that cannot be controverted, it is interesting to note that on July 27, 1929, Major Marguerre in Berlin admitted that in February, 1916, he ordered Hermann to destroy the Tampico oil fields and commit every possible destruction in America—although he insisted that the use of the pencils he confessed giving to Hermann and the latter's obedience to the sabotage instructions were contingent on our entry into the war.

When the Mixed Claims Commission, in October, 1930, found Germany not guilty of the destruction of Black Tom and Kingsland, the decision said:

> We have no doubt that authority was so given by Marguerre in February, 1916. Marguerre himself so testifies. Nadolny had on January 26, 1915, sent a cable authorizing such sabotage. . . . Marguerre testifies that the authority given by him in 1916 was not to be exercised during neutrality, but only in case America entered the war. We do not believe his evidence with respect to this alleged limitation of the authority, though. . . . We think that Marguerre did not tell the truth. . . . And we see no evidence that the general staff's authority, as specifically extended in the cable of January 26, 1915, was ever modified.

This decision was unanimous, and was signed by Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach, the German commissioner! Readers of this series will, consequently, be justified in indulging what skepticism they care to as to Berlin's contention that agents violated orders. Especially when Germany paid them so generously for their disobedience and decorated them after their return to the Fatherland.

Next week Mr. Sutherland will relate the activities of a wizard of chemistry and his collaborators in explosive and bacterial sabotage.

The Perfect Murder

A Short Short Story

By

Roy L. Mangum

who is Irish, but was born in Mexico and came to the United States in 1909 speaking only French and Spanish. He has been a soldier, an advertising man, a janitor, a farmer, and a newspaper man. He now edits a trade paper in New York City, where he makes his home.

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

FOR twenty-two years Mark Melcher had walked from his drug store to his house at exactly five o'clock. Methodical, Mark was. For twenty-two years he had been greeted respectfully along the way by men and women who had grown old with him. Dignified, Mark was. For twenty-two years he had stopped to pat the heads of children, and give them penny candies. Kindly, Mark was. "Wouldn't hurt a fly," as Bob Barstow, the sheriff, often said.

Mark was Willowville's best-loved citizen, all right. People came to him with their troubles. Behind his old, dusty prescription counter he listened to the secrets of human beings who trusted him. He had a way about him, Mark had, so that you listened to his advice, and carried it out, and found yourself the better for it.

Emily Holden was a mighty pretty girl of about twenty-two. The school-teacher, and a good one. Even the pupils liked her. She had come to Willowville early in September and by Christmas she was dead in love with Andrew Fellows. Old Man Fellows—he wasn't so very old, though, come to think of it—was the richest man in town and head of the school board. So, naturally, he saw a lot of Emily Holden. She went up to his house now and then to talk over school matters, and it was plain to see, after a spell, that she was gone over him. Not just in love, you understand, but crazy about him—like some women get over a man.

Well, Emily came into Mark Melcher's drug store one day and got behind the prescription counter and began to take on something awful. Mark listened to her story, and while she was telling it his eyes got to looking mighty ugly.

"And you say Andrew Fellows is the man?" he demanded when she got through.

"Oh, I have been such a fool!" Emily sobbed. "But I loved him so, and he promised to marry me. And now he threatens to tell something he says he knows about me, Mr. Melcher. Something he says is terrible. Oh, what shall I do, Mr. Melcher?"

MARK put his arms around Emily Holden and held her close and cried. It was awful. Pretty soon he pulled himself together and went to the bank and cashed a fat check. Then he came back and gave Emily the money.

"You go," he said, "to this address"—he gave her the name of somebody in New York—"and tell the lady there all about it. Tell her Mark Melcher sent you. And don't you ever come back to Willowville, Emily."

Emily insisted she couldn't take the money, of course. But Mark just took her in his arms and kissed her mighty tenderly and made her do it. Then, when she had gone, he got behind his prescription counter again and waited.

He had made up his mind to kill Old Man Fellows, to confess, and to let them hang him if they wanted to.

Pretty soon Old Man Fellows came in to ask for some of the eye wash he usually bought.

"Got a new kind, Andrew," Mark said slowly. "Smells nice, too."

He went behind the counter and got a half ounce of prussic acid. The pure stuff, undiluted. Then he let Old Man Fellows take a little whiff of it.

"Smells sort of like peach blossoms," said Old Man Fellows. "Kind of nice, isn't it?"

"It's nice," said Mark, "and just as good for the eyes as it smells. I've only got this much, but I'll let you have it, same price as the other."

Old Man Fellows smiled. Mark did too, for he knew that a single drop of pure prussic acid inside the eye would kill Old Man Fellows almost as quick as lightning.

Old Man Fellows paid over his money and started to leave. It was five o'clock, so Mark went along with him. At his house Mark turned in and bade his friend good-by.

Early next morning the news spread like wildfire. Mrs. Thompson, Old Man Fellows' housekeeper, had found him deader than a doornail when she went upstairs to see what had kept him so long before breakfast. Near her master in the bathroom she had found a little bottle, and gripped in Old Man Fellows' hand, so tightly that he had crushed it, was an eye dropper.

FIVE o'clock that afternoon Mark Melcher closed his store, locked it, and walked over to the sheriff's office. He was going to confess, and clear his conscience, and make his peace with God, even if they hanged him for it. He didn't care now what happened.

"Bob," he said to the sheriff, "I've come to give myself up. I killed Andrew Fellows."

The sheriff started to laugh, but one look at Mark's eyes stopped him. Wild-looking and sort of glassy they were—like crazy people's eyes. The sheriff told Mark to sit down and went outside for a minute to whisper something to his deputy.

"Mark Melcher's goin' crazy," he said. "He thinks he killed Old Man Fellows. Can you beat it? Why, Mark wouldn't hurt a fly. Too bad. They was friends for years, those two. Guess it must have hit Mark pretty hard."

That news spread like wildfire, too. Mark Melcher had gone kind of crazy over Old Man Fellows' death! Wasn't it a shame? And Mark such a fine man. So sympathetic. Too sympathetic, he was, worrying himself crazy over his friend's death because he had sold him some poison. As if he could have known that Old Man Fellows was going to commit suicide, like the coroner said!

He got to wandering around Willowville, telling everybody he had killed Old Man Fellows. Folks would listen, shake their heads, and say, "That's too bad, Mark. That's too bad." Then they'd walk on. Pretty soon Mark got so he would wake up at night and scream. His housekeeper left him.

They put Mark away in Doc Smith's sanitarium. Everybody says it's too bad, and they can't imagine how Mark Melcher ever got the idea that he killed Old Man Fellows.

But then, Willowville folks don't know to this day that Emily Holden was Mark Melcher's daughter, that Mark had never been married, and that Old Man Fellows was the only human being on earth who knew those things.

THE END

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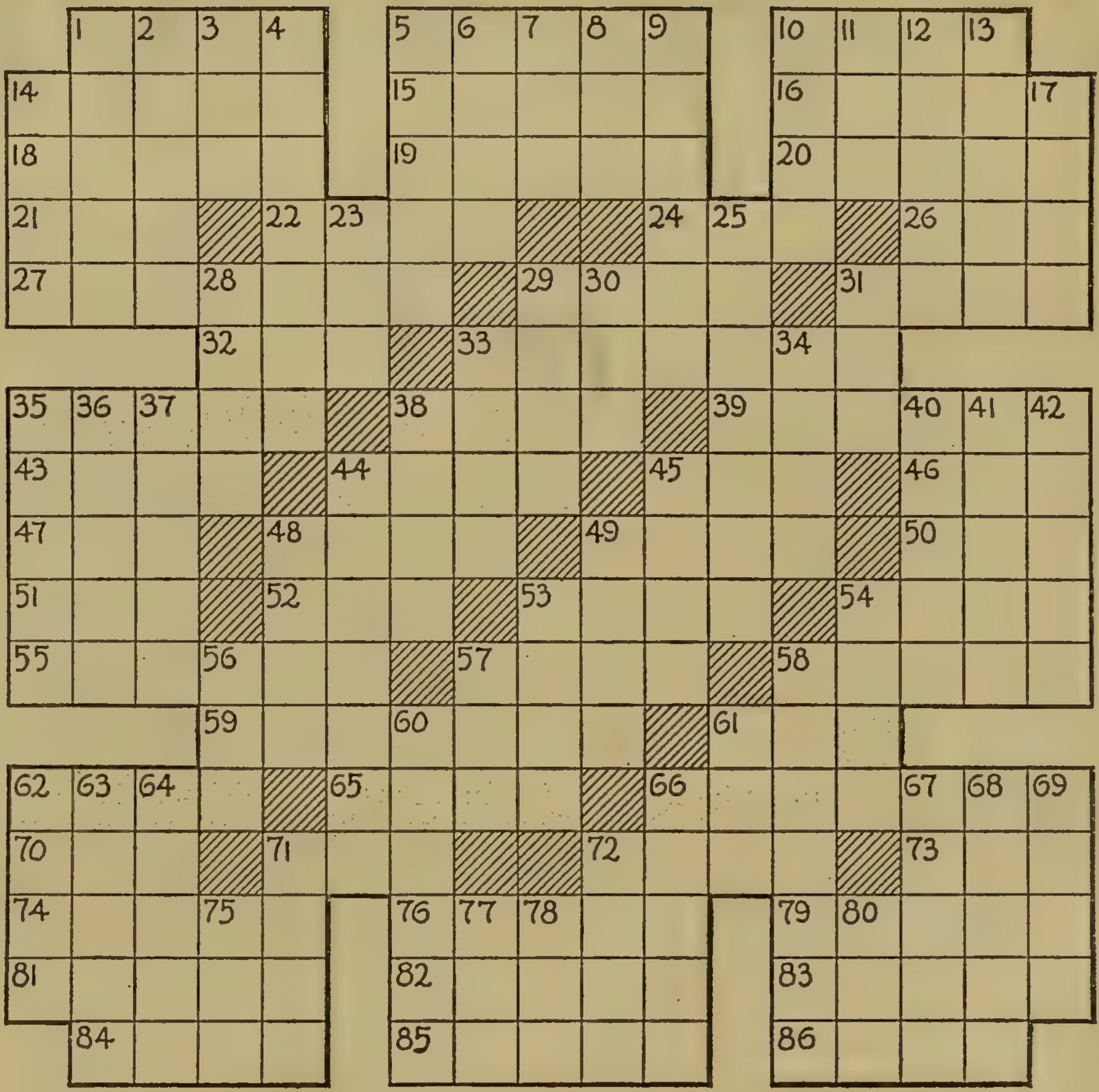
Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

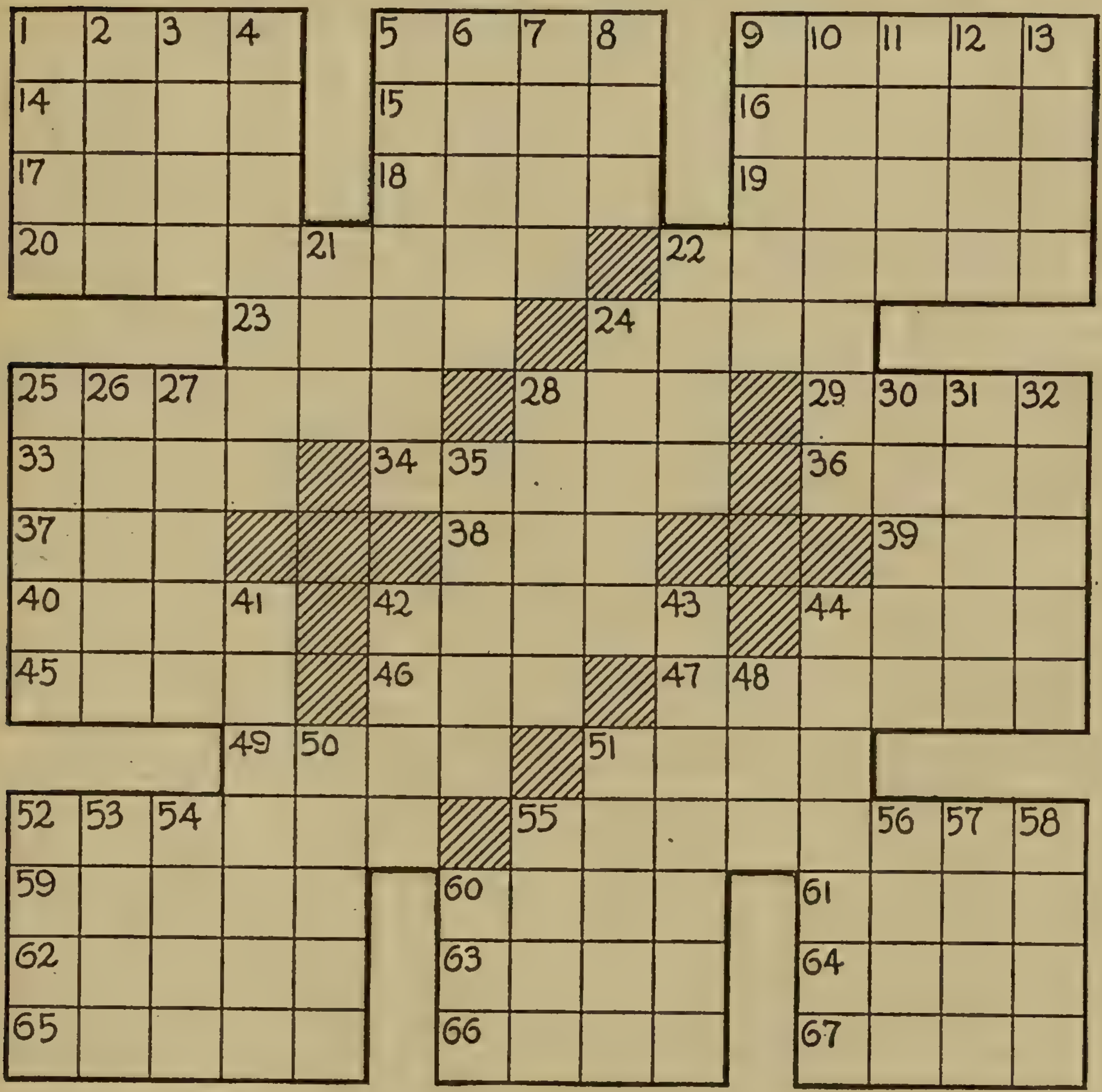
1 Sleeveless garment
5 Puff out; swell
10 Elliptical
14 Crowlike bird
15 Large artery
16 Patagonian cavies
18 Correct; emendate
19 Potassium nitrate
20 Indisposed to move or act
21 Faculty of perception or knowledge
22 Lingers or loiters
24 Large hole
26 Topaz humming bird
27 A snapping, or click, beetle (plural)
29 Before long
31 Ridges of drift
32 Utility
33 Obscured to the eye or understanding
35 Birds
38 Covering of certain seeds
39 Peaceful
43 To reside in a collective body
44 Neat
45 A fish
46 A constellation
47 Playing card
48 Stiffly decorous
49 Utensils
50 Large container
51 The linden
52 Succor
53 Move from one place to another
54 A fruit
55 Complete; whole
57 The succulent part of any fruit
58 Filthier
59 Old men preëminent for wisdom
61 Tibetan ox
62 So be it!
65 Carry
66 Revokes
70 And not
71 A fowl
72 A proclamation
73 Hurrah!
74 Slant
76 Village in Herkimer County, New York
79 Lessen; wane
81 Chief gods of the Teutonic pantheon
82 Weeds
83 Yawned
84 Puts in place
85 Blot out
86 Paradise

VERTICAL

1 Beast of burden
2 Genus of grasses
3 Write
4 Interminable
5 Beats with resounding blows
6 Woman's name
7 A fragment
8 Corroded
9 A fish
10 Leave undone
11 A conveyance
12 Districts
13 The early form of any animal
14 Garden implement
17 Heavenly body
23 Form of to be
25 Natives of an Asiatic country
28 Give tone to
29 Slender
30 To lubricate
31 A poem
33 Part of a hat
34 Strays from right
35 Sea mammal
36 Poisonous protein of the castor-oil bean
37 An occurrence
38 Dry; barren
40 Of vessels of war
41 Ill tempered
42 Provide food
44 Austrian seaport
45 To catch the breath convulsively
48 Peel
49 Comrades
53 Free from moral defilement
54 A levee
56 Hostelry
57 Cooking utensil
58 Superior situation or opportunity
60 An explosive
61 Yes
62 A loop or looplike structure (anatomy)
63 Burrowing animals
64 Irregular; uneven
66 Wash lightly
67 Fruit of a vine of the genus Vitis
68 Consumed
69 Outbuilding
71 A pronoun
72 Enemies
75 Fruit stone
77 Etruscan title
78 Babylonian god of war and pestilence
80 Evil

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Large bodies of salt water
5 To cast forth, as with disgust
9 Set or turned to one side
14 A host
15 Ponderous volume
16 Steeply tapering roof surmounting a tower
17 Charge upon real or personal property
18 Parched with heat; barren
19 Time, as expressed by the forms of a verb
20 Softer or more delicate in quality
22 Flickered or twinkled, as a light
23 Wearies or troubles; bores
24 Difficult to impress or influence
25 Divide and distribute by portions
28 Parasitic disease affecting sheep
29 A wide-mouthed pitcher or jug
33 Son of Zeus and Hera (Greek mythology)
34 Tales
36 Genus of American ostriches
37 A color
38 Any long and slender support of an object
39 Characterized by bad intention
40 River in Germany
42 Fine driving icy particles
44 Joy; merriment
45 Slave
46 Immeasurable period of time
47 Prince of Afghanistan or of Sind (plural)
49 Species of duck
51 Native name of an Asiatic country
52 Expresses the particulars of
55 Excited by sudden alarm
59 Fearful; shy
60 Craft
61 That which may be learned
62 Active
63 Feminine personal name
64 Affliction; injury
65 Interprets; explains
66 Hawaiian garlands
67 Spanish coin

VERTICAL

1 To preserve in brine
2 A city in Neosho County, Kansas
3 Word of solemn ratification
4 Magistrate of an Italian city (plural)
5 Sheerly; purely
6 Minute darkish dots mottling the sun
7 A title of dignity among the Turks
8 Attach firmly or indissolubly
9 In a state of activity or motion
10 Prodigal; spendthrift
11 Cramp or stiffness in some part of the body
12 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
13 Unsightly, useless, or injurious plant
21 Sooner than
22 Graphite; black lead (plural)
24 Articulated joint
25 Resolve into its elements, as a sentence
26 Open spaces about the bases of buildings
27 Fortification
28 Immature; untrained
30 As long as
31 Fisher for lampreys
32 Adventitious sound accompanying breathing (plural)
35 Permit
41 Impatient under coercion
42 Comprehends
43 Small New Zealand evergreens
44 Milder; more amiable
48 Disfigure
50 People of an ancient Asiatic kingdom
51 Members of an ancient race of Italy
52 Heavenly body
53 Thin piece of baked clay
54 Surrounded by
55 Part of the foot
56 Ardent affection
57 Worm which feeds upon the castor-oil plant
58 Ravine
60 Babylonian god

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

LOVELY
SKIN
MAY COME
ALMOST
OVERNIGHT

thanks to **DR. EDWARDS**

IF you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

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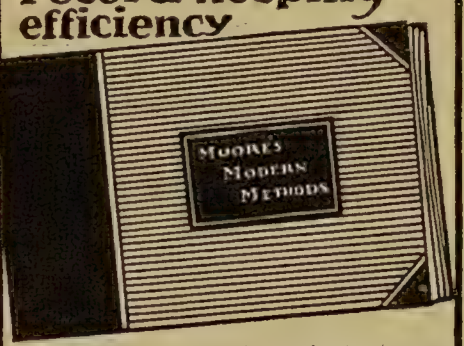

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to the Problem of Conduct in Liberty for March 7 has been divided among those whose names appear below.

THE problem was:

Suppose you had twins, one perfect physically but with a mental defect, the other perfect mentally but with a physical defect. Physicians assure you surgery will remove the trouble in both cases, but lack of finances makes two operations impossible.

Would you have the mental or physical handicap removed? Being able to do only one of these things, would you feel that you could, in fairness, do either of them?

By MRS. BEATRICE MERRICK
106 Grenada Terrace, Springfield, Massachusetts

I SHOULD by all means have the operation performed on the child with the mental defect.

Instances of those with physical defects attaining heights to which the average person never reaches are so numerous and well known as to hardly need listing. But the child with the mental defect hasn't a chance. Moreover, in later years the physical defect will still be subject to operation—very possibly as successfully as tho' done in childhood—but to the mentally defective child every year is a year irretrievably lost. He can never make up for it. The blindness of the eyes is as nothing compared with blindness of the mind.

As to depriving both children of their chance because you can afford it for only one—that would be sheer, foolish sentimentality. I say give the little blind-minded child his chance of escape from the kind of life to which death would be preferable.

By M. B. SLOAN
1417 Main Street, Bloomington, Illinois

I WOULD remove the physical defect and have one entirely normal child adequately equipped for facing a difficult world. The reason is simple and common-sense. A child suffers far more from a physical handicap than from a mental one.

Life has a way of protecting the mentally defective. They drift through life in a dreamlike, half-waking state that is not unhappy. They rarely suffer from knowledge of their defects.

On the other hand, life for the physically defective child is an eternal hell. The world is a hideously cruel place for a cripple. He becomes self-conscious, suffers from a feeling of inferiority, and dreads the ridicule of playmates from the moment he realizes his differences—from the time he can think and reason.

I can think of no pain on earth more intense for a parent than to watch the torturous path of a physically crippled child through life. The little mental defective can always be protected, kept away from a ruthless world, insured a fairly contented life; but the alert mind in a broken body must face the world. Viewing the problem from a common-sense rather than a conventionally sentimental standpoint, I should say it is far better and more humane to remove the physical handicap.

By STELLA STROUS
205 Henry Street, East, Savannah, Georgia

IF I had to decide which child should have the medical attention I would say most emphatically that the mental defect should be treated.

Demosthenes, Milton, Helen Keller, Steinmetz, and the names of hundreds of others with a physical defect will live forever in the pages of history, but who ever heard a mental defective referred to in any other than a sympathetic or disparaging way?

Our asylums and penitentiaries are crowded with criminals with a mental quirk. If they had been treated when they were little children, who can tell but that they might be highly thought of members of society today and not charges on the government and sorrow to their relatives?

Give the mentally defective child treatment by all means! A physical defect is a very small handicap in today's scheme.

By GEORGE M. KELLOGG
Saugerties, New York

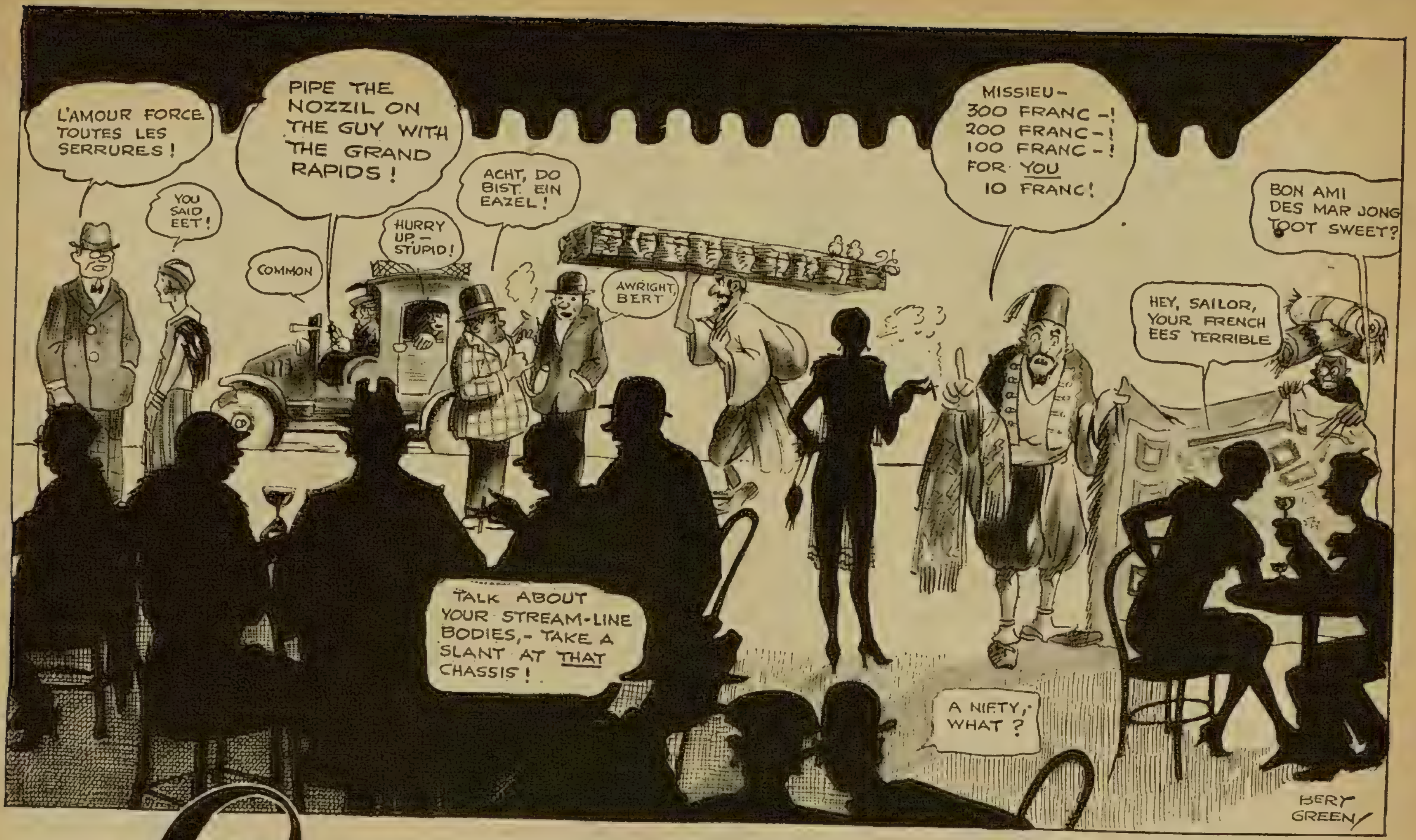
THE situation outlined in the question of the twins seems almost like a personal matter to me.

Eighteen years ago twin boys were born to us. During their childhood one was a victim of infantile paralysis and became a helpless cripple. The other contracted scarlet fever which left him a mental defective.

Medical advice was to the effect that either boy might be benefited by prolonged treatment in a hospital. Being in poor circumstances, I could not get the money to have either boy treated, and after lingering for several months the paralytic twin died.

I would not have hesitated a moment, if I had had money but for the treatment of one, in choosing the physically defective one, as life to a helpless invalid, with mental capacity to appreciate the situation, is far more pitiful and necessary to help than to one who, though mentally defective, is growing up to be a strong, healthy, good-natured man—able to do all kinds of common work that requires little mentality, and who spends his leisure hours laughing over the " funnies," drawing pictures, and playing simple games with members of the family. He seems as happy as the day is long, and reminds one of the lines—" Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Answers to the question in Liberty for March 14 will be published next week.


L'AMOUR FORCE TOUTES LES SERRURES!
YOU SAID EET!
PIPE THE NOZZIL ON THE GUY WITH THE GRAND RAPIDS!
COMMON
HURRY UP— STUPID!
ACHT, DO BIST EIN EAZEL!
AWRIGHT, BERT
MISSIEU— 300 FRANC—! 200 FRANC—! 100 FRANC—! FOR YOU 10 FRANC!
BON AMI DES MAR JONG TOOT SWEET?
HEY, SAILOR, YOUR FRENCH EES TERRIBLE
TALK ABOUT YOUR STREAM-LINE BODIES,- TAKE A SLANT AT THAT CHASSIS!
A NIFTY, WHAT?
BERT GREEN

The customers sit at little tables on the sidewalk and watch the dizzy dopes from all over the world pass by.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

How They Get that Weigh in Paris

(Reading time: 7 min. 40 sec.)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

Listen Tweedlums, you aint seen nothin if you aint see Paris! WOW—Period—new paragraph.

Talk about your steam heated mommers, this mans town makes the Sultans hairum look like cold Turkey to me. Honest, the wear and tear on a guys heart, liver and lungs leaves nothin to the hectic imagination.

Oh, I'll have to plunge right in and give you the buzz wuzz about the place so you wont have to go waa-waa yourself. To begin with—the whole nation is sexy and full of naughty nonsence! Those who have IT, are IT and dont last long. Those that aint, had better park their body in a nice cool emergency ward until theyre able to go places and do things, because if they aint got IT, *ITS* just too bad!!

Another thing, everybody belongs to the Four Hour Lunch Club. When they put the egg on, it becomes a *business* and not a meal. You should see em *scoff!* A Frenchmans light lunch would feed the starving Armenians for a month and I dont mean MAYBE! When a frog sits down to eat, he wouldnt leave the groceries if the building was burning. As soon as he parks himself, the first thing the waiter does is roll up a push cart filled with Hor-Doves. A good push cart will have about thirty dishes of assorted knick knacks on it rangin from walrus to bird gravel. And the frog never misses one of em! First, he tees off with a coupla Portugeese sardines that are big enough to scare a dog fish.

Then he follows through with a few slabs of salmon, a half a dozen herrings, a few snails and a mess of oyster crabs that are still alive and kicking. This over with, he works his way through beets, olives, cavier and anything else thats loose in the room, and by the time hes up in the salad department, the push cart looks as though a horse walked through the resturant.

After the appertisers have been washed down with a bottle of red ink, the waiter traipes in with a dishpan full of thick soup. In order to keep the soup from bein lonesome, the customer usually eats about four feet of French bread with it. Well, when this is finished, the

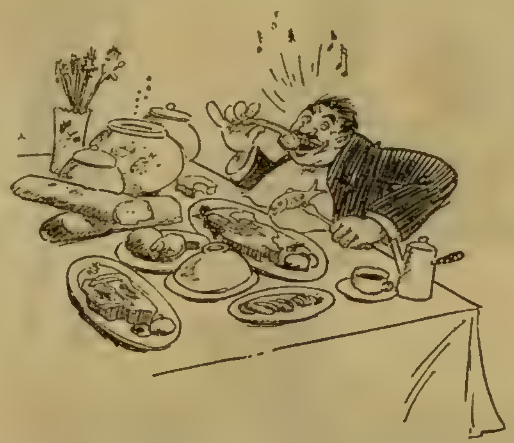
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

waiter hands him the menu and the meal is *about to begin.* The frog has his choice of a half a chicken, a veal stew, a porter house steak or maybe a little morsal like a boiled dinner. To go with the meat order another bottle of ink and more bread follows the perade. Oh, Im tellin you Love Lips, theyre no slouches when it comes to groceries.

After the Frenchman gets his second wind, he goes against some french pastry or maybe a double header of smelly cheese. They serve cheese different over here. They bring it in on an ironing board. A Ritzy ironing board will sport more cheese than a dish closet has cracks. Theres Swiss cheese, Irish cheese, Wop cheese, Edam cheese, German cheese what have you, or roll your own. As soon as the waiter takes the cheese board out of the vault, every fly in the room leaves for another resturant!

Anyway, after the customer has done his cheesing and still feels a bit empty, the fruit and nuts may come in for a heavy workout too. Having killed the better part of the afternoon, he now lights up one of those French Roman candles called a cigar and begins throwing out a beautiful aroma that smells just like somebody was brandin a cow. No kiddin Marg, *food* and *wimen* are the chief pastimes in this guys town.



He wouldnt leave the groceries if the building was burning.

The other day me, Danny Doyle and his shot and shell Gwendolyn were walkin along the Chumps de Leza when we bumpted into a friend of hers what used to hustle hash in a New York beenery. This dame it seemed fell air to a small fortune left her by an old uncle who went oofeygay in a nut hatch in Ireland. Anyhow, when this twist seized the coin, the first thing she did was dash to a spiritualist and have her future read. The spiritualist looked blank, went into a trance, took the twenty bucks and gave her the *Number Two* sales talk. I see a dark man, he said,—a man with *money,*—youre goin to travel,—yes, I see a *wedding* too!

As soon as the sea-ants was over, she grabbed a boat for Paris all set to meet her Prince Charming or any old fossil that was short on health and long on dough. But somehow or other something went screwey. The spiritualists dope was all wet.

ANYWAY, when me and the Doyles met her on ze Boulevard she had a John with her she introduced as Monsewer Fassell, a French flyer. This guy goaled her in a moment of round heels and depression and ever since she thinks hes Gods gift to wimen. Monsewer Fassell invited us to the Cafe de la Pay to have a little drink and do a bit of eating. See, I told you Marg, thats the first thing they think of when they meat anybody, its EAT—EAT—EAT!

This cafe, Marg, is a very famous resturant. Its located on a busy corner within a mid iron shot of the L'Opera. The customers sit at little tables on the sidewalk and watch the dizzy dopes from all over the world pass by. Believe me there WOWS! In fifteen minutes heres what we saw—an englishman with a top hat and a cane carryin an oil stove,—an Arab with a bed spring on his scull leadin a pair of goats,—a chinee dame in wooden dogs and pajamas totein a bag of soup greens,—a Persian tryin to stick a Jew with a machine made rug,—a german smokin a two foot D. L. E. W. pipe,—a turk riding a broads bicycle,—an American bottlegger sportin a brown derby and a monicle,—a french dame trying to get her IRISH STEW home without him blackenin her eye,—a salior urging a twist to be reasonable,—oh this is a great spot, this Paris.

In these cafes, Marg, the frogs pet drink is *Caffee-oo-lay,* boiled milk and coffee. They start the coffee on Monday and serve it two weeks later. Honest, its strong enough to grow hair on a billard table.

What the hell is this? squarks Danny Doyle to his bride Gwendolyn after sippin the stuff.

Thats coffee! *French* coffee, sweetheart!

Bring me some Scotch and soda! hollers Danny to the waitor.

Well, after we'd been there for about two hours getting binged up, a frog and his stylish stout moved in and sat at the next table to ours. The wife was a bucksome lass with drug store hair, weighing I should judge about 210 without bloomers. Her husband was a thick set goof with an ingrown face and enough black whiskers to stuff a lounge. Anyway, they had just about killed a pint of Mr. Hennessys 3 Star when who ankled up to the table but the *husbands sweetie* big as life and twice as nifty.

HELLO, Bebby Kid, she goes off, paying no attention to the saps wife, I'll have a little shot of Absence.

She no more than put the order in than she begins makin a big fuss over the steak-hound she had in her arms. The muts name was Fifi. Youve seen them things Marg, they call em Pinkknees. Theyve got soft boiled eyes and a nose what looks like somebody dropped em on their beak. Anyway, the husband had just gotten through introducing *his wife* to *his sweetheart* when who heels up to the table but the WIFES *boy friend!*

Well, everybody was going good, including the shampaine. The husbands sweetie however, was gettin rather binged because the Absence was working on the Shampaine. All she did was *rave* about her mut Fifi. She told them a dozen times that Fifi had just been bathed, plucked and de-fleed and that the *little darling* was going to be entered in the *Dog Show* in the morning. The way she cuddled and petted that hound was nobodys business.

Everybody had drunk so many times to Fifie's good health, the mut was getting to be a damned pest. Finally the frogs wife, beginning to feel her drinks, started to get sourcastic.

"Let's talk about somethin else!" she rattled off in French. "I'm fed up hearin about that *pen wiper!*"

She no more than said it, then the sweetie dropped the mut on the floor and began to boil.

"You mind your own business," yelled the sweetie in a rage, "shes my Fifi and I'll rave about her as much as I like!!"

Well, as soon as she said *that,* Mrs. Frog got so eggcited her garter busted at the belt with a BANG! The iron buckle hit Fifi square on the button handing him a nose as big as an *egg plant.* WOW! What a riot it was! The sweetie, thinkin the missus kicked the Pinkknees, hollered murder! When I left, the fourth customer was just bein thrown in the patrol wagon.

As for Fifi, you couldnt tell her from a lighthouse!

Wishing you the same,
Yours pathetically,
MIKE SHEA.

Another letter about Mike's adventures abroad will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Feminine Mind

When Betty saw our tiny dog, she exclaimed:
"Oh, mama, wouldn't it make a lovely muff, all scooped out?"—Miss Helen S. Reid, 132 High St., London, Ont., Canada.

* * *

The Male Shopper

I took my little cousin out shopping with me. We had visited only a few stores when he cried that he wanted to go home. I asked him why, and he replied:
"My feet hurts, my back hurts, and my head hurts—and I don't feel so well, either."—Miss Nettie Horowitz, 372 Grove St., Jersey City, N. J.

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Last year, fountains served 136,000,000 glasses of America's favorite malted milk—Borden's. It's a winner! No other two malted milks together can equal that record!

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For Home Use, *too*— *Insist on the Richer Malted Milk*

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So when you pay out your good money for malted milks, get the one that has been proved superior in health value. Get the one that is far and away the favorite at fountains. Get Borden's—to-day.

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Take home this package—accept no substitute. If you drink malted milk for health, get the malted milk with the most health *in it. That's Borden's.*

Ready to drop at 4 o'clock? Accept this offer!

Mail coupon to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing recipes and important information on relieving afternoon fatigue. Send 10c to cover mailing.

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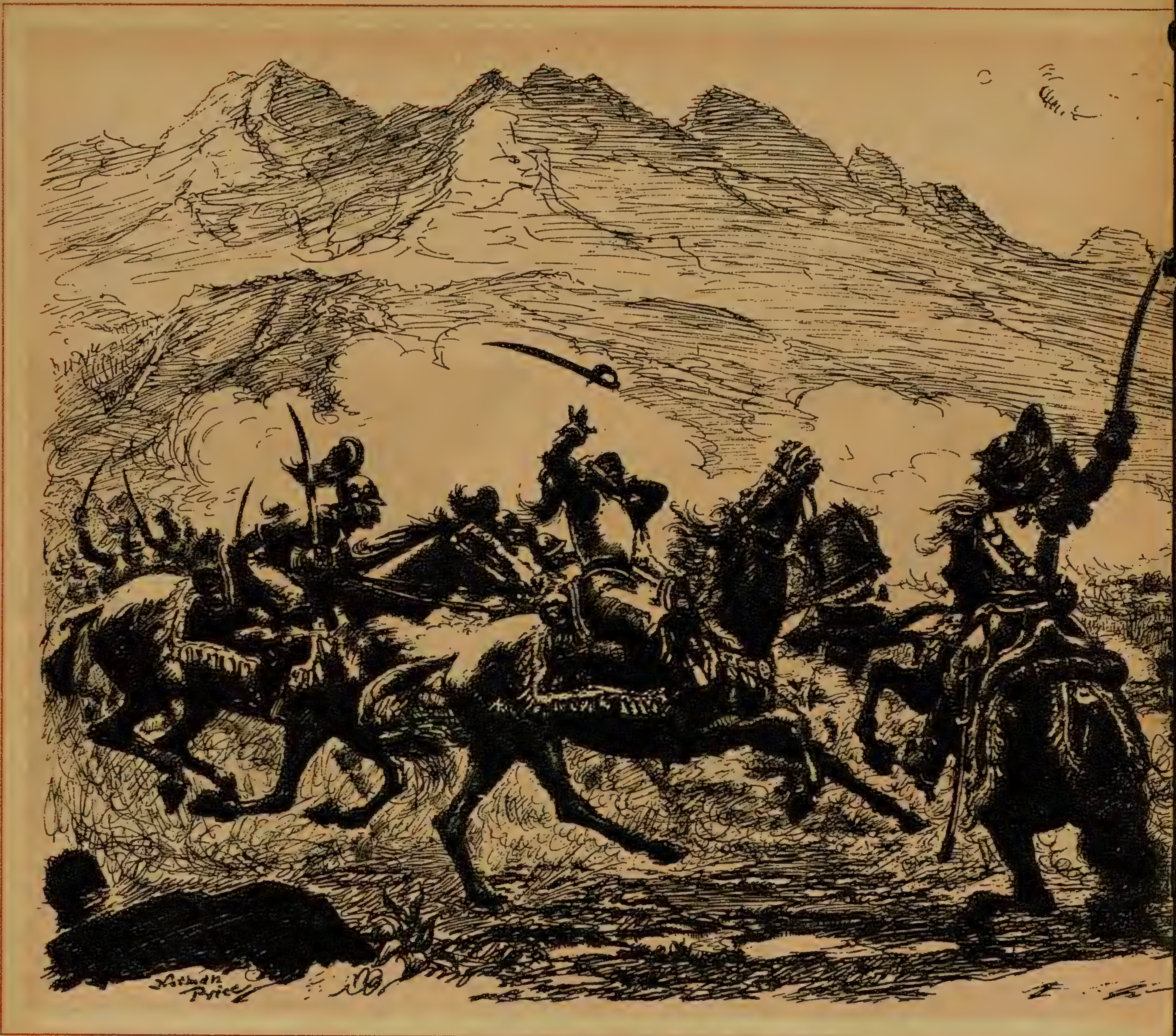


Concluding— Silver

A Romance of

By ROBERT

(Reading time: 30 minutes.)

PART FOURTEEN—THE NOCHE TRISTE

SILVER KNEES, gay, care-free, buckling on her great, tinkling, silver-gilt spurs, was singing Ysabella at the top of her lusty voice:

"Gypsy roses by the trail—
Crimson roses of Grenada—
Tell me why my cheeks are pale!
Gypsy Rosa Incarnada,
Teach me to incarnadine
Lips and cheeks to glow like thine!

"Ysabella, Ysabella,
Take a lover, Gitanella;
If thy cheeks would blush like mine,
Drink, oh, drink of Love's warm wine—"

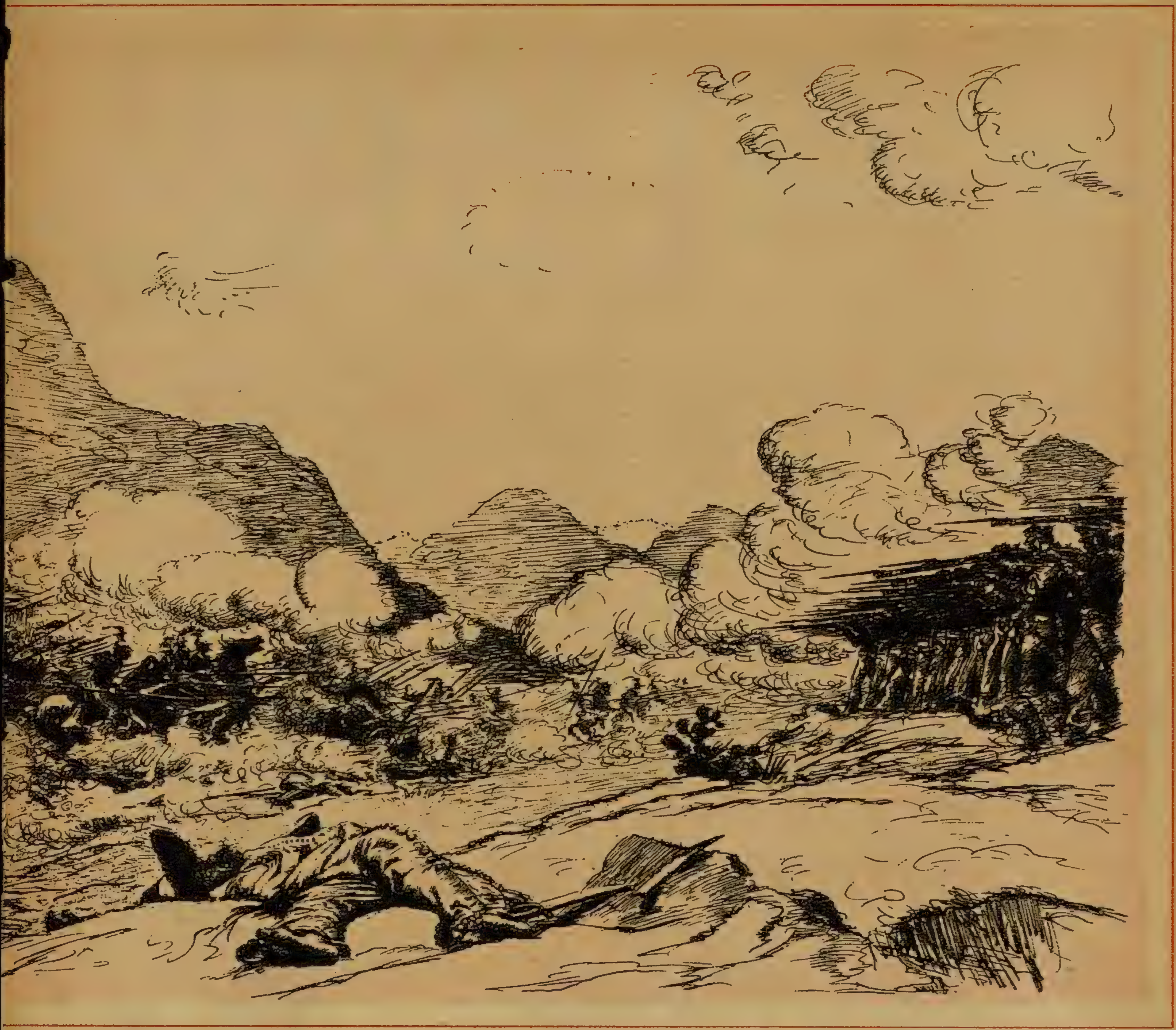
"Bang-g-g!" came the shattering explosion of a heavy gun from the battery of Captain Prentiss, First artillery.

"Oh, Señor Don Jesus, my adored!" she exclaimed in graceful dismay. "I felt the wind from that gun slap my face!"

"That's Prentiss and his big guns back of us, darling. . . . How pretty you are, bruñita—" I relapsed into the easy, intimate Gypsy tongue.

"Why do you call me a kid, prala?" she exclaimed, laughing.

"Well, then, brujita!"



Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

We saw the cuirassiers and the lancers stare at the leveled rifles as though stunned. Another terrific discharge tore them to shreds.

Knees

the Rio Grande

W. CHAMBERS

"O-oh! Shame! That is no Gitano word, either, Señor Chivo-Peujo! . . . But eat thy breakfast, light of my soul!"

She handed me a hot tortilla smeared with honey.

"Le, prala, le!—take it, my brother!"

"Nais tuké; nai bokhalo—thanks, I am not hungry," I said, striving to quell the hellish fear in my brain with a careless smile.

"Mista—very well. Will you have some repañi—some aguardiente, then, to restore you, my life's delight?"

"Neither pulque nor dulces," said I, "but only coffee and a little fruit. . . . Encarnación, I love thee."

"I love thee, Juan, my soul's darling lord," she said, blushing.

We ate breakfast with that heavenly and leisurely absorption in each other that lovers know.

Only we two seemed real in this noisy, rocking, thundering world. All else was but a vision—a ghostly pageant in preparation for display before our careless eyes—eyes utterly preoccupied with each other, and too incurious concerning battles and the life and death of men and nations, to be bothered with such trifles at such a time.

But all the while, lurking like a lamp-cast shadow of a midnight watcher, the ominous certainty of losing her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five

whom I now adored above all else on earth lay black across my vision, haunting the dim recesses of my mind.

A tremendous salvo from our howitzers brought us to our feet.

High to the southward we could trace our towering shells by the burning fuses. Fountains of red fire marked their bursting.

Before sunrise Pio Pacheco came to announce that our horses were ready, and that Bandara and Dominguez were awaiting us in the saddle. He handed me the latter's night report.

It was clear and well written.

"The general," said Peep, "is still in Saltillo, and there is already a very vicious fight beginning over there on the mountainside."

I went over to my camp table and wrote out briefly what disposition was to be made of my property in case of any accident to me—and that everything was to go to Silver Knees. . . . As though my poor inky defiance of destiny could alter the maddening and cursed thing that was impending, and which I *knew* would this day destroy her whom I loved as never in my life had I loved any human soul.

"DARLING," I said to her, "there is no hurry. Finish your coffee. I am just stepping into the next street to talk to an officer in the judge advocate's department, and I will return in a few minutes—"

"I want to go with you, prala."

"Very well."

We went out together into the chilly street. The sun was just rising; the day promised to be magnificent. All of Captain Washington's guns were firing just beyond us along the main arroyo, and their smoke formed a high, silvery curtain full of shaking, squirming folds and convolutions, hiding the wide view southward.

As I came to General Wool's headquarters I saw the chaplain of an Illinois regiment just entering the cuartel.

With a heart heavy with foreboding, I spoke to him in a low voice, and he stopped very courteously to listen to what I had to tell him.

He looked kindly and curiously at Silver Knees, who stood politely at attention like some slim and tropical West Pointer, in her Mexican boots and spurs, awaiting my convenience.

"Truly a tragic business, Major," said he in his quiet, pleasant voice. . . . "And you don't know her real name at all, sir?"

"NO. The Sisters of the Incarnation gave her the name of their religious order—Encarnación. . . . I propose to give her my family name. . . . Would you be kind enough to legalize the matter now?"

"I will, Major Maddox." He turned to Silver Knees with kindly courtesy.

"Encarnación," said I in a low voice, "here is a good father who has a remedy for our chiefest ills."

She came lithely, blithely, touching her silver-incrusted sombrero with a mischievous smile when she recognized the character of the Protestant army chaplain.

But when she entirely understood what was our present business with the reverend gentleman, her face paled exquisitely, and she found scarcely any voice to breathe her answers to his brief and whispered questions.

"Do you, Encarnación, take this man, John, to be your husband?"

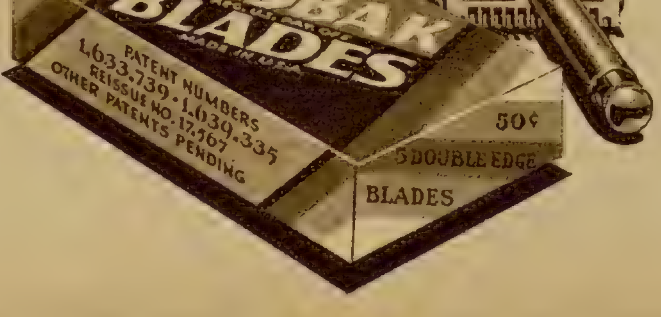
"Ei! . . . Si! . . . Yes!"

So it was done there in the garita of the cuartel, where our headquarters flag flapped smartly overhead and the ground trembled with the cannonade. . . . After we had risen from our knees and had kissed, I went into the judge advocate's office to deposit my will and to arrange for a certificate, both to be at the call of Doña Encarnación Maddox in case of accident to me—a useless provision, my tortured brain reminded me, because this young

From lip to lip the story flashes

WORD passed from man to man that the shock-absorbing Probak blade revolutionized shaving with a double-edge safety. Men everywhere — thousands upon thousands of them — suddenly began using this amazing blade and enjoying matchless shaving comfort. Sales mounted — broke records — astonished the industry and swept Probak into the spotlight of overwhelming popularity.

And still the news continues to flash from lip to lip—the praise of millions recruiting new millions to the vast galaxy of enthusiastic Probak users.



THE SHOCK-

For Gillette and Probak Razors

P

and lovely thing beside me was never to survive this cursed day at Buena Vista.

General Wool, coming out with his staff—a grim, stern-visaged soldier, not a West Pointer but one who perfectly understood his profession—asked me to procure him further information regarding the very noisy fighting which was now going on all along the eastern mountains beyond our extreme left flank.

"It is General Mejia's brigade, sir," said I. "Last night we discovered his light troops filtering through behind Miñon's cavalry. . . . Here, sir, are the dispositions of the enemy's corps, as fetched in a few minutes ago by Dominguez and his company of spies belonging to my department."

"Read it, if you please, Major. Gentlemen, pray listen."

I read:

"General Blasco is now (8 A. M.) advancing by the Saltillo road with the following four battalions: Sappers, mixed of Tampico, Fijo de Mexico, Hussars. Lombardini's division advancing on the right; General Ortega following; General Ampudia, with the light division and Fourth of the line, attacking our left flank on the mountain."

"Very well, Major. Thank you."

HE and his staff got to horse and rode slowly out into the cannon smoke ahead.

Alone, Silver Knees and I looked at each other in a kind of dazed, enchanted wonder. Then she gave me her delicate little hand and I kissed it. There were tears in her eyes and in mine.

"Papers that belong to you are to be found in the judge advocate's department," I said huskily. . . . "And, darling—Calixto has the sheets of paper upon which are written my diary and my memoirs."

"I know, Don Juan. Every night you write them."

"Every night."

"Up to last night?"

"I wrote a line concerning that this morning."

"Did you say—" A bright blush dyed her face.

"Read it, Silver Knees—some day."

"Is my name in your diary every day?"

"Your name—good God, there is scarcely anything else. . . . What else is there for me in life excepting you, star of my soul—"

"Jaña santisima," she whispered, joining her slender hands, "I also am blessed above all women! Maria Erira! of tinder and fire—yésca y yug!—let our first-born be true seed of the Romani chal!"

WE went back to the cuartel, where Silver Knees got on to her horse and began an animated conversation with Bandara and Dominguez.

I could see them from where I was talking to Calixto and showing him once more, in my military chest, my journal, closely and minutely written on small, thin sheets of paper, each week's doings recorded, tied up in a separate square packet and sealed and taped.

"Everything belongs to Doña Encarnación if I do not survive this day, Calixto," said I, miserable and unconvinced—as though such self-conscious preparations for eventualities could stay and ward off that inexorable and somber fate which, somehow, I knew meant death this day to Silver Knees.

I went out slowly and got into my saddle. Silver Knees joyously reined her horse up beside mine. God—if there were any way out of this hell-trap for her! I looked around me as though it were I, not she, who was entrapped. But I knew in my heart and soul that wherever she went her tragic fate would follow her. It was already written.

I knew it.

I motioned Bandara forward and beckoned Pio Pacheco

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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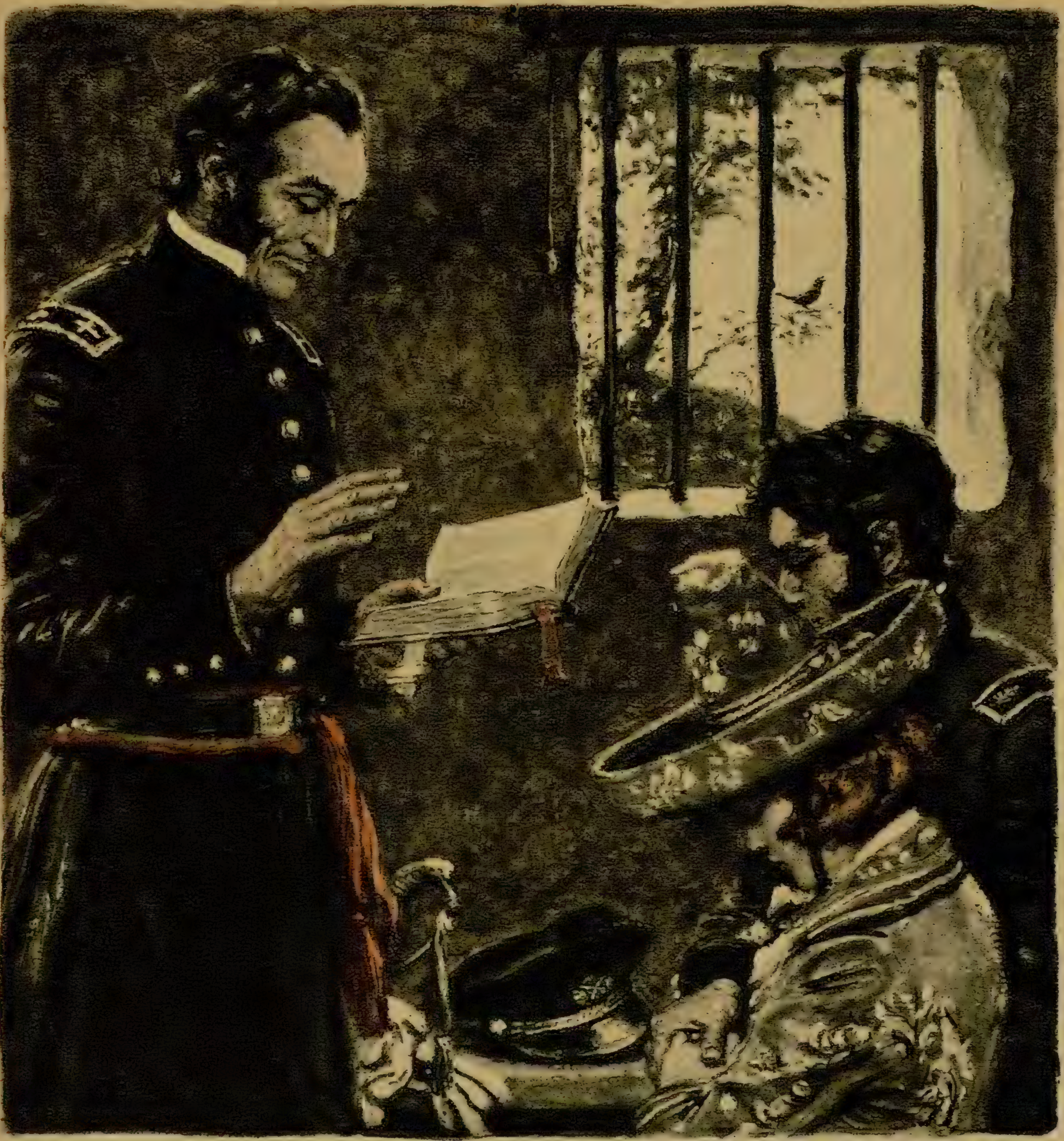

So it was done there in the garita of the cuartel, where the ground trembled with the cannonade.

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven]

to ride on the other side of me. Then, with a curt nod to Captain Dominguez, we were off at a canter toward the constantly increasing tumult on our left flank, where Marshall's mounted rifles were slowly retreating from the shallow gullies where they had been posted along the mountains.

Here a battalion of the Second Illinois, supporting three guns of O'Brien's battery, was trying to check and extinguish the fire of a Mexican twelve-pounder which played general havoc with our people wherever they attempted to move up.

And now, battalion on battalion, horse, foot, and artillery, sabers, muskets, and polished lance points glittering in the sun, the whole mass of the main Mexican army began to move ponderously, slowly, irresistibly upon our left flank, from which a rising roar of musketry and cannon began.

Colonel Bissell galloped by, leading out his regiment.

"Can you get word to Old Zack at Saltillo how things are going, Maddox?" he bawled out to me. "Wool told me to ask you."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Well, then, for God's sake, give him a picture of the mess we're in!"

I called to Bandara, scribbled a report in my notebook, using from time to time the field glasses he held for me. What I wrote was this:

Left flank; 10.30 A. M. Your left flank is slowly doubling up. The Indiana volunteers of Bowle's regiment are running away.

A few of Bissell's, also, are disgracing themselves in the same fashion. General Lane can't control the Second Indiana. The Second Illinois behave better. Hardin's regiment and Clay's rifles stand very firm under a very heavy fire.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]

*Champion Hickok Salesmen say it's "clean business" to shave with Barbasol

Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

S. Rae Hickok and champion Hickok Salesmen responsible for the success of Hickok belts, garters and suspenders

THE finest shave—for the finest of salesmen—the leaders on the Hickok sales staff! That's Barbasol. This modern shaving cream turns out better looking, better *feeling* faces. And does it in quicker time. That's why it has been chosen by these men to give each one of them the "face that gets the order."

When the day starts; when the winners are picked; in the belt business or in *your* business; the men who step into the front ranks are generally Barbasol Believers. They've made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in America.

Here's why: It *saves time*. And delivers the smoothest, easiest, slickest shave you ever had. No brush; no lather; no rub-in. Barbasol softens the beard like magic while holding the hairs straight up to the blade. It takes the tussle out of beards—tough beards, wire-haired terrors—all beards. How crisp and easy the razor slides along! Just follow these directions and you'll give your face a glad surprise. At that, you'll be following the *crowd*:—

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol so it reaches the skin . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE. That's all. And your skin stays soft and comfortable. No lotions needed. Blades last longer, too. Try Barbasol today. Generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢ at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Department 18, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Barbasol
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No Brush-No Lather No Rub-In

Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys—Laughs—music—fast and furious fun—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network; Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WPG

» The clock above is LYNN, with Westminster tubular chimes and gold dial. Price, $325 «

"Late again! We'd better get a Telechron* Clock"

HOSTESSES' nerves are calmer now. Servants are seldom disgruntled. Roasts don't come to the table overdone. Dinners planned for eight o'clock begin at eight. All because Telechron electric time has made it almost unpardonable to be late for a social engagement!

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Telechron Clocks and Master Clocks were made for each other. Only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial can bring true Telechron service.

At a nearby dealer's (listed in the classified telephone directory) you'll find a host of interesting models. Stately grandfather's clocks for hall or stairway. Graceful tambours for the mantel. Quaint banjos for the wall. Attractive uprights for desk or dressing table. All built for beauty and precision.

Telechron Clocks are priced most moderately from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures distinguished chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $30 to $1000.

*Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the United States Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Telechron

Left: Bullfinch—Mahogany. Glass panels. 20½-in. high, $19.75

Below: Hostess—For the kitchen. Moulded case. Six colors, $9.75

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-eight

Sherman's flying battery, followed by Bragg's, has just galloped up and unlimbered. They are firing into moving masses of enemy infantry with no hope of checking them.

An entire Mexican division is nearing us now.

General Lane's brigade is already disorganized, breaking up, melting away.

The Mexican cavalry is forming to charge us. There are two thousand of them very near us.

Bowle's regiment has broken under the fire of four thousand enemy infantry; his men are running from the field. Major Dix, pay department, is trying to rally them with the regimental colors of the Second Indiana. He can't do it.

I send this by Bandara, my chief of scouts. General Wool and staff are just arriving.

We are making ready to countercharge the lancers and cuirassiers. MADDOX,
Major, Intgnce Deptnt.

General Wool, walking his horse, came up with his staff; and when he saw what I was about:

"Tell General Taylor," said he, "that the battle is going to be fought on our left flank, and that it will be won or lost right there! Say to him that I respectfully suggest his immediate return from Saltillo, to cope with an extremely serious situation."

"General Wool respectfully requests your immediate return to this army," I wrote in postscript. Then I gave the note to Bandara and sent Pio with him.

"Get through to Saltillo somehow," I said, "even if you have to ride around Miñon's entire division."

For now matters were coming to a head very swiftly. More than a thousand of our stragglers and deserters already were skulking along toward the city in our rear—cowardly fugitives from almost every regiment except the regulars.

WOOL, having no provost guard, asked me to take Dominguez and his horsemen and try to stop this disgraceful and alarming behavior.

I was bitterly ashamed that this Mexican traitor and ex-bandit should witness the cowardice of our volunteers, but there was no help for it.

So I ordered him to stop the skulkers with drawn sabers; and I rode down with Silver Knees to argue with them and try to shame them into obedience, but could do very little with these raw, undisciplined fellows, who, thoroughly scared, were determined to get out of the range of Mexican fire.

And all the while my heart was heavy within me and a dull feeling of dreadful helplessness weighed me down in the imminence of an impending disaster which would leave me desolate and bereft forever.

Yet, never have I seen so blithe a face as was Silver Knees', or heard so gay and care-free a voice amid the confusing and abominable uproar of musketry.

Under a pelting, deafening fire, she did not even seem to be aware of the flying bullets, and was constantly running out from behind the rocks and trees where our horses were tied.

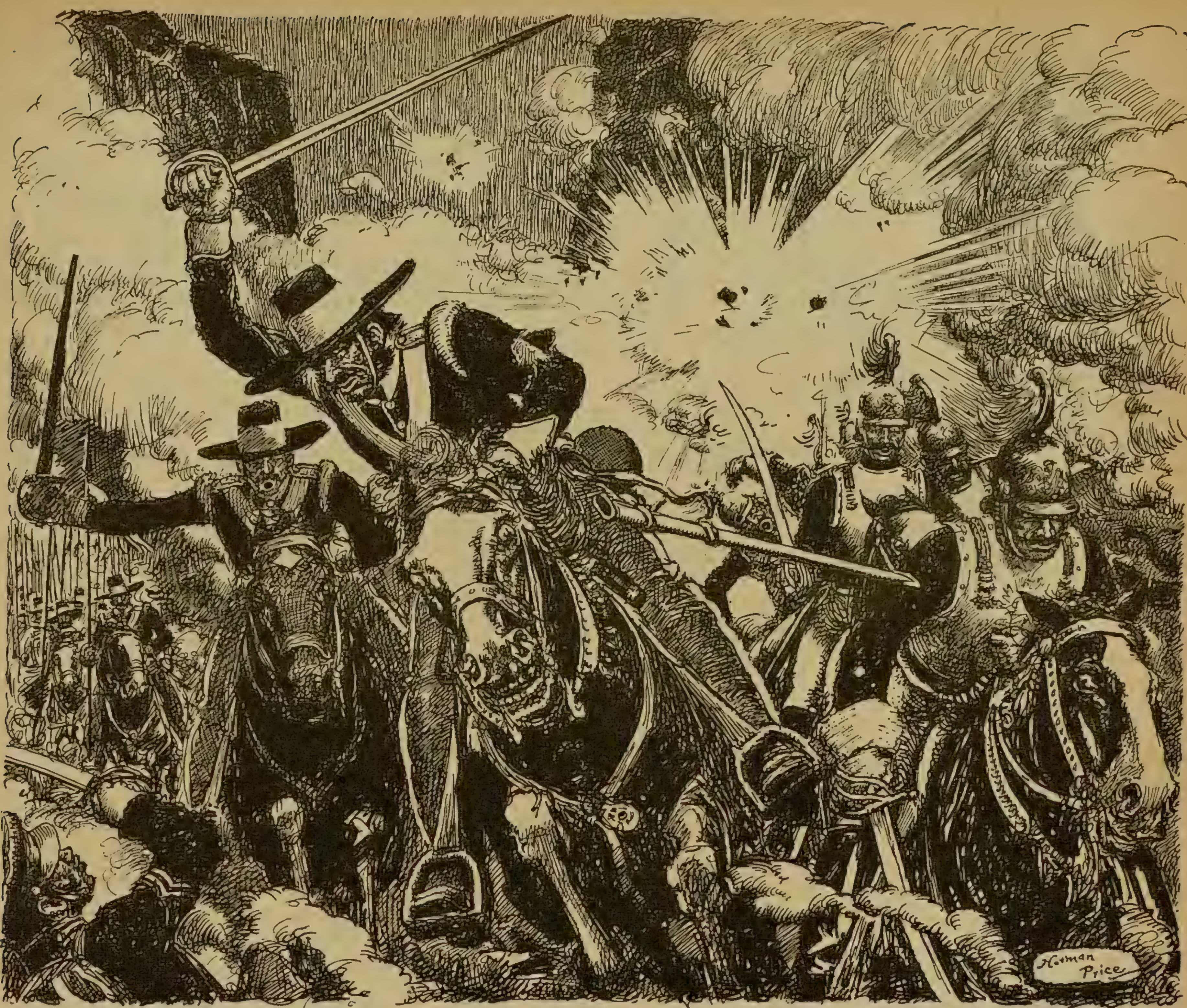
I knew she was doomed. I knew I was experiencing one of those fearful cases of clairvoyance and premonition of disaster which were to prove true, no matter what I did to prevent it.

Dominguez and his ex-robber riders came galloping back from the rear, disgusted with their efforts to stop the stragglers and malingerers. The saber blades of some of them were bloody. Dominguez was reloading his smoke-stained pistol. "Swine!" he grunted. "Well, we have made pork of some of them."

He and I went forward to take another look at our flank; and we saw that the Mexican cavalry still pressed overwhelmingly all along our left, where our infantry were sagging farther and farther back, giving ground everywhere, and leaving the batteries almost without support.

Silver Knees, who had come out to where we were standing, said to me:

"That is shameful, Don Juan. Can't somebody stop those men who run like sheep over there?"



Down upon our shattered batteries thundered more lancers, cuirassiers, dragoons, hussars.

I looked at her helplessly, hopelessly. Wherever I sent her, whatever I did to avert it, her bullet would find her. Yet, I took her warm little hand and led her back to the rocky shelter by the picketed horses of Dominguez' command, and begged her not to leave this place of comparative safety until I told her to do so.

She gave me an enchanting smile and a promise of passionate obedience; but half an hour later I saw her riding out excitedly to meet Bandara, who came galloping in ahead of Colonel May's regiment of regular dragoons and Colonel Davis' rifles, to announce the arrival in Buena Vista of Old Zack.

THE field of battle was now a disgraceful sight. Bissell's regiment, outflanked, was rapidly retreating. Everywhere our infantry were on the run. The battle—an artillery combat on our side—was raging along the entire front of both armies now, where twenty-five thousand men were locked in a life-and-death grip.

So terrible had our batteries' salvos become that I could see vast masses of the enemy rolling under our fire like ships in a raging hurricane.

And now upon this stricken field came wandering Old Zack, in his glazed cap and shabby coat, squatted upon his slowly pacing horse, surrounded by his staff.

"Maddox," he called out genially to me, "I'm much obliged for that message, but I was on my way already. . . . And say, I don't admire the way this fight's a-going very much. I told May he'd better go in and clean up things. He's coming now, I guess."

As he spoke there came a roar of hoofs from the rear, and Colonel May's mixed regiment, including the entire regular cavalry and the Arkansas and Kentucky horse, passed us at a gallop, the men cheering wildly, half standing in their saddles.

"Take your spies in, too, Maddox," said Old Zack. "I want Colonel May to chase away them pesky lancers as soon as Davis stops 'em!"

I repeated the order to Dominguez, who already had heard it. Instantly his men were in the saddle.

"Dominguez, Bandara, Pio—come on!" I cried, drawing my pistol. And to Silver Knees: "Go back to the rocks in the grove until I return. I ask it of you. For God's sake, obey."

There came a sheet of fire and a terrific crash from Davis' regiment, which had opened like an inverted V to receive the Mexican cavalry. In the smoke-blurred scene before us we saw the armored cuirassiers and the scarlet-bonneted lancers jerk their horses to a standstill, and stare at the leveled rifles as though stunned. Another terrific discharge in their very faces tore them to shreds. Down, down went horse and rider, kicking and struggling in a horrible and bloody welter.

"Come on, dragoons!" shouted Colonel May, lifting his saber and swinging it forward.

Ahead of us I could see nothing but a confusion of red pennons, lances, and horses; and the next moment the fierce lancers, rising in their stirrups, launched their horses at us in a thundering charge which overwhelmed the Kentucky cavalry ahead of us.

I saw the colonel of the Arkansas horse strike with his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one]

saber at a furious lancer who drove his lance point into his face. The poor colonel fell, pierced through the eye; and his adjutant, Vaughan, also speared to death, tumbled clean out of his saddle in front of me.

There came a terrible confusion of rearing, kicking horses and yelling men around me, where Dominguez, Bandara, and Peep were tearing and slashing at the frenzied and fleeing lancers. Down in an arroyo a brigade of Mexican infantry and light horse were being exterminated by our artillery fire and were preparing to charge us.

In the midst of it I saw Lieutenant Crittenden with a white flag. Colonel May saw him, too, and shouted to him: "What's the matter, Crittenden! What's that flag for? Get out of my way—I'm going to charge!"

"WAIT! I'm going over to tell those fellows in the arroyo to surrender," yelled Crittenden.

"Don't you do it till I've charged them!" roared May. "Get out of my way, I tell you!"

"Impossible. The old man has sent me—"

"But, my dear fellow," cried May in an agonized and grief-choked voice, "for God's sake just rein in for five minutes and give me a half a chance at them!"

"Sorry. I've got the old man's orders. He doesn't want you to massacre the entire cavalry division!"

"Damnation!" bawled May. "You're spoiling the whole party with your silly white flag!"

"If you weren't crazy you wouldn't want to charge an entire division!" retorted Crittenden, galloping off on his errand of mercy.

But the errand was brief and useless. Down upon our shattered batteries thundered more lancers, cuirassiers, dragoons, hussars. Our red-hot guns, firing like lightning, blasted great bloody gaps out of these galloping and splendid regiments, tearing open their ranks at every salvo as now, in full strength, the entire cavalry of the Mexican army got into angry motion from the Saltillo road to the Buena Vista hacienda and, wheeling, descended like an avalanche upon the disrupted American line.

Down went every horse and gunner in O'Brien's battery. Down to his death went Colonel Hardin of the First Illinois. Down went Colonel McKee and his lieutenant colonel of the Second Kentucky. Down went rank and file. As the yelling lancers, rising in their stirrups, rushed fiercely at the Indiana Third regiment, Bandara called out to me that Torribio López and his Encurados were butchering our fugitives in the ravines.

"Captain Dominguez!" I shouted. "Here are the lancers of López and the San Patricios! Now show me what you can do to them!"

"Well, then, Major, I'll show your honor what I and my riders are going to do to Red Paws and the San Patricios!" And, turning in his saddle: "Come on, you Santa Cruz wildcats!" he shouted. "Here's your chance to revenge yourselves upon the bandits who take the bread out of your mouths and rob you of your profession. Charge!"

Into the arroyo we galloped where the Encurados were riding down and spearing our terrified volunteers, and where, from the higher banks on the plain level, figures in gray-and-green uniforms were firing at our retreating troops. The sheer shock of our charge into the rear and left flank of Lopez' horsemen literally upset them, spilling them all over the clay arroyo in a frantic, cursing, inextricable mass.

I saw Torribio López himself almost immediately, in the act of shooting one of our wounded who had already been badly lanced; and I took a quick shot at him with my pistol, tearing his right ear with the bullet and splashing his cheek and shoulder with blood.

With a cry of rage he drove his wiry little horse at me, and I had great trouble in parrying his saber and beating him off. Then he yelled shrilly for help, and one of his riders unslung his lance and came galloping at me just as I reloaded; and I got him in the head with the first shot. He fell off sideways, still clutching lance and bridle and jerking his horse across the horse of López, so that the latter came down with a crash.

"Oyé! L'Encurados!" shouted Bandara. "Do you surrender to our Señor Major Don Juan?" But Dominguez flung himself from his horse, saber in hand, shouting to Colonel López: "I'll teach you to laugh at me and show me a black rebozo! Death to López the Leopard! Death to Red Paws! Death to El Tigre and his kits!"

"Death! Death!" yelled his half-crazed riders, drunk with blood, hurling their horses upon the Encurados, sabering them in their saddles, tearing their lances from their arm loops and their escopetas from their backs.

I STROVE to interpose and make a prisoner of Colonel López, who was in a bloody cat-and-dog scramble with Dominguez. But the latter, using his saber with shortened arm, cut the Leopard to slivers.

Then he got into his reeking saddle again, bawling out to his men to charge the Irish and destroy them. And the wild, dissolute soldiery of the San Patricio Battalion, every one of them deserters from our army, knowing well that, if taken, a military court would certainly condemn them, and that Old Zack would show them no mercy, fought like caged devils with bayonets and rifle butts, where Dominguez and his yelling riders were trampling and sabering them to death. It was a nasty fight—rats in a rat-pit matched against wildcats.

Captain Conner's Texans completed the bloody business. I was sorry to see the prisoners of San

Patricio, because I knew what must be their fate. Military executions sicken me.

II

DEAD men lying in the rain. The slippery clay arroyos were slimy with blood.

I told Dominguez to re-form his horse and rally behind the guns of Brent and Whiting. They came, soiled, panting, splashed with scarlet, leading their jaded horses.

Somebody gave me another saber and relieved me of the grotesque sword stump that still dangled from my wrist by its leather knot.

We stood to horse to the left of Whiting's guns. A medico from Wool's staff came over to inquire concerning our casualties. He told me that we had already lost one-fourth of all the commissioned officers in our entire army. Adjutant General Lincoln, he said, lost his life trying to rally Lane's Indiana brigade. Lane, too, he said, had been wounded. He estimated the Mexican loss, so far, at between three and four thousand.

I scarcely heard what he said. My eyes were on the Mexican cavalry forming to charge these guns of Whiting and Brent. My mind was on Silver Knees, my heart heavy with premonition. I don't know why the medico kept on talking about our losses—a third of our army, he said gloomily—and presently I walked away from him to avoid his chatter.

Lieutenant Donaldson, of Webster's battery, came over to ask Whiting if he could hold out. Whiting said he could if I'd support him. I told Donaldson I would; and he rode back to his guns.

It had rained, but the rain had ceased as dusk began to darken the rocks and woods of the ravines.

I called Peep over to me and, striving to speak lightly, asked him to go and see whether Señora Silver Knees, as he called her, was uninjured and in safety behind our lines. There was a deathly feeling in my heart as he rode off. I did not believe that she was alive.

He was gone for a long time. Things were occurring all the while, but did not seem to shorten the long waiting or relieve the mortal strain. . . . Yet, all the while, the deafening uproar was going on; flashes of musket, rifle, carbine, escopeta—dazzling floods of hellish light from howitzer and field gun.

Suddenly, through the smoke, right in front of Whiting's guns, a roar of hoofs, a rush of lances; dark, gasping, staring faces under scarlet bonnets; a thousand red pennons fluttering like a thousand frightened birds; blast after blast of flame; horses, riders, red bonnets, lances blown right and left into flying fragments.

Then my voice, thick with dread of death—not dread of my own death! Then a bugle: march, trot out, gallop, charge!

. . . . .

We rode back, bringing in our dead and wounded. Dominguez had a lance wound—not serious, and kept his saddle, joking ferociously with others who were carried back to the redly dripping wagons. Bandara rode a lancer's horse and led his own, upon which three of our dead riders were tied like dead prairie deer.

It had grown very dark and cold in the smoke-choked pass of the Sierra Madre. Waiting, my naked, red-smeared saber across the pommel of my saddle, I heard the far, thin shouting of Mexican hussars charging the hacienda, and the roar of heavy Texan rifles and light artillery defending it.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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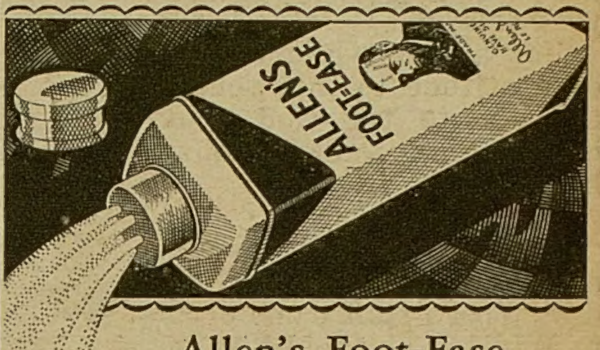

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[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-three]

There was a great commotion among the Mexican cavalry in front of us. I was sitting my horse near one of Whiting's powder-scorched guns when, close behind me, I heard a horse. With terrible foreboding I forced myself to turn; and I saw Pio Pacheco already at my elbow.

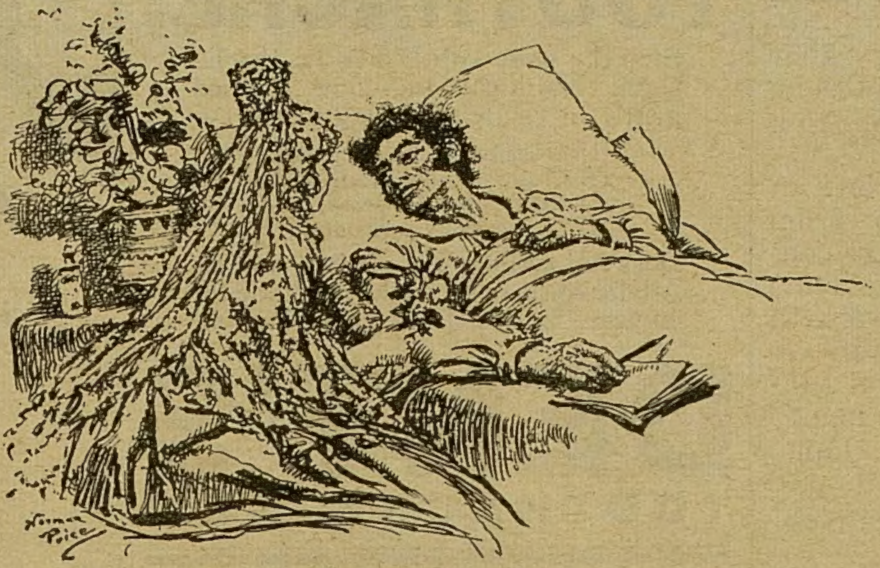
"Doña Encarnación is safe in your own cuartel, Señor Major," said he; "and the señora and Calixto have prepared for your honor every luxury and convenience upon your arrival."

For a long while I found no voice to utter a word of gratitude to this young man or to the God who made him the gallant fellow he was.

. . . .

Somebody said it was six o'clock. An officer of General Wool's staff came over to Whiting and told him to limber up and come back to the hacienda. He asked if I were Major Maddox, and when he learned that I was he gave me a written order from Old Zack asking me to return to headquarters to prepare and send a dispatch in code to Washington.

. . . .



After all, only Silver Knees matters, or means anything on earth to me.

When I rode into Buena Vista behind Whiting's lurching guns, I was the most excited and happy young man in Mexico.

I sent Bandara and Pacheco to Silver Knees, saying I'd be there as soon as my duty at headquarters was finished.

The steward's house at the hacienda was crowded with officers.

"Say, Maddox," called out Old Zack, when I came in, "there's one of two things happened today—either we've given them a terrible whipping or they've given us a worse one. And I'll be jiggered if I know which it is."

Nobody even smiled. Nobody in that house had the slightest idea what had happened during that sanguinary, ferocious, blundering, formless affair which probably would be known as the Battle of Buena Vista.

COLONEL DAVIS said to me: "I think they've had enough, Maddox. I think they'll go off tonight. If they do, why, I suppose we can claim this affair as a victory. . . . In fact, what else would it be if Santa Anna moves off tonight and we find him gone in the morning?"

I was too happy to care what became of Santa Anna, or whether, in fact, we had won or lost this battle which had been so terrible to me.

Where now were my premonitions? Where now were my superstitious terrors? God lived and reigned to rout such black auguries.

. . . .

Pio Pacheco came with anxious inquiry from his lovely young mistress.

"Say to her that I adore her and that I am hastening to kiss her hand," I whispered to him laughingly.

"Prala—what detains your honor?"

"A word of secret instruction to the battery captains forward of the road to the Encarnación."

"Your honor knows a shorter road to—La Encarnación—"

"Tell her that, you disrespectful Gypsy, and she'll laugh—for she is a Gypsy, too!"

I set spurs to my horse and rode out of the torch-lit hacienda.

The night was turning extremely cold. I noticed no Mexican camp fires, but ours glowed and twinkled everywhere.

I remember I was riding along the little river which flows southward toward the Aguanueva hacienda and the Encarnación, and had nearly reached the batteries across the main arroyo, when I heard the whining, waspish whiz of bullets overhead. To be killed now, thought I, would be too unutterably stupid—

. . . . .

When I recovered consciousness and picked myself up off the ground, I realized I had been hit by a Mexican bullet.

Also, I understood that the wound could not be very serious, because I managed to get on to my horse again and find the battery captain I was looking for. After that I remember nothing at all except that I presently found myself in my own cuartel, and Silver Knees crouched on the floor beside my camp bed, her lips hot against my weary hand.

III

I HAVE written up my journal to date. I shall continue to keep a diary and to elaborate it into memoirs. It will amuse Silver Knees and me some day.

One thing is evident: I cannot be severely hurt. I do not suffer; my mind is perfectly clear; I lie here in the Saltillo hospital, where, through my window, I can see the superb cathedral. However, the church bells ring all day and every day, and they confuse and bother me.

. . . . .

The church bells confuse me. However, there is nothing to write about here in the Saltillo hospital. . . . I wish to God that my condition did not frighten Silver Knees as it does.

There's an old owl of a brigade medico whose sallow visage alone is enough to scare her. . . . If I feel as tired tomorrow as I feel this evening I shall not bother further with my memoirs.

After all, only Silver Knees matters, or means anything on earth to me.

That owlish medico with his comic face again. Solemn enough to sober poor Calixto's tearful visage. . . . The pompous ass seems to have scared poor Peep. . . . And Bandara, too.

. . . . .

I have asked for my journal again. The night seems very long. It is the noche triste for Silver Knees, who seems so thin, so white and frightened.

I don't desire to write. It is only to calm her—reassure her. I am deathly tired.

After all, what is there to write about any more in the world except to write her name?

And that I love her—

. . . . .

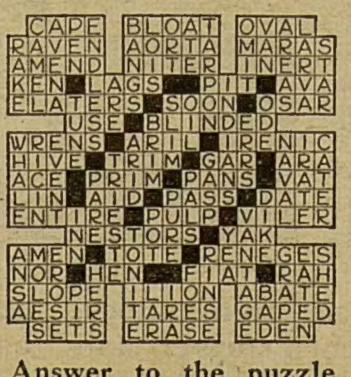
Major John Maddox, U. S. A., died the following morning a few minutes after sunrise.

On the 23d of February, 1847, about half past six in the evening, while delivering secret orders to Captain Washington of the light artillery, a bullet from some lingering Mexican patrol near the hacienda passed obliquely through his body, touching neither bone nor vital organ, and leaving, it was supposed, a clean wound not too difficult to care for.

He died of internal hemorrhage three days later, in the General Hospital at Saltillo.

His only son, Juan, was born November 23d, 1847.

THE END



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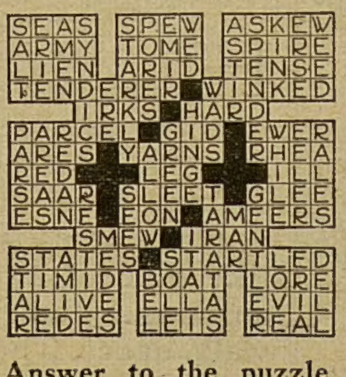
Answer to the puzzle on page 58



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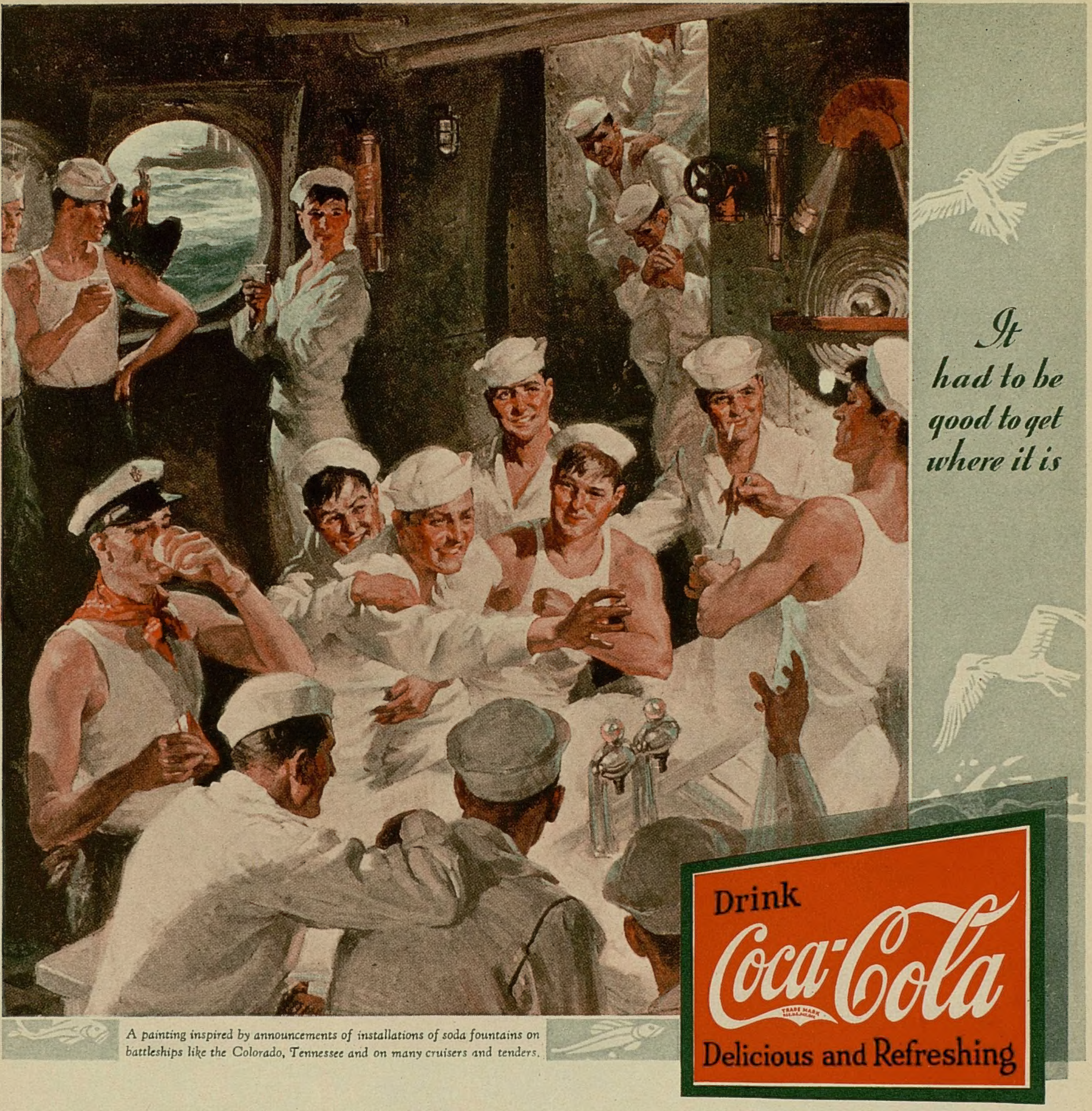
Answer to the puzzle on page 59



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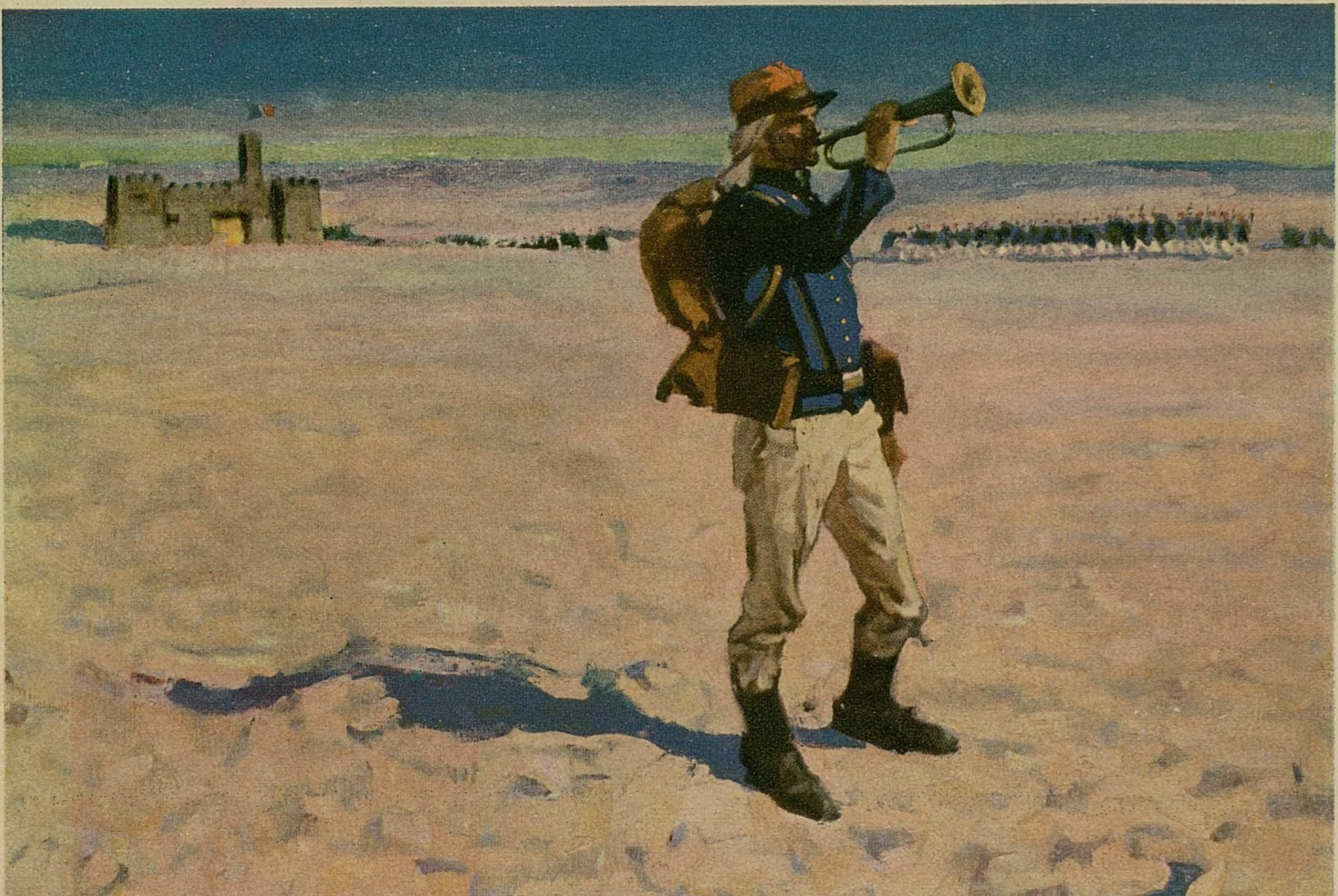

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